

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 680.—VOL. XXVI.
Regd. at General Post Office as a Newspaper

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1882

ENLARGED TO TWO SHEETS [PRICE SIXPENCE
Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny



THE BANQUET TO THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE MIDDLE TEMPLE HALL



THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL PARTY, ACCOMPANIED BY MR. GLADSTONE, PASSING UP THE GREAT HALL

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE BY THE QUEEN

Topics of the Week

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.—Almost all Frenchmen seem to be irritated by the position of their country in relation to Egypt, and it must be admitted that their irritation is not absolutely without excuse. Before the war Mr. Gladstone spoke in so lofty a tone about his disinterested motives, that France not unnaturally expected that she would gain rather than lose by our military operations. Now that she has been undeceived she is disposed to accuse us of selfishness and treachery. Fortunately the rest of the world does not take the French view of the matter. To almost every other Power it is self-evident that the situation could not be the same after recent events as it was before them. Nations do not make enormous sacrifices in order to benefit their neighbours, and we may be quite sure that if France alone had put down the rebellion, and if England had not been prepared afterwards to support her claims by force, there would not have been much enthusiasm on the southern side of the Channel for the re-establishment of the Dual Control. The truth, of course, is that if the Dual Control were revived in present circumstances there would be endless intrigue and misunderstanding, and England would be gradually deprived of every advantage which she has deemed it necessary to secure. France is too sensible, while retaining her original conception of her rights, not to recognise the inevitable; and we may hope that the two countries will soon be able to arrive at a good working understanding. After all, the French will have solid compensation for the loss of political influence at Cairo. Their financial interests in Egypt will be more secure than they have ever been; and England will now have no occasion to interfere with the action of France in Tunis.

LAST MONDAY'S CEREMONY.—A very low barometer, especially in winter, does not necessarily indicate rain and wind over the whole of the area where it prevails. On the contrary, in certain spots it seems to bring weather which for the season is exceptionally calm, mild, and bright. Such was last Monday. The weather was an agreeable surprise to everybody, and ushered in a day which was a thorough success. The street-decorations were very pretty, and were all the more effective because they were the result of individual efforts, instead of being executed to order by some flag and festoon contractor. The immense crowd was excellently behaved, there was no dangerous hustling or shoving, and the soldiers and police kept the line with forbearance and good-nature. But it must not be supposed that this vast multitude poured into the streets from any special interest about the New Law Courts. To the public at large it matters little whether the lawyers and the litigants transact their business in half-a-dozen scattered courts or in a single large and comparatively commodious edifice. And the spectacle within the new building, effective as it undoubtedly was, was confined to the eyes and ears of a privileged few. Like the pussy-cat in the nursery ditty, the real aim of this vast multitude was to see the Queen. The fact is that the Queen is very popular—more popular than, perhaps, she herself imagines. Necessarily she is an object of attraction as being the chief personage in an empire which covers a large portion of the globe; but, besides this, her conscientious performance of duties during a long reign, and, for many years under the shadow of an irreparable bereavement, are thoroughly appreciated, and by no class more than by hard-working artisans and labourers, their wives and families included. Her Majesty set a good example (which might have been advantageously imitated by other distinguished personages) in braving the December air in an open carriage. She had her reward in the complimentary remarks which were made on her personal appearance. "She looks like herself on the coins," we heard a spectator say. Turning for a moment to another topic suggested by Monday's function, we have consolidated the Law Courts, but shall we ever consolidate the Law? Lawyers often tell us that "contentious business" forms but a small portion of their emoluments. This is quite true, but is it not also true that many of us scarcely venture upon the simplest business transaction without calling in the aid of a solicitor? People do this to avoid the risk of "contentious business," and because they know the Law to be a labyrinthine maze beset with pitfalls and quagmires innumerable. Such being the case, it can scarcely be expected that the men who make their money by the complexities of the Law will show much ardour in trying to simplify its mysteries.

GRIEVANCES IN WATER COLOUR.—The water-colour world is torn, we fear, by internal jealousies. As all the world knows, there used to be an "Old Water-Colour Society" in Pall Mall East, and an Institute of Painters in Water-Colour in Pall Mall West. The Institute left its ancient seat some months ago, and has decreed for itself a stately pleasure dome, like Kubla Khan (not that it really is a dome), in Piccadilly. The white front and the busts in the niches are now, like Horatius in the Comitium, "plain for all eyes to see." The Old Water-Colour, in fact, trumped the Institute when, by "playing the Queen," it became the Royal Water Colour; and quite recently the members have received diplomas from Her Majesty. We are glad to see the art thus recognised in the very highest circles, but yet

the Institute is not happy. Could not its members be called the Queen's Own Water-Colour Painters, or something of that sort? There were two rival Royal theatres in the reign of Louis XIV. One was called "Troupe Royale," the other "Troupe du Roy." This subtle arrangement might be imitated. But at last Louis XIV. found it best to fuse the two troupes into one, and a fusion of this sort, it appears, would have pleased the Institute. Now the Council of the Institute complain that they have all the duties, and their more ancient rival all the honours. We have already suggested the plan of "honours easy," but no doubt the Royal Water-Colour Society will not admit that it has no duties.

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.—Members of Parliament were delighted to be relieved from their irksome labours at St. Stephen's, and certainly the prorogation was not regretted by the public. The New Rules of Procedure are, no doubt, very important; but the subject was not exciting, and everything that could be said about it had been said again and again before it began to be discussed in the House of Commons. On the whole, the past Session is not one of which the Government have any reason to be proud. For England nothing of importance was done; and if Mr. Gladstone expected that Ireland was to be finally pacified by the Arrears Act, he has already been bitterly disappointed. Notwithstanding his failures at home, however, there is no sign that his popularity is diminishing. Recent elections have gone against him; but it was shown clearly enough in Lord Beaconsfield's time that by-elections are not a trustworthy test of the tendencies of public opinion. It is odd that a Minister who rose to power by his advocacy of the rights of nationalities should have maintained his influence by crushing a movement for national independence; yet this is what Mr. Gladstone has done. Six months ago the Government were in serious difficulties; they more than re-established their position by the vigour with which they acted in Egypt. So far as their foreign policy is concerned, they are not now likely to do anything that will tend to weaken their hold over the country; and, if disorder in Ireland can be suppressed, they ought not to find it hard to improve their chances of a long tenure of office by domestic legislation. About most of the questions which remain to be considered by the present Parliament the Liberal party are virtually unanimous; and the Conservatives are placed at a disadvantage by having no very definite proposals of their own with which to confront those of their opponents.

DISUNITED IRISHMEN.—It is doubtful if there ever was a really United Ireland, even in that long-ago Golden Age which Irish poets love to depict. But certainly there has been none since the days of Henry II., and hence the constant vacillations in the policy with which the country has been governed. Nationalist Irishmen will of course strenuously deny the fact, but nevertheless it is a fact that ever since Strongbow's invasion there has always been a more or less conscientious desire on the part of the English authorities to govern the country for the benefit of the people. The great difficulty has always been to discover what the people wanted, because they were so divided among themselves, and this difficulty has naturally been aggravated by successive plantations and immigrations. If Ireland were entirely discontented with the British connection, we should long since have decided either to give her independence, or to rule her as we rule India. But there has always been a large minority warmly attached to the British connection, and possessing, although numerically a minority, the greater portion of the brains, wealth, and respectability of the island. Difference of religion at one time constituted a dividing line, but this cause has ceased to operate since the disabilities of the Roman Catholics have been removed, and now numbers of Roman Catholics—especially of the moneyed classes—would quake to see Nationalism triumphant. The existence of the chasm which thus penetrates through the various strata of Irish society was forcibly shown the other day by the contradictory utterances of Judge O'Brien and of the Lord Mayor of Dublin. The Judge said that Dublin was being ruined by the sense of insecurity which prevailed; whereas Lord Mayor Dawson pooh-poohed the supposed panic, and hinted that the Judge was a better patriot when soliciting the votes of the Ennis electors than he now was. In England we should think it strange to find two such highly-placed officials differing on a matter of such importance; in Ireland the divergence is explained by the fact that while one man is a nominee of the Crown, the other owes his position to popular suffrage.

QUEEN'S WEATHER.—It is a popular superstition, if it should not rather be called a well-grounded belief, that Her Majesty always brings fine weather on great public occasions. The Scotch Review, some two years ago, was an exception, but the Scotch weather is "dour" and disloyal. At the review of the Egyptian forces, the appearance of Her "Majesty in all her glory," like that of King James I., as described by the translators of the Bible, dispelled the fog, and was succeeded by brilliant sunshine. At the opening of the Law Courts the Queen was equally successful, securing a brilliant day in the midst of gloomy December weather. According to an old and widespread superstition, this good fortune is just what might be expected. Among the Eskimo, though they are a democratic people, the persons who most nearly approach to the rank of chiefs are said to control the

weather. The same holds good at the opposite end of the Continent, among the Fuegians; African kings are clerks of the weather, though they keep professional rain-makers to aid them. The old Irish kings could make foul weather or fair; and so could the monarchs of Homer's time. The Queen succeeds to these powers, unless we are to say with a playful writer in *The Times*, that the fine weather is due to the psychical force and general desire of the public. But if that be so, why are Bank Holidays so often wet? Wet weather is "people's weather."

CHURCH DEFENCE IN SCOTLAND.—In England the supporters of the National Church have never been content to listen in silence to the declamation of members of the Liberation Society. A persistent struggle has been kept up against militant Dissenters; and the enthusiasm of "the Church party" has, no doubt, had some effect in preventing the question of Disestablishment from becoming an element of what is called practical politics. The supporters of the National Church of Scotland have hitherto been less energetic, but they are now beginning to see that if they are to maintain their ground they must bestir themselves. An attempt is about to be made to form an elaborate organisation which shall be represented in every parish in the country, and which shall fight with their own weapons the advocates of the separation of Church and State. Perhaps the proposed scheme is a little too complicated; but if Scottish Churchmen can devise proper methods for influencing opinion, they certainly deserve the sympathy of those who are contending on this side of the Border for the principle of an Established Church. During the present generation the Scottish Church has made an extraordinary advance in zeal and liberality. Its Ministers are not better educated than those of the Free Church; but they are as a rule far more tolerant, and in many parts of the country they reach classes of the community which are apt to be neglected by "voluntary" ecclesiastical bodies. Besides, since the abolition of patronage the Established Church has possessed a thoroughly popular constitution. Why should Parliament be asked to interfere with so excellent an institution? The only answer which readily suggests itself is that some leaders of the Free Church have become bitterly jealous of their prosperous rivals. Many influential Free Church Ministers who retain their old principles openly assert that this is the secret of the agitation for Disestablishment, and probably a large majority of the laity are of the same opinion.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S MESSAGE.—The Democratic wave which recently swept over and partially submerged the Republican party will not make its effects felt in practical politics (thanks to the checks imposed by the Constitution) for some time to come. Meanwhile, the President's Message is highly satisfactory in its tone. The Americans have the luck (if it is luck) to have no powerful neighbours, they are on friendly terms with all the world, and they can amuse themselves diplomatically by trying to reconcile those two snarling Republics of the South, Peru and Chili. Perhaps their most pressing anxiety just now is that their National Debt is being extinguished at an inconveniently rapid rate. "Lucky beggars!" a European Chancellor of the Exchequer may enviously say. With a view to lessen the surplus revenue the President recommends the almost total abrogation of internal taxes, and a revision of the tariffs on imports. But we English must not expect too much from the latter portion of this suggestion. There is no sign at present that the Americans as a nation are converted to Free Trade views. On the one hand there are powerful industrial interests bound to Protection; on the other hand, the general public, while fully aware that Protection makes certain articles dearer, are by no means unwilling to contribute in this manner to the encouragement of native industries. The secret of the situation is that Europe cannot do without American food, whereas America can get on very fairly with an artificially limited supply of European manufactures. It is unlikely, therefore, that the Americans will raise the Free Trade banner until they feel sure that their industrial enterprises are strong enough to stand on their own legs.

EXIT ARABI.—Englishmen of all parties were relieved by the sudden intelligence that the difficulty about Arabi had been disposed of. It is generally agreed that he ought not to have been handed over to the Egyptian authorities, but as the mistake has not been permitted to lead to serious consequences, nobody is disposed to condemn the Government very severely for having committed it. Some French journals warn us that the commutation of the sentence on the leader of the rebellion is certain to produce formidable difficulties, since the Egyptians will assume that we did not dare to sanction his execution. Perhaps the Egyptians are not quite so foolish as they are said to be; but if they really think that England is afraid of Arabi, there is some reason to believe that their misapprehension will be corrected by the course of events. Arabi himself expresses much gratitude for the manner in which he has been treated; and no doubt he is right in thinking that if his fate had depended on the decision of native judges they would have made short work of his claims to mercy. The part to be played by him henceforth will be obscure enough, but he will, at least, have the consolation of reflecting that during his brief period of apparent triumph he made a name for himself in history. Whether for good or for evil, Egypt has entered upon a wholly new stage of her development; and this is due to Arabi far more than to any other individual influence. It

would be unfair to pretend that there was no justification for the movement he represented, whatever may be thought of the means by which he attempted to establish his ascendancy. The Egyptians had a perfect right to try to make themselves independent of foreign domination, and if England, while guarding her own interests, can succeed in giving them larger control over their domestic affairs, the time may come when it will be universally admitted that Arabi did genuine service to his country.

LORD WOLSELEY ON THE CAMPAIGN.—A successful General, in returning thanks after dinner, will certainly not underrate the prowess of his soldiers, and therefore it was natural that Lord Wolseley, at the Civil Engineers' dinner, should stand up for the military reputation of the foe with whom he had lately been contending. But, although in the recent campaign we were fighting with a more organised and civilised enemy than had been previously encountered in most of our "little wars," in point of pluck and endurance the Egyptians certainly cannot be ranked with Maoris and Zulus. We may, however, be content to differ with Lord Wolseley on this point, inasmuch as the rest of his speech contained valuable food for reflection. That the Egyptians used the old-fashioned shell, and were worsted by our troops with the shrapnel shell, shows that our Government should always be abreast with the latest inventions. His contrast between the staff appointments of 1854 and 1882 is instructive. For this improvement thanks are in no small degree due to the often-abused newspaper correspondent. It was he who, ferreting about in dark corners with his lantern, unearthed abuses whose exposure aroused the indignation of the public, and made them demand that efficiency should be the first consideration in every appointment. So much for the advantages of publicity. Nor have the army reforms—as zealously carried out, be it observed, by the Conservative Colonel Stanley as by the Liberal Mr. Childers—sent the service to the deuce, as croakers prophesied. That our modern soldiers can both march and fight has been amply justified by the experience of the late campaign, the conduct of which, we may say in conclusion, was creditable, not only to those who fought abroad, but to the officials, from Mr. Childers downwards, who planned and carried out all the arrangements. In few of our expeditions in the old French War, and certainly not in that of 1854, could such praise be allotted to the persons at home who were responsible for all the details of stores, transport, and so forth.

THE PYGMIES.—Benedick, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, was ready "to do you any embassy to the Pygmies." But M. Alfred Marche "has done more, he has done it," if we may borrow an odd figure of speech from an old writer. M. Marche is described as the first explorer who has visited the Obougo dwarfs. The Obougos are black; but, after all, they are not so very short. The women think a lady of four feet six inches "tall and stately," like Maud; and the men are in proportion. The chief, now well stricken in years, is the tallest extant Obougo. He towers over his subjects with his colossal height of five feet three. The folk-lore of all countries is well acquainted with people compared to whom the Obougos are giants. Homer is our earliest authority about the Pygmaean men. They fought with the Cranes in the lands of the south (Iliad, iii. 6). They were supposed to be but a cubit in height, and nearer the size of the Midgets than the stature of the Obougos. Hecateus, the old historian of whom Herodotus was jealous, adds some particulars about military operations among the Pygmies, and they excited the curiosity of Aristotle. Battles between the Pygmies and Cranes are not unknown in Japanese art, the Pygmies being represented as very tiny, harmless, and unsuspecting characters, over whom huge Cranes stoop in a very alarming manner. It would require much special knowledge to say whether the myth is ancient in Japan, or is borrowed through modern travellers, like the myths of the Syrens and of the Judgment of Paris, which we often see on "Jesuit china." The latter seems the more likely theory.

In Memoriam

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

Obit Advent Sunday, 1882.

THE silent shadow of twelve hundred years
Falls deep upon the first Archbishop's chair,
'There Becket bled and Langton bowed in prayer,
And Cranmer preached new faith to wond'ring ears.

Once more the Minster sounds of mourning hears,
Once more Augustine's seat is vacant there;
Forget not him whom Advent called, nor spare
To honour him with empty meed of tears.

Death was to him a joyous road whereby
He passed to join his loved ones gone before
To welcome him within the golden gate.
Let votive flowers upon his tombstone lie,
Fit symbol of the kindly soul that wore
So modestly the crown of high estate.

J. W.

NOTICE.—The Number this week consists of TWO WHOLE SHEETS. The order of Binding is indicated by the pagination.

NOW READY. THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

We imagine that even our greatest living Painter could scarcely have anticipated the pleasure he would give to millions, when he painted for our Christmas Number "CHERRY RIFE."

A Volume could be filled, showing the enthusiasm her appearance created. One amusing incident we must find space for here.

An admirer of the child's face, who had evidently been gazing at one of our Coloured Prints as figured at the Railway Stations, straightway telegraphed to the "Graphic Office" the following suggestive message:—

"Is the Mother of 'CHERRY RIFE' a widow? Reply paid."

Mr. MILLAIS has now painted for us a younger Sister of "CHERRY RIFE." This Picture has been pronounced by many of his brother Artists to be one of his finest Works, and she is introduced to the Public by "THE GRAPHIC" as

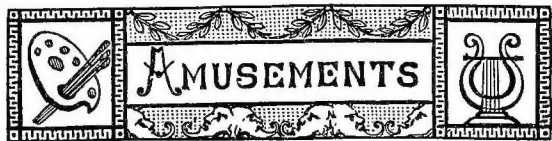
"LITTLE MRS. GAMP."

The following Artists have also Painted Pictures, which are all reproduced in COLOURS:

MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT: A BOY AT LAST. By W. F. YEAMANS. R. CALDECOTT. HUNGRY BIRDS. By CARL BAUERLE. NEW YEAR'S DAY IN OLD NEW YORK. By G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A. CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR: A SCENE AT THE EVELINA HOSPITAL. By C. J. STANLAND. UGLY AUNTIE AND LOVELY AUNTIE. By MISS MARY L. GOW. AFTER THE BALL: COMPARING PROGRAMMES. By ARTHUR HOPKINS. THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN DANGER. By J. C. DOLLMAN. MR. OAKBALL AT FLORENCE. FOUR PAGES OF WATER-COLOUR SKETCHES BY R. CALDECOTT. CHRISTMAS MORNING AT MAMMA'S BEDROOM DOOR. By A. MARIE. PREPARING FOR THE CHILDREN'S PARTY: "NOW THEN, ONE, TWO, AND THREE." By A. E. ENSLIE. CHRISTMAS MORNING: DECORATING THE SIGN BOARD. By YEEND KING.

LIST OF TALES:

DR. TODD'S CHRISTMAS BOX. By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE. Illustrated by W. R. RALSTON. MILEY MELLACHIN'S BORROWED PLUMES. By C. J. HAMILTON. MR. WOOLSEY'S TROUBLES. By F. W. ROBINSON. Etc. Price ONE SHILLING, by post 3d. extra.



THE GRAPHIC EXHIBITION

OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS

is NOW OPEN at the

FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 148, NEW BOND STREET.

The recent EXHIBITION of "TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY" by the leading BRITISH and FOREIGN ARTISTS at THE GRAPHIC GALLERY was attended with such success that another Pictorial Collection has been organised, namely—

AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS

BY THE

PRINCIPAL BRITISH AND FOREIGN ANIMAL PAINTERS.

Each Artist has chosen his own subject, and has told his story in as simple and as characteristic a manner as possible. The names of the following well-known Artists are among the Contributors:—

BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
A. DE NEUVILLE.
R. CALDECOTT.
PAUL MEYERHEIM.
BURTON BARBER.
MADAME JONESTON.
CHARLES GREEN.
H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.

J. MCWHIRTER, A.R.A.
Mrs. BUTLER.
R. W. MACBETH.
HEINRICH ZUGEL.
CATON WOODVILLE.
JOHN CHARLTON.
LUIGI CHIALIVA.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools, is now OPEN at THOMAS McLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1s.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

THE ANNUAL WINTER EXHIBITION OF HIGH CLASS PICTURES BY ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL ARTISTS IS NOW OPEN at ARTHUR TOTT and SONS' GALLERY, 5, Haymarket (Opposite Her Majesty's Theatre). Admission ONE SHILLING, including Catalogue.

POMONA. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.—This New Picture is now on view at ARTHUR TOTT and SONS' GALLERY, No. 5, Haymarket opposite Her Majesty's Theatre.

WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION, 53, Pall Mall, containing 350 Works by Well-Known Artists in Water-Colours, three great works by JOHN MARTIN, K.L., and fifty others in oil. Now open. Admission 1s. ROBERT HOPKINS, Manager.

JUST PUBLISHED AND NOW ON VIEW.

POMONA,

Painted by MILLAIS, Engraved by S. COUSINS.

VIOLA,

Painted by Sir F. LEIGHTON.

A few Artists' Proofs only left.

SAVOY HOUSE, 115, STRAND, LONDON.

LYCEUM.—"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—Every EVENING, at 7.45. Benedick, Mr. HENRY IRVING; Beatrice, Miss ELLEN TERRY. MORNING PERFORMANCE TO-DAY, and Saturdays, Dec. 16, Dec. 23, and Jan. 6, at Two o'clock. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5.

AMSTERDAM INTERNATIONAL COLONIAL AND GENERAL EXHIBITION, 1883.

All Applications from INTENDING EXHIBITORS in the UNITED KINGDOM must be sent in to the undersigned before the 15th of December.

P. L. SIMMONDS, British Commissioner, 35, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. For further information, address to Caygill's Tourist Office, 37, Strand, London.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.—(Managers: Messrs. ALFRED REED and CORNEY GRAIN). The "TURQUOISE RING" (Last Two Nights), by G. W. Godfrey and Lionel Benson. Followed by an entirely New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "EN ROUTE." MORNING PERFORMANCES Thursday and Saturday at Three. Evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees. N.B.—Wednesday Next, December 13, first time of the New Christmas Programme. See Daily Papers.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington and Liverpool Street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at Cheap Rates. Available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap Half Guinea. First Class Day Tickets to Brighton, Every Saturday, from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, From Victoria at 10.45 a.m., and London Bridge at 10.35 a.m. Pullman Drawing Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts. A Special Train for Horses, Carriages, and Servants, From Victoria to Brighton, at 11.15 a.m. every Weekday.

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. Cheap Express Service every Weeknight, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class. From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. Fares—Single, 32s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 55s., 39s., 30s. Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe. SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.—"Tourists" Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit all the principal places of interest.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By Order),

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

FAVOURÉD by weather whose extraordinary fineness, even for a Queen's day, was enhanced by contrast with the fogs of the preceding week, the ceremony of Monday was carried out with a success which had no drawback. The day was kept as an informal holiday, and the crowds of loyal sight-seers whom it brought together were not the least interesting part of the spectacle. From an early hour the railway stations disgorged heavily-laden trains from the suburbs and the country, and cabs soon became difficult to find, and omnibuses were freighted with unusual loads. In the more distant streets along which the Royal cortege was to pass there were few preparations, but from Pall Mall eastwards all was gay with streamers, festoons, and flags of every sort, while the Strand itself was a vista of Venetian masts and decorated houses, to which the unadorned exterior of Somerset House and of the great Law Courts themselves offered a not ineffective contrast.

THE JUDGES AT WESTMINSTER

By ten o'clock a wondering throng very different from that usually seen within the precincts of our Courts of Justice had already begun to pour into Westminster Hall, through which the Judges, who had met at half-past nine to breakfast in the Peers' Dining Room with the Lord Chancellor, were to pass in august procession to their carriages. The procession was formed in the Princes' Chamber, headed by the Chancellor's mace-bearer and other officials, next to whom came singly the Chancellor himself in black and gold, the Lord Chief Justice in scarlet and ermine, the Master of the Rolls in black and gold, and then the other judges two and two, the rear being brought up by the Attorney and Solicitor General in their Court robes. In this order the procession took its way through the Peers' Corridor and St. Stephen's Hall to Westminster Hall, where, passing between rows of curious spectators on either hand, it entered the carriages which were to take it to the building in which henceforth its judicial work will be carried on. The crowd, decorously silent while it passed, broke up like schoolboys when all was over for a last look at the deserted Courts, where henceforth no Judge will sit, and no barrister be heard again.

THE ARRIVALS AT THE NEW COURTS

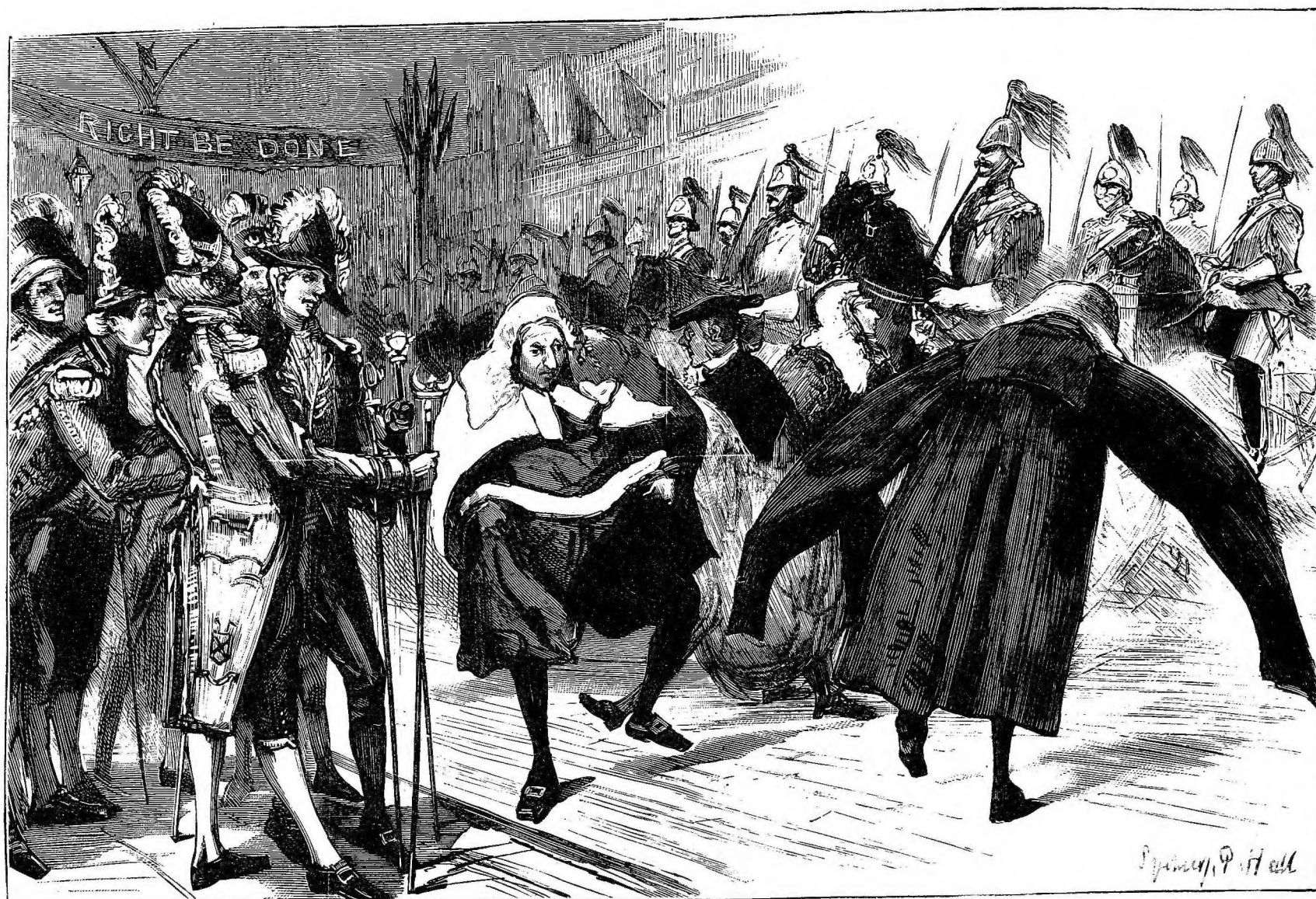
THE Hall had been thrown open shortly after ten, and soon began to fill with invited guests. At the Grand Entrance was a guard of honour of the Grenadiers, and another in the Great Quadrangle of the Inns of Court. Volunteers, a *corps d'élite* whose physique and setting up might compare even with the picked men of the Household Regiments, while within the Hall the coming arrival of Royalty was foreshadowed by half-a-dozen Yeomen of the Guard in the quaint dress which has remained unchanged since the far-off days of good Queen Bess. The Judges in the closed carriages, which had afforded little view of the inmates to the spectators in the streets, were the first to arrive of those intended to bear a part in the ceremonies of the day, and were closely followed by the Civic dignitaries, who, after breakfasting with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, had driven in procession from Walbrook, along the Thames Embankment to Palace Yard, where they had fallen in with the Lord Chancellor's cortege. The Lord Mayor in his black satin robe embroidered with gold lace, the Aldermen and Sheriffs and other high officials in their full State dress, the Common Councilmen, whom fortune had favoured in the ballot for admission, in their mauve-coloured gowns, had scarcely taken their places when there entered from the north end of the Hall the still more imposing procession of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Judges, and the Law Officers; Mr. Gladstone, who had driven along the Strand with Mrs. Gladstone in an open Victoria, wearing above his Windsor uniform the official robes, which denote that he too takes rank among the Judges of the Realm. By this time the Grand Hall offered an impressive spectacle, the brilliant sunshine streaming through the windows, and bringing out each architectural detail; on the right of the dais with its central mass of crimson and scarlet flecked with gold, the soberly-attired rows of legal dignitaries and other guests, famous in various walks of war and peace; on the left the gorgeous uniforms of the Diplomatic Corps, conspicuous among them the Austrian Ambassador in picturesque Hungarian dress, the Japanese Envoy in a suit which seemed all gold, the Chinese Ambassador in blue and mauve, with scarlet skull cap and peacock's feather, and the American in the severity of strict evening costume. And now, amidst the echoes of distant cheering from the streets, the leading detachment of the Royal Escort trotted noisily into the square in front, and in another moment, as it seemed, so thoroughly had all the preparations been arranged, the Queen had entered the building, and the procession to receive her had been formed.

ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT PADDINGTON

PUNCTUALITY is the motto of British Royalty, and punctually at 10.55 the Queen left Windsor in the train which was to reach London at half-past eleven. A Field-Marshal's Escort of the Blues, on their coal-black horses, was in attendance at the station, and on the platform were the Duke of Westminster, Master of the Horse; the Duchess of Bedford, Mistress of the Robes; the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Kenmare; and Earl Sydney, the Lord Steward. Five Royal carriages, with the well-known dun horses and postillions and outriders in scarlet and white, were waiting, and in the first of these the Queen took her seat, accompanied by the Princess Christian and the Princess Beatrice. Through Hyde Park, down Constitution Hill, past St. James's Palace (where the Duchess of Cambridge was at the window), through Pall Mall and the Strand, the carriages drove rapidly—the crowds growing denser and the cheering louder as they advanced. For the latter part of the way the road was kept by a thin red line of Guardsmen in addition to the police; while at Waterloo Place and Trafalgar Square, and where the two great lines of traffic from north and south converge upon the Strand in Wellington Street—the point of greatest pressure along the route—detachments of the Household Cavalry were drawn up, and effectually, although in Wellington Street not without difficulty, prevented the cordon from being broken. The crowds on the pavements and at the windows, the always bright and often tasteful profusion of decorations, the gleam of steel as the troops along the line presented arms, and the heartiness of the popular welcome were evidently much enjoyed by the Queen, who repeatedly bowed in acknowledgment.

THE CEREMONY IN THE GREAT HALL

THE reception at the doorway was, as we have said, so quickly over that it seemed to the spectators scarcely a moment before the procession was again moving towards the dais, while an invisible band played the March from *Athalie*, and the whole great assemblage rose in homage. In the front of the procession came the architects and builders, the Law Officers of the Crown, the Judges, the Lord Chancellor, the First Commissioner of Works, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and then the Queen, attended right and left by the Lord Chamberlain and the Lord High Steward, and followed

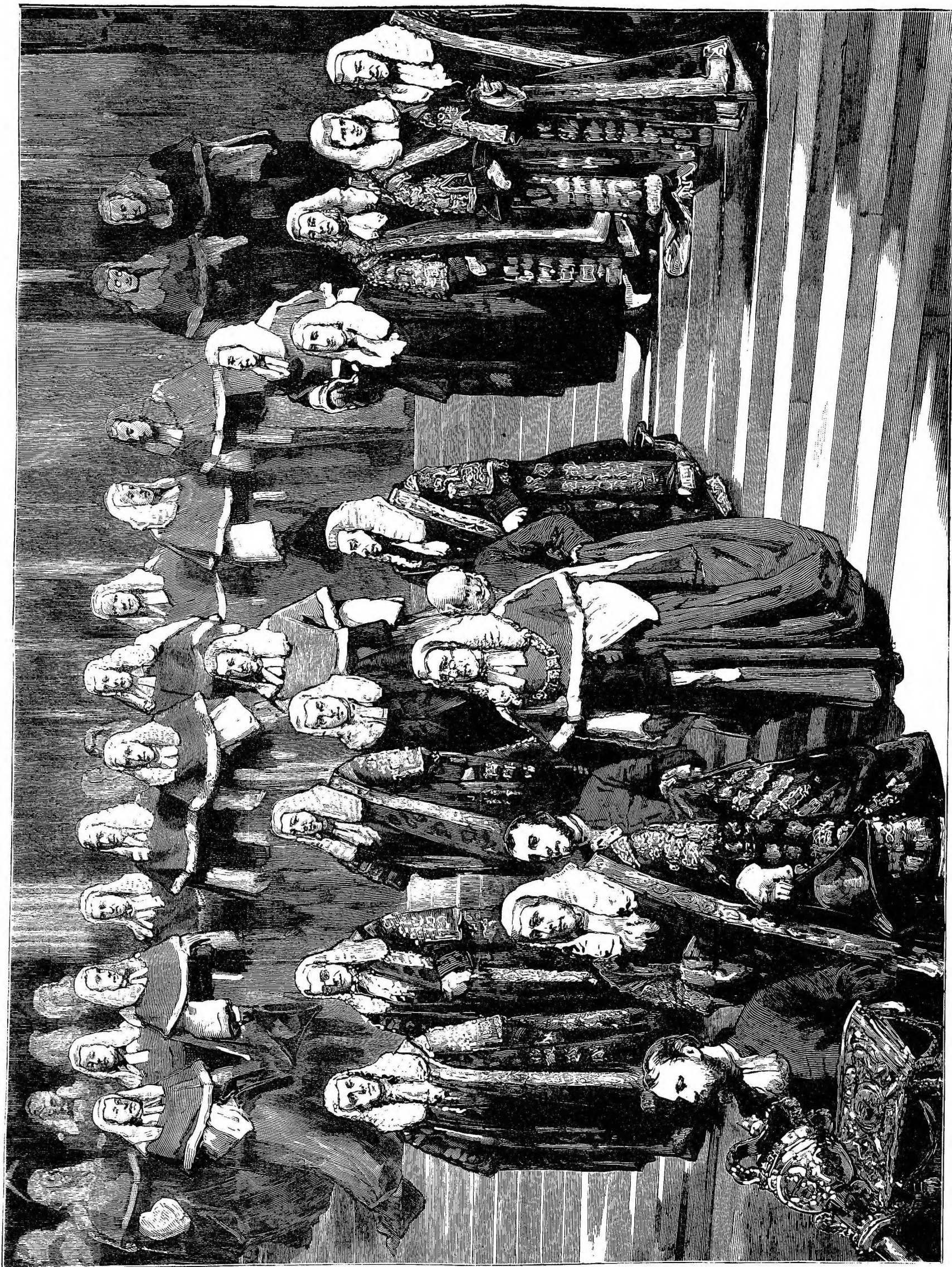


CHARGING THE JUDGES



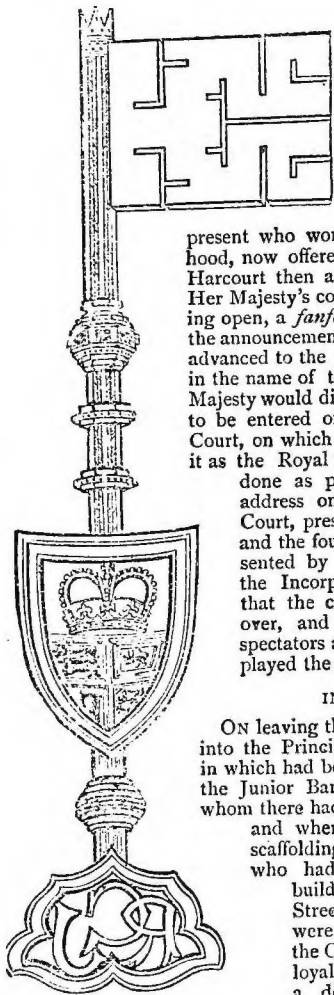
THE CROWD IN THE STRAND NEAR WELLINGTON STREET

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE BY THE QUEEN



THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE BY THE QUEEN — THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE JUDGES
PASSING DOWN THE STEPS INTO WESTMINSTER HALL

by the Home Secretary, the members of the Royal Family and of the Royal Household. The Princes, who had arrived before the Queen, and for whom a reception-room had been set apart, wore their Benchers' gowns over military uniforms, and the Princesses simple morning dresses. Arrived at the dais, the Home Secretary led the Queen to her Chair of State, while the Princes and Princesses ranged themselves behind, and the Judges sat in two half circles on either side. The key, a massive work in polished steel, with the monogram R.C.J. (Royal Courts of Justice) and the Royal standard on a shield, was now handed to Her Majesty by the Commissioner of Works, and by her entrusted to the Home



Secretary, while she read in clear and distinct tones, amidst a death-like silence, the speech delivering it into the charge of the Lord Chancellor. This done, she took the key once more, and gave it to Lord Selborne, who received it kneeling, and then delivered an address in reply. The Archbishop of York, the only prelate present who wore episcopal lawn and scarlet hood, now offered up a prayer; and Sir W. Harcourt then announced that he had received Her Majesty's commission to declare the building open, a *fanfare* of trumpets accompanying the announcement. The Attorney-General next advanced to the steps of the dais, and prayed in the name of the Bar of England that Her Majesty would direct the proceedings of the day to be entered on the records of the Supreme Court, on which the Lord Chancellor signified it as the Royal will that "the thing should be done as prayed." Then came a loyal address on behalf of the four Inns of Court, presented by the Prince of Wales and the four treasurers, and another, presented by the Chancellor, on behalf of the Incorporated Law Society, and with that the ceremony within the Hall was over, and Her Majesty bowed to the spectators and withdrew, while the band played the National Anthem.

IN THE QUADRANGLE

ON leaving the Hall the Queen was ushered into the Principal Courtyard or Quadrangle, in which had been waiting many members of the Junior Bar and other invited guests, for whom there had been no room within the hall, and where, on a tastefully-decorated scaffolding, were grouped the workmen who had been employed about the building. There the architect, Mr. Street, junior, and the contractors were introduced to Her Majesty by the Commissioner of Works, and a loyal address was presented from a deputation of workmen, and graciously acknowledged. The Queen then resumed her seat in

the Royal carriage, and the *cortège* sped swiftly back along the route it had traversed some two hours before. The Inns of Court did honour to the occasion with magnificent luncheon parties, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Princess Mary of Teck, the Premier, and numerous other magnates being the guests of the Middle Temple, the Prince Christian honouring the Inner Temple with his presence, the Duke of Connaught Gray's Inn, and the Duke of Albany Lincoln's Inn. At three the Courts were thrown open to the public, and up to an advanced hour in the evening continuous streams of visitors passed through the Hall, and out, as the Queen had done, by the Great Quadrangle, the interior being lighted up after dusk by five Crompton and five Swan lights.

We have to thank Messrs. Simmonds Brothers, of Newton Street, Holborn, for affording seats to some of our artists in their stand erected at St. Clement Danes Church; and also the Directors of the Royal Courts of Justice Chambers Company for the same courtesy.

"COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE"

Mr. J. MORGAN has made legal incidents a speciality of his brush; and this picture, though less dramatic in its character than the Conclusion of the Breach of Promise Case which we remember some time ago, possesses a decided interest of its own. The barrister is the typical barrister of the "Old Bailey" type—pugnacious, not disinclined to bully or browbeat if occasion serve; altogether a very appropriate advocate for a client who runs some risk of visiting the misty heights of Dartmoor, or even of having a morning call from the redoubtable Mr. Marwood. This may, however, be merely a civil action, where money or, at the utmost, reputation are alone at stake, and not life or freedom. Anyhow the defendant, whom our British etiquette forbids from direct intercourse with his advocate, is pouring his instructions into the ear of his solicitor, who, as a kind of human filter, passes them on to the learned counsel.

LADY STRANGFORD IN ARABI'S HOUSE, CAIRO

THIS lady, whose name should now be almost a household word in the East in virtue of her untiring charity to suffering Mahomedan humanity, is once more devoting herself to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded, this time in Egypt. Arabi's house, conceded to her by the Khedive, is the scene of her good work. The rebel's late residence stands quite alone in a well-to-do and open part of the town, having a broad road on either side and a large square in front. The building consists of two blocks, joined by a narrow wing and balcony on the south side. Between the blocks is an extensive garden, and at the north-east corner is a yard about half as large; at the end of which is the laundry, all washing being done on the premises by native women, who, from their extraordinary attitude while doing their work, look more like monkeys than human beings. In the west wing, on the ground-floor, there are three wards, a large entrance hall, kitchen, &c. Above, on the first-floor, are rooms for most of the staff; the officers' wards are on the first-floor in the east block, which is much larger than the others, occupying the whole of the north side. On the same floor are the Arabs; who, however, are quite separate from the English. On the ground-floor of the same block are fourteen rooms—three as wards for Arabs; the others for stores, baths, and carpenters' shop. All splints, and most of the furniture, are made on the premises. Altogether it is a building well suited for the purpose of an hospital; and, with the improvements that have been made under the superintendence of Lady Strangford and Dr. Sieveking, nothing is left to be desired. A striking proof of the influence Lady Strangford's good work has already had over the natives, and the confidence they feel in the treatment gained at the English *versus* the Arab hospital is illustrated in the following:—A man who was brought in with a bad wound in his leg received at Tel-el-Kebir refused at first to have the limb amputated; but was told that, if that was his resolution, he must

return to the native hospital. On being carried down to the vehicle ready to take him away, he cried piteously, and said, "You may take both my legs off as long as I am allowed to remain where I am." The natives are fairly astonished at the kind treatment received at the hands of the bright young English nurses, and the majority seem exceedingly grateful, especially when Lady Strangford does out to each patient his allowance of cigarettes.

Not only are sick and wounded Arabs cared for in this establishment, but many sick British officers have been nursed and recovered convalescence within its walls. When Lady Strangford and her staff first took possession of Arabi's house it was in a very filthy state and entirely empty, with the exception of Arabi's favourite white cat, which was in the same condition of dirt and emptiness as the building. Alterations, whitewashing, painting, and furnishing had to be done; and in less than a fortnight the first patients were admitted. Now there are over thirty native patients and four or five British officers. The establishment of this English and Arab hospital, which ought to be made a permanency in Cairo, for the need of it is much felt, has been one of Lady Strangford's most successful undertakings.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

THROUGHOUT his life the late Archbishop was emphatically a hard worker, one who taxed his strength, both bodily and mental, to the uttermost. Four years ago, moreover, his affectionate home-loving nature received a severe shock in the successive deaths of his wife and his only son. It was scarcely to be wondered at that, under such conditions, a naturally vigorous constitution should fail. Last winter his medical advisers wished him to stay abroad, but he insisted on returning in time to officiate at the marriage of Prince Leopold, and the same devotion to his duty impelled him to go to Osborne to confirm the sons of the Prince of Wales in August last. "It is the last thing I shall do for the Queen," he said, in reply to the doctor's remonstrances, "and I mean to do it." On his journey home he caught a cold, and the attack of inflammation of the lungs which followed was the beginning of his last illness.

Archibald Campbell Tait was the youngest son of the late Mr. Craufurd Tait, Writer to the Signet, of Harvieston, county Clackmannan. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Campbell, of Succoth, Lord President of the Court of Session. He was born at Edinburgh, December 22nd, 1811, and was educated at the Edinburgh High School, the Edinburgh Academy, and Glasgow University. Thence he went to Balliol College, Oxford. On his arrival, Dr. Jenkyns, the then Master of the College, said to him, "Well, Mr. Tait, what have you come to Oxford for?" "To improve myself, sir, and to make friends," replied the young Scotchman, and future Archbishop. He became successively Scholar, Fellow, and Tutor of his College, and in 1833 graduated B.A. in first-class honours. During this period he was strongly opposed to the Tractarian movement, and was one of the four tutors who drew the attention of the University authorities to the celebrated "Tract No. XC." This led to the formal censure of the Tract, to the avowal of its authorship by Mr. J. H. Newman, and in the end to his secession to the Church of Rome. It is doubtful whether Dr. Tait's mature judgment approved this act of his enthusiastic youth. He became so tolerant (not from indifference, but because he regarded the essence of Christianity as infinitely more important than its manifold outward manifestations) that he probably wished that Newman had been let alone. Had he been let alone he might have stayed in the Church as Pusey stayed in it, and the Church might have been spared that blow under which, as Disraeli said, she reeled thirty years after.

Dr. Tait took Holy Orders in 1836, and in 1842, on the death of Dr. Arnold, he was appointed Head Master of Rugby School. It was no easy task to follow a pedagogue so admired and beloved as Arnold, but Tait possessed great administrative capacities and excellent common sense. His Rugby career, therefore, was decidedly successful. It may be mentioned that two of his pupils were the present Lord Derby and M. Waddington, late Prime Minister of France.

While Head Master of Rugby (in 1843) Dr. Tait married Miss Catherine Spooner, daughter of Archdeacon Spooner. This proved a most happy and harmonious union, though its happiness was chequered with very bitter trials.

Dr. Tait overworked himself at Rugby, his health suffered, and consequently he was glad to accept in 1850 the Deanery of Carlisle, as a post of comparative rest and retirement. But he did not become the typical sinecure dean. On the contrary, aided zealously in every good work by his admirable wife, he provided additional pulp services, visited the poor, stimulated education, organised charities. While thus engaged a terrible blow (in 1856) fell on himself and his affectionate partner. Within a few days' time five of their children were carried off by an attack of malignant scarlet fever. The pathetic record of that sorrowful period is fully set forth in the well-known volume published soon after Mrs. Tait's death in 1878, and entitled "Catherine and Craufurd Tait."

Shortly after these sad bereavements Dr. Blomfield resigned the Bishopric of London, and Dr. Tait was nominated to the vacant see. In this elevated post he displayed the same practical piety as at Carlisle. Noting how much faster the population of London grew than the spiritual provision made for it, he courageously established the Bishop of London's Fund, and met with such a hearty response to his appeal that in ten years he had raised £1,000,000.

In 1868 Archbishop Longley died, and the Bishop of London was appointed his successor by Mr. Disraeli. The wisdom of the appointment has been justified by results, for Dr. Tait, by his moderation and his good sense, was eminently fitted to guide the Church through a troublous and difficult period. He was always the consistent advocate of all necessary toleration in lesser matters, the same censurer of harsh and irritating measures, whether against Roman Catholics or Nonconformists, and the constant counsellor of charity and peace. As he himself said, in words which deserve to be remembered: "The truths of a living Christian faith can never be made to find their way into reluctant minds through mere protests and negations, far less by the mere attempt to inflict pains and penalties on those whom we think to be in error."

During his last illness the Archbishop's sufferings were less severe than those which fall to the lot of many mortals. Still the daily-increasing weakness made him very weary of life, and he more than once expressed his desire to depart. The end came painlessly at last on the morning of Advent Sunday, December 3rd, just four years after his wife's death. All the members of his family were present.

The family declined the offer made by Dean Bradley of a tomb in Westminster Abbey, and the mortal remains of the Archbishop were to be laid yesterday (Friday) beside those of his wife and son at Addington.

Our portrait is from a photograph.

THE GUARDS AT CAIRO

OUR engraving is from a photograph by M. P. Sébah, of Cairo, and depicts a group of officers belonging to the Grenadier Guards, which formed a portion of the late Expeditionary Force to Egypt. The Guards had not taken part in active warfare since the Crimean War, when the good service they rendered is historical, and the general interest felt in the share they have taken in the late campaign has been enhanced by their commander being a son of Her Majesty, who, like most of his men, here saw real warfare for the first time. How well the Duke of Connaught acquitted himself

of his duties has been told by Lord Wolseley, while, though kept in the second or reserve line, the rank and file showed themselves in no way behind their leader, and completely falsified the croaking prophecies that they were mere feather-bed soldiers—splendid adjuncts to a pageant, but useless in the field. On the contrary, they showed themselves quite equal to their more experienced comrades in the toilsome marches across the desert, and stood the main brunt of the firing at Tel-el-Kebir as unflinchingly as they would a Royal salute. Indeed, if the post of danger be that of honour, they were certainly accorded it on September 13th. Arabi had gained an inkling of the proposed attack, but, never dreaming that the British could advance so near his lines unperceived, had pointed his guns for a range of some distance, so that when his gunners discovered that the foe was upon them, they fired over the heads of the first line into the second column, where the Guards were stationed.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 653.



THE IMPOSING STATE CEREMONY of the opening of the New Courts of Justice, particulars of which will be found under "Our Illustrations," and the deplored but not unexpected death of the good Primate, have dwarfed most other features of the week.—An Autumn Session, besides results which our Parliamentary column has recorded, has done, we fancy, further service in curbing the rage for "extra-Parliamentary utterances." Mr. Forster, M.P., has had indeed made a neat speech at Bradford (where he distributed the prizes to the students of the Technical School) on the necessity of meeting foreign competition by improved industrial training. We must, he said, do one of two things—make cheaper articles or produce better work; and Mr. Stanhope in South Durham has been making merry over the condition of the British taxpayer, who may now say that if the Conservatives chastised him with whips the Liberals are chastising him with scorpions.—Ministers, all at least who can, are fleeing to the country for brief repose.—Mr. Gladstone to spend a few days at Sir W. Harcourt's residence in the New Forest, Lord Granville for Walmer Castle, Lord Kimberley for Kimberley Hall, Norfolk. The Premier's visit to Midlothian, where he will be the guest of Lord Rosebery, is not to be made until the 15th of January. As at present arranged, he is to make three speeches only, at the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, at Dalkeith, and at West Calder. The Scotch Liberal Club will prepare a banquet for him in the Corn Exchange.—The by-election at Wigan went against the Radical candidate by a majority of 624 votes. The result was a gain of one for the Opposition, since though the former member was a Conservative, the seat had really been vacant for two years.—The poll for Liverpool was taken yesterday (Friday). The Licensed Victuallers' Association will support Mr. Forwood—a most pliant personage, to judge from his speeches, who calls himself a Democratic Tory—on the sufficient but hardly complimentary ground of being the least objectionable candidate of the two.—At a dinner in honour of his return from the United States at the Westminster Palace Hotel, where Mr. Parnell took the chair, Mr. A. M. Sullivan avowed his belief that America would some day invite England to a friendly conference over the Irish difficulty. It was becoming a domestic question in America, and could scarcely cease to be so until England conceded to her sister island such rights as are enjoyed by individual States within the Union.—Sir S. Northcote, who was for some time storm-bound at Dartmouth, on board Mr. W. W. H. Smith's yacht, has at last been able to make sail for the Mediterranean. His health even in these few days has decidedly amended.—Mr. Fawcett, on the other hand, to the great grief of friends and opponents, has been struck down with an attack of diphtheria, accompanied by fever, which quickly assumed a typhoid character. The bulletins admit considerable danger, though much trust is reasonably placed in the vigorous constitution of the patient.

IN IRELAND, Mr. Dawson, M.P., whose re-election to the Mayoralty of Dublin has caused some displeasure to the Conservatives as a breach of the tacit compact between the two parties that Mayors should be chosen from each alternately, has already signalled himself by rising hastily from the Court, where Mr. Justice O'Brien had been opening the New Commission, and hurrying off to the Corporation to deliver a speech which is generally considered as a sort of counterblast to the Judge's Charge. Mr. Justice O'Brien had, it seems, been deploring the lawlessness of the city, and had attributed to it the dulness of trade and the scarcity of remunerative employment. The Judge's conclusion Mr. Dawson could not allow. Trade might be dull, he freely owned, but it was absurd to suppose that this was brought about by the chance murder of a policeman in an affray.—True bills have been returned against James Dowling, T. Devine, and Joseph Poole for the murder of Police Constable Cox in Abbey Street, and against three men, Patrick Higgins, T. Higgins, and Michael Flynn, for the murder of Lord Ardilaun's two bailiffs. The trials of these last, who have been arraigned separately, were to commence on Thursday.—Mr. Field, the other victim of last week, is doing well, and hopes are confidently entertained of his recovery.—Proceedings in the Queen's Bench on Tuesday against Messrs. Davitt, Healy, and Quin for their recent speeches, were characterised on both sides by an easy good-humour—not to say mirthfulness—which almost suggested wonder that any steps had been taken at all. Ultimately the hearing of the summons was adjourned for ten days, and Mr. Davitt, who alone of the three defendants seemed sufficiently interested in the matter to inquire into the legal nature of his offence, was blandly informed by the Attorney General that the proceedings were taken under the 10th and 11th of Charles I., cap. 10, and a corresponding English statute, temp. James I.—The enforcement of the Curfew Clause in Dublin has had the gratifying effect of reducing drunken charges for the week from 79 to 47, and the aggregate of morning charges in the police-courts from 119 to 73.—On Thursday last, the time for lodging applications under the Arrears Act expired. Nearly 60,000 of these have been received at the head offices of the Land Commission.—A detachment of seventy men and two officers left the Curragh this week for Galway, for duty at the execution of the Maamtrasna murderers. The five who pleaded guilty have not yet been respited.—A man has been arrested in Limerick on suspicion of being the Kelly alluded to at the trial as the real instigator of the crime, in conjunction with another man named Nee.

ON MONDAY EVENING LORD WOLSELEY and the Naval and Military Commanders of the Egyptian Campaign were entertained at dinner by Sir W. G. Armstrong, President of the Institute of Civil Engineers. In acknowledging the honour done to him, Lord Wolseley took occasion to assure home critics that it was a mistake to run down the Egyptian Army. The infantry were well drilled and armed, and the artillery was very good. But the infantry was badly officered, and it was opposed to splendid soldiers commanded by splendid officers, and the artillery had dropped so far behind the time that they used the old-fashioned common shell, whereas we used the shrapnell. In the Crimea there had not been a single officer of the scientific corps in command of either a brigade or a division. In

Egypt out of twenty-five on the Headquarter Staff twelve were Engineers or Artillery men.

STRONG SOUTH-EASTERLY GALES with snow have visited this week the coast of Scotland, greatly impeding traffic and blocking the tramway lines at Leith and Edinburgh. Off Tynemouth Pier a vessel foundered with all hands, and there have been heavy falls of snow in Northumberland and Durham.—At Aberdeen the blustering weather has been turned to account to renew upon a larger scale the experiments of the effect of oil upon the waters. The results so far go to show that the oil may be useful for small craft entering the harbour, but will not have the effect anticipated in the case of larger vessels. Seal oil is about twice as powerful for the purpose as mineral oil.

AT A NUMEROUSLY-ATTENDED AND INFLUENTIAL MEETING of City Solicitors, at the Guildhall, on Tuesday, held at the invitation of the Law and City Courts Committee of the Corporation to consider the suggestion of the Lord Chancellor that the immemorial sittings at Guildhall should be transferred to the New Law Courts, it was resolved, with only one dissident, to "signify respectfully to Her Majesty's Government that they would desire to have a year's experience of the New Courts before deciding whether to ask for the removal or not." The Council of the Incorporated Law Society unanimously approve the removal.

THE SKYE CROFTERS have not yet accepted terms of peace. In the Braes district a compromise has at last been arrived at; but at Glendale, out of 500 tenants, five only have paid the rent demanded of them; and on the adjoining estate of Dr. Nicol Martin payments have been universally refused. The authorities, who have only 160 policemen to dispose of in the whole of Invernesshire, are powerless, and must apply to Government for assistance.

THE PRICE OF COAL has again gone down all over the North of England, and the South Yorkshire owners are completely beaten out of the London market by the supplies from the Durham districts. The masters, it is said, contemplate taking back the 10 per cent. advance of wages.

THE MALAGASY ENVOYS, now staying at the Alexandra Hotel, visited the House of Commons on Friday, when they were shown over the Library and other principal apartments by Dr. Cameron. On Saturday they called on Lord Granville, at the Foreign Office, and asked for an interview with the Queen, in order to present their credentials to Her Majesty, and for an opportunity to lay before the British Government their complaints of recent aggressions on the part of France. On Monday they received a deputation from the British and Foreign Bible Society. One of the two envoys speaks excellent English.

MANORIAL RIGHTS over 347 acres of common land in the neighbourhood of Croydon and Caterham have been acquired by the Corporation of London, at an outlay of 7,000*l.* The lands in question are open, breezy spaces, easy of access, and commanding extensive views. The action of the Corporation has saved them from imminent peril of being built over.

AT A MEETING AT HALESOWEN it was resolved to memorialise the Government for an inquiry into the employment of women in nail and chain making. The heavy labour, it was asserted, causes many deaths among the workwomen. The state of the female nailers was graphically described some time since in the *Daily Telegraph*.

STANFORD COURT, WORCESTERSHIRE, the seat of Sir F. Winnington, was burned to the ground on Tuesday night. The family pictures and some of the furniture were saved, but a valuable library and MSS. were lost. Stanford Court was an Elizabethan mansion, and had been in the Winnington family for four centuries.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE MANCHESTER CITY COUNCIL it was determined to support the scheme for a ship canal by a majority of forty-six votes to six.

PROVINCIAL ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITIONS continue to flourish. The Exhibition at the Bradford Technical School, opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales last June, closed on Saturday after having been visited by over 300,000 persons, while the receipts amounted to 16,000*l.*, leaving a net profit of 9,000*l.*

THE BURNING OF THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Leicester Square, has added yet another to the list of theatres destroyed this year by fire. The fire was discovered at 1 A.M. on Thursday, and in a short time the flames were shooting high in the air, lighting up the distant Houses of Parliament and the entire southern bank of the Thames as with an angry sunset. The well-known minarets remained untouched for nearly an hour.

THE DEATH OF MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE at 6 P.M. on Wednesday evening, though not unexpected, will cause deep regret wherever English novels are known and read. Mr. Trollope was still, up to his brief illness, in the full vigour of his days, having been born on the 24th of April in the famous Waterloo year. An indefatigable worker, writer of travels, biographer, and novelist, he will be best remembered in this last capacity. Though not so great a master of fiction as Thackeray and Dickens, there has been no one since they passed away who has created more characters that seem destined to survive than the author of "Barchester Towers" and the "Three Clerks." The attack which caused his death was of the nature of a paralytic stroke.

THE AUTUMN SESSION

THE hero of the Autumn Session which closed so abruptly and unexpectedly during the dinner hour of Friday last week is undoubtedly Lord Randolph Churchill. Whatever fineness of distinction may sometime be established between his actual lead of the House and the titular position of others, it cannot be disputed that in the debates on the Closure Resolutions he was the actual leader of the Opposition. When the House met in October it was reasonable to suppose that—obstruction or unforeseen incidents apart—it might complete its labours within a fortnight. The question at issue was not one of policy but strictly of procedure. The subject was one with which Members were intimately and practically acquainted. It was for the common good that the House should be delivered from the thralldom in which it has languished for some years, and that its Rules, made for other times and other manners, should be amended. This view of the situation was openly and formally accepted by Sir Stafford Northcote. He had on more than one occasion declared that, with the exception of the First Resolution dealing with the Closure, there was nothing which he and his friends were inclined hotly to oppose in the Government scheme.

With respect to the First Resolution, Sir Stafford and others sitting on the front Opposition Bench were too shrewd and too familiar with the usages of Parliament to take seriously to heart the prophecies of evil which authorities like Mr. Chaplin indulged in. They knew to what extent the Closure Rules, if passed, would be used, or rather disused. But the cry of the "gag" was a convenient one, and it has always been the first duty of an Opposition to oppose. Sir Stafford accordingly moved the rejection of the First Resolution, his objections being supported in an orderly but somewhat dull debate. This concluded and the division taken, Leaders on the Front Bench, acting in accordance with the traditions of political warfare in the Commons, were ready enough to accept the inevitable, and to yield to the decision of the majority deliberately arrived at after prolonged debate. It was then that Lord Randolph Churchill appeared on the scene, and gave a fresh turn to most things. Whatever others might

do, the Fourth Party would hoist the flag of "No surrender," and, if necessary, die under it. At the outset Sir Stafford Northcote made a stand for his position. Lord Randolph moved an amendment, which Sir Stafford Northcote was obliged to admit was "confusing and impracticable," and he advised its withdrawal. This was a gage of battle which Lord Randolph Churchill accepted with great alacrity. Sooner or later the struggle must come, and it seemed well to him that it should be at once. He scornfully refused the proffered advice, insisted upon dividing, and left Sir Stafford in the awkward position of having to decide whether he would vote against a member of his own party who was still fighting against the obnoxious Resolution, whether he would vote with him, or whether he would leave the House without voting. Sir Stafford Northcote characteristically adopted the middle course, and in a memorable scene the Leaders of the Opposition one by one slipped out of the House. Mr. W. H. Smith not being able to make up his mind till it was too late, the question was put when he had slid some feet down the bench in the direction of the doorway.

Lord Randolph Churchill did not induce many members of the Conservative party to remain to vote with him, and those who did were not of the weightiest class. But he settled, for the Autumn Session at least, the personal question at issue between himself and Sir Stafford Northcote. From that day forth he was Leader *de facto*. Night after night he covered the paper with amendments, and up to the eve of the collapse of Friday argued with a tireless courage and a lightness of heart that excited admiration even in quarters where the consequence of prolonging the Session was deplored. Harassed by these lively tactics, and failing in bodily health, Sir Stafford Northcote withdrew more and more into the background, till finally, with general good wishes for his return to health, he faded away in Mr. Smith's yacht for more peaceful scenes in the Mediterranean.

Lord Randolph's personality has filled the Session only in secondary degree to Mr. Gladstone. The Premier's endurance and unflinching activity have been marvellous. There have been times when Lord Randolph Churchill has taken his rest. The Speaker being in the chair, the Rules of the House happily precluded the delivery of more than one speech on an amendment. Thus Lord Randolph, having attacked Mr. Gladstone on a particular amendment, might go his way to dinner or elsewhere to recruit himself for the next opportunity. But Mr. Gladstone had to answer not only Lord Randolph, but Members in other parts of the House. The whole debate was focussed upon him. If he were absent for more than an hour a hitch was sure to arise; and, as happened on the last Wednesday afternoon of the Session, when the Premier was temporarily indisposed, the debate came to a standstill. This effort prolonged over six weeks, in supplement to an unusually long and laborious Session, would have been hard on a man in the prime of life. On one already past three score years and ten, when an ordinary man's strength is but labour and sorrow, it seemed sufficient to kill. Mr. Gladstone, however, bore up against it, with few signs of exhaustion, till the end was actually within sight, when he was compelled by failing health to stand aside, and heard in his sick chamber on Friday night that all was over, and the Rules passed.

As to what will be the practical issue of the Session it would be rash, with the experience already gained of the working of the Second Rule, to make a confident forecast. That Rule, dealing with motions for adjournment at Question-time, struck at the most common, and not the least serious, cause of obstruction. When the Rules were introduced they proposed that such motion should not be made except by leave of the House. This was protested against as being too drastic, and the result of discussion was the important Order that now stands upon the books. It was shown in practice that whenever a member got thirty-nine to agree with him as to the urgency of a specific question, he can interpose between the House and its ordered business, and can do so with an authority that was altogether lacking in former circumstances when a similar power was exercised by individual members. It is true the Rule renders impossible the tyranny of individual members at this stage of a night's proceedings. But it places in the hands of a regular Opposition, whether it chances to be Liberal or Conservative, a tremendous weapon of legalised obstruction. For example, the chances of early passing a Bill for the Assimilation of the Borough and County Franchise are greatly limited by the existence of the new Standing Order. The First Resolution, girt about as it is with safeguards on behalf of the minority, is not likely, by the measure of its practical use, to justify the prolonged and virulent opposition with which its introduction was met. It was too ponderous to be easily moved in the form in which it was passed. But when the Speaker intimated that he would construe the phrase "the evident sense of the House," as meaning the general sense of the House, it was still more heavily weighted. A suggestion was made that the Closure should be brought into operation to defeat the tactics of members who successfully moved the adjournment after questions. But it was clear on a moment's consideration that this could not be done. Mr. Yorke and Mr. Gibson, in their application for leave to move the adjournment, were backed by the whole force of the Conservative party, in face of which fact the Speaker could not declare it the evident sense of the House that the question be now put.

It is upon other and humbler Rules that the House must rely for relief. This has been given in several ways. For example, by the Third Rule, which requires that when a motion for adjournment is made during debate the debate thereupon shall be confined to the question of adjournment; by the Fourth Rule, giving the Speaker power to call upon Members to rise in their places when divisions are challenged; and, in larger measure, by the Twelfth Rule, which places at the disposal of the Government Mondays and Thursdays for dealing with Supply. But, as many think, it is in the scheme of Grand Committees, to be partially tried next Session, that the true means will be found of permanently relieving Parliament of the almost fatal congestion under which it has recently laboured.

HENRY W. LUCY

DRAMATIC ART ACROSS THE ATLANTIC does not appear to be of the highest class, if we are to credit the *San Francisco News Letter*, which complains that the American stage of to-day is in a rather pitiful condition. It is a circus, and nothing else. Stock companies have been abolished, circuits for travelling combinations established, and the theatrical business has fallen into the hands of a lot of uneducated, ignorant, vulgar showmen, men without knowledge of dramatic art, but shrewd, sharp at bargains, and of purely commercial instincts. And, unfortunately, these men are successful. There are a few theatres still managed on old principles, and in which art and refinement still reign, but the rest are all run on the clap-trap, humbug system. Excessive advertising of all kinds, brazen falsehoods, flashy posters, brag and bombast, &c., all the tricks and deceptions of human ingenuity are used to attract the public, and the public is attracted. Humbug for ever! Our authors are quacks, our managers charlatans. What is the average entertainment offered on the stage to-day? Melodrama, in which brutality is represented as proper, scenes of misery that excite amusement instead of sympathy, absurd representations of human suffering that harden human hearts to the reality. Melodrama, *i.e.* misrepresentation. Comedy that is pointless, witless, ridiculously improbable and idiotic. Cheap and ignorant actors, who cannot speak their own language, who are coarse in manner, vulgar in habits and dress, and who lack sufficient intelligence to grasp even the slightest phase of human character. And this is the American stage of to-day!



THE FATE OF THE RUINED PARIS TUILERIES has at last been definitively sealed, after the question of their restoration or demolition has been constantly argued since the Communists set them ablaze over eleven years since. The Government claims any parts of the buildings likely to be of use or of historical interest, and sold the bare materials on Monday for 1,280*l.*, with the stipulation that the ruins must be removed within six months. M. Garnier, the architect, is to examine each portion as it is taken down. So vanishes the home of the Sovereigns of France for over three centuries.

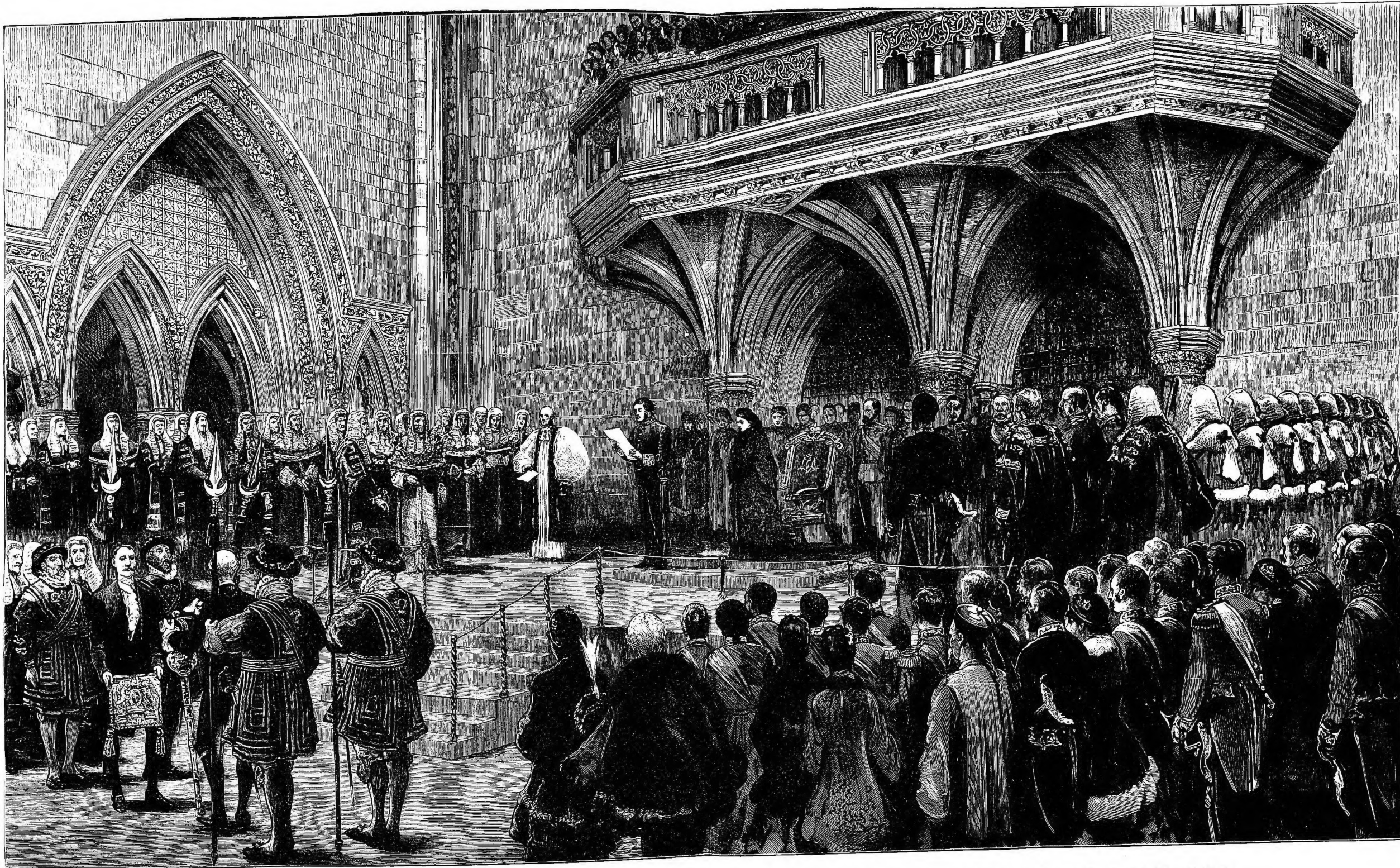
A FRESH ARCTIC EXPEDITION is to be undertaken by the Danes, who intend to send out a search party to relieve the crew of the *Djinnphna*, reported to be either lost or in great danger in the Kara Sea. The *Djinnphna* started early this year on a surveying expedition, and in September was caught in the ice off Waigatz Island, whence she appears to have drifted into the Kara Sea, south of Nova Zembla. The French Geographical Society have received a letter announcing that the vessel, though imprisoned by the ice, is uninjured, and will be able to continue her voyage in the spring, but nevertheless a relief party of ten or fifteen sledges and 150 reindeer will leave Archangel in the spring under Captain Normann's command, to explore the coasts of the peninsula of Yalmat.

A LIVING DEATH IS ENDURED BY THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN OF KING HUMBERT OF ITALY, Passanante, who failed to shoot the King soon after his accession, and was relieved from death to life-long imprisonment. He is kept in the Prison of Portoferrario, the Italian correspondent of the *American Register* tells us, in a cell nine feet square, barely lit by a tiny window, and is so heavily and closely chained by the ankle that he can only lie on his bed or stand upright by the wall. Occasionally the chain is loosened slightly, but usually he lies all day coiled up in a blanket on his bed. He is worse off than those condemned to hard labour, as he cannot earn anything to buy any luxuries, and none of his relatives ever send him a farthing, while the perpetual idleness must be fearful. He is not even allowed a Bible to read.

ORNITHOLOGICAL TOILETTES are the latest novelties of the Parisian winter season—dresses smothered in feathers of different kinds to suit all complexions. There is the "canary" costume for piquante brunettes; the "humming birds" of ruby brocade covered with deep red feathers sown with jewels; the "blue swan" in palest turquoise plumes, adopted by blondes; the "wood pigeon" of soft grey for those no longer in their first youth; and the "white dove" for bashful debutantes, "whose pure snowy feathers inspire sonnets to the stars or the lilies," declares that romantic chronicler of "high life," "Etincelle," in the *Paris Figaro*. Another fashionable craze is for old coins of all countries, which are made into artistic medallions, bracelets, and brooches. Monograms on note paper are arranged to imitate coins bearing the initials, arms, or favourite device of the writer, this fashion being adopted by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Queen of Spain, and the Grand Duchess Vladimir of Russia.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,605 deaths were registered, against 1,681 during the previous week, a fall of 76, being 142 below the average, and at the rate of 21.5 per 1,000. These deaths included 5 from small-pox (a rise of 3), 76 from measles (an increase of 12), 52 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 7), 18 from diphtheria (a fall of 2), 14 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 7), 2 from typhus fever, 29 from enteric fever, 4 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 3), and none from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 424, a rise of 13, but being 69 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 75 deaths, 68 of which were the result of negligence or accident; there were 54 cases of suicide. There were 2,535 births registered, against 2,503 during the previous week, being 76 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 37.4 deg., and 3.7 deg. below the average; the lowest night temperature was on Saturday, when 27.3 deg. were registered.

DIARIES AND CHRISTMAS CARDS.—It is safe to count upon Messrs. De La Rue and Co. for pretty and useful diaries and almanacks for the New Year, and this season their productions are fully up to the high level of merit the public are accustomed to expect from this firm. The wall almanacks and revolving calendars are of fresh design, and are excellent specimens of colour-printing. The leather almanacks for the table are solid in make, and the figures are so clearly printed that they can be seen at a glance. Of pocket diaries there are all varieties; from the small finger diary in a nickel or leather case to fit the waistcoat pocket, to the dainty productions in delicate Russia leather containing scissors, compartments for stamps, cards, and papers. One of these pocket diaries in blue leather with gold ornamentation is as dainty a thing of its kind as we have seen. Another of dark leather bound with metal is more serviceable, if less pretty to look at. Mention must also be made of the very useful table diaries, containing a mass of information for the service of business men.—Being rather old-fashioned, and as our ideas do not flow so fast as to make the delay caused by dipping our pen into the inkstand a nuisance, we are not very fond of these new inventions of the stylographic kind. Hearson's "Anti-Stylograph," issued by Messrs. De La Rue, is a neat-looking affair, and the specimen we are writing this notice with does its work very creditably. Perhaps, after a while, we shall get so attached to it as to throw our inkstand out of window, but at present we prefer to suspend our judgment.—Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co. send us a selection of very ingenious diaries, designed to facilitate the transaction of business and professional affairs. Among these we notice the Medical Diary, with spaces ruled for the entry of all possible details connected with the daily routine of a doctor's practice; the Housekeeper's Diary with printed headings, and ruled spaces for the entry of each day's dealings with tradesmen, and other household expenses, such as gas and water rates, &c.; the Clerical Diary, with the proper lessons for each day, and much other information. Besides these special diaries there are serviceable scribbling diaries for office use, wall calendars of various kinds, and pocket diaries of all shapes and sizes.—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. send us several specimens of their calendars with daily quotations from the Bible, Shakespeare, and celebrated authors. Some of the smaller almanacks issued by this firm are of much beauty.—A set of Christmas cards which should be very popular are those by Mr. Alfred Gray, of Albert Street, N.W. These are in black and white, and they display considerable originality of conception, and in many cases not a little humour. The drawings are on all sorts of subjects, including some humorous sketches relating to the recent campaign in Egypt. Many of these cards differ somewhat from the usual type, as they have a comical and satiric flavour.—Messrs. J. F. Schipper and Co. send us a set of Christmas cards of much merit. While departing but little from the conventional Christmas idea, they yet succeed in imparting some freshness to their designs, many of which are exceedingly graceful. The colouring, too, is good.—Messrs. George Falkner and Sons, of Manchester, have published some novel Christmas and New Year cards, printed in Old English type. They bear mottoes from *Psalms*.



THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE BY THE QUEEN—THE CEREMONY IN THE GREAT HALL



THERE is plenty of news from EGYPT this week. After weeks of preparation and procrastination Arabi has been brought to trial, sentenced to death, reprieved by order of the Khédive, and finally condemned to perpetual exile—the actual proceedings taking less than an hour. This remarkably prompt settlement was effected by the Commission of Inquiry consenting to abandon the charges of incendiarism and of misusing the white flag, and by the consequent agreement of Arabi to plead guilty to the charge of simple rebellion. Both sides having thus come to an understanding, the Commission reported to Raouf Pasha, the President of the Court-martial appointed to try the prisoner, that sufficient evidence having been obtained, Arabi was formally sent to trial for the crime of rebellion. The Court duly assembled on Sunday, and Arabi having been formally arraigned by the President, handed a written plea of guilty to his senior counsel, Mr. Broadley. The Court then adjourned in order to consider its judgment, and submit it to the Khédive. On re-assembling the President pronounced that the Court unanimously condemned Arabi to death, the sentence, however, being immediately followed by the reading of a decree from the Khédive in which “for reasons of our own” it was announced that the penalty of death pronounced against Ahmed Arabi is commuted to perpetual exile from Egypt and its dependencies. Should, however, he enter Egyptian territory he will be punished with death. What place of exile will be definitively allotted to Arabi is not as yet known beyond that it will be to some portion of British territory. The Cape, Gibraltar, and Guernsey have each been named as likely points where he will be allowed to reside on giving his parole to make no attempt to escape. He will be deprived of his title of Pasha, but will retain his sword, and will receive a certain income. As for his colleagues in the late rebellion, it is expected that the Khédive will pardon them without trial, except Suleiman Daoud, who is charged with the firing of Alexandria.

This sudden collapse of what it was universally expected would prove a protracted State trial, fraught with curious and startling revelations, has caused a general feeling of relief, as the ground has now been cleared for a definitive settlement of the actual affairs of Egypt. That so difficult a question should have been so speedily solved is undoubtedly due to the energy, tact, and diplomatic skill of Lord Dufferin and Sir E. Malet, and probably in no small measure to the various degrees in which the Sultan and even the Khédive himself would be implicated in the revelations which would ensue had the trial been permitted to take place. Arabi himself has written a long and characteristic letter to *The Times*, declaring that by the advice of his counsel, Messrs. Broadley and Napier, he has pleaded guilty to the charge of rebellion, and that he will “cheerfully proceed to any place which England may be pleased to appoint for my residence; and remain there until the day comes when it may be possible for England to modify her opinion concerning me.” After expressing his satisfaction that the sentence at least established his innocence of the charges of massacre and incendiarism, “crimes in which I have never taken the slightest part,” he goes on to say that he leaves Egypt with perfect tranquillity and confidence in the future, “because I know that England cannot any longer delay the reforms which we have struggled for.” He then proceeds to enumerate the various reforms which are to be carried out, and which when effected will enable the English people to “realise the fact that my rebellion had a very strong justification.” Then also he feels assured that “in her humanity and high sense of justice England will permit me to return to my beloved country, and see with my own eyes the result of her humane and civilising work before I die.” He professes the utmost gratitude to his counsel and to Lord Dufferin and Sir E. Malet, and thanks the British people and the great English Press, “which was unanimous in demanding that I should have a fair trial.”

As might have been expected, the sudden termination of Arabi's trial has created considerable surprise throughout Europe, though as a rule England's action in the matter has been generally approved. This is especially the case in Germany, where the *Berlin Post* declares that it is now the universal opinion that England has established a firm and indefeasible footing in Egypt, and that the only thing left for France to do is “to submit to circumstances with as much grace and good humour as possible.” France very naturally does not take the same view of the case, and the French journals have been somewhat bitterly sarcastic over the whole matter. Thus the *Débats* remarks that “the unbounded respect which our neighbours show at home for judicial formalities is not one of their exports,” while the *République Française* is very virtuously indignant, declaring that “there is not a country in the world where a Minister who had committed one-tenth of his confessed acts would have escaped with his life.” Through this “scandalous acquittal” the crimes committed against the Christians have found absolution, and the departure of the English troops would be the signal for further massacres, unless, indeed, it is Lord Dufferin's object to create a state of things which shall compel the definitive occupation of the country by Queen Victoria's troops. There is a certain proverb about the danger of playing with fire, and if this surmise should prove true, Mr. Gladstone is assuming a responsibility from which “Mr. Disraeli, the great novelist, would have shrunk.” Meanwhile the negotiations between the French and British Cabinets with regard to the definitive settlement of the Egyptian question seem to be progressing far from favourably, and, according to the *République Française*, are not unlikely to be broken off. The proposal for the abolition of the Dual Control has by no means been accepted, notwithstanding the offers by the British Government. By these France was offered the permanent Presidency of the Debt Commission, and practically the management of the whole of the Egyptian revenues. Moreover, the abolition of the capitulation in Tunis would be sanctioned, while doubtless certain assistance would be accorded in the Madagascar difficulty. The French are learning the truth of one of the characteristically trite sayings of M. Thiers: “If ever we quarrel with England we shall meet her in every quarter of the globe.”

In fact, the Press in FRANCE has teemed with angry articles about England and English policy abroad, and the report of the reception in England of the Malagasy Ambassadors, and an unfounded rumour that England had decided to despatch a gunboat to Madagascar, has excited journalists to a hysterical point. The Congo and Tonquin questions are also fertile themes of discussion, while French susceptibilities have been still further aroused by a report that the Government of the United States contemplates making a claim for the murder of two American citizens in Madagascar—a rumour which brought forth from the *Moniteur Universel* a threatening comparison between the navies of the United States and of France—the latter of which is declared to possess ships enough “to blow up every port in America.” The feeling in England against the Channel Tunnel is yet another grievance, and Mr. Shipton and his fellow-members of the English deputation have been sympathised with, and praised and petted to the highest extent. They have interviewed MM. Léon Say and de Freycinet, who praised the “sagacity and patience” of English workmen, and warmly advocated the Tunnel as an enterprise beneficial to both nations. M. Grévy, to whom they were presented

according to custom by Lord Lyons, was more cautious, and while terming the Channel Tunnel a magnificent enterprise, and one involving the happiest results, and declaring that no obstacles were to be apprehended to the scheme in France, he plainly told the delegates that they must exercise their influence upon their fellow-countrymen, for whom it was to reflect and decide. “If England thought isolation and separation best for her, she was the best judge.”

To turn to the home politics of France, there is very little to record. There has been a brisk discussion respecting the educational estimates in the Chamber, the chief question in the Senate being the abolition of the Judicial Oath Bill, which a Protestant Senator warmly advocated, on the plea that to make an Atheist swear by God was to make him a hypocrite, while to coerce him to do so by threat of fine was to make him a dastard. The chief topic of the day has been the long-expected trial of the Chairman and Manager of the ill-fated Union Générale, MM. Bontoux and Féder, who are charged with inducing persons to take shares, by representing applications which never existed, and by publishing records of equally non-existent applications. For instance, when the capital was raised in 1879, and 2,653 shares remained unallotted, a certain M. Balensi was put down as an apparent applicant. Again, when the capital was once more doubled in 1880, a similar offence is stated to have been committed; and on a third occasion, last year a M. Izoard was paid a franc for every signature he afforded. Fictitious dividends are also stated to have been declared, while undertakings which were resulting in loss to the company were figured as yielding large profits. The trial began on Tuesday, when Bontoux's counsel asked for the proceedings to be quashed, owing to the Judge who had made the preliminary inquiry having been ill and incompetent. This request was promptly refused. The Judge, in the course of the proceedings, stated the company's losses to have exceeded 16,000,000.

In PARIS, the Bontoux trial apart, the chief interest has centred in M. Andrieux's duel with M. Laurent, the editor of the *Paris*, who was wounded in the face; in M. Gambetta's wound, which now is nearly healed, the patient being convalescent; in the sale of the ruins of the Tuileries, which have at last been disposed of by auction for 1,240 $\frac{1}{2}$; in the continued decrease of the typhoid epidemic; and in two theatrical novelties, a “lyric symphony,” *Sardanapale*, at the Château d'Eau, by M. Alphonse Duvernoy, and a five-act drama in verse, by M. Grageneuve, at the Odéon, entitled *Amkra*—the title signifies the old name of the Gallic race transformed into a war cry, and the plot deals with the doughty deeds of the Old Gaul warriors. The inundations, which have increased this week, have caused serious damage on the left bank of the Seine, and the printing-offices of many of the newspapers have been compelled to cease work.—M. Louis Blanc died on Wednesday, at the age of sixty-nine.

In GERMANY, also, there have been the most serious floods. Both the Rhine and the Moselle have overflowed their banks to a terrible extent, while the Metz district has been visited by waterspouts. Coblenz has suffered severely, while the height of the river below has been greater than for several centuries past. In Neuweid, Dusseldorf, Deutz, and Mulheim, boats laden with charitable folk have conveyed provisions to the inmates of the houses surrounded by water, while numerous houses have crumbled down, and large numbers have been completely evacuated. The Government has granted an immediate sum of 25,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the relief of the sufferers, and further sums will be voted by the Prussian Diet. Of political matter there is little to record, save that the German Parliament has refused to allow the optional use of the French language in the debates of the Provincial Committee of Alsace-Lorraine, while Prince Bismarck has arrived at Berlin in readiness to personally defend his financial projects in the Prussian Parliament.

In TURKEY the Ministerial Crisis has finally resolved itself into the restoration of the Grand Vizierate, and the reappointment of Said Pasha as Grand Vizier. For twenty-four hours Ahmed Vefik was appointed Prime Minister, to every one's astonishment and regret, but the Sultan speedily changed his mind, and Said Pasha was restored to his post with the increased prestige which the rank of Grand Vizier affords him. Moreover, Fuad Pasha has been acquitted of the absurd charges of conspiracy which had been brought against him, and has been set at liberty. Ghazi Osman Pasha, who likewise had suffered dismissal, has been reinstated as Minister of War, with the old title of Seraskier.

Congress has assembled in the UNITED STATES, and the President has sent the usual lengthy Message. With regard to England, we are told that the arrest of American citizens in Ireland, and the recent laws which owe their origin to the disturbed state of that country, led to an extended correspondence, and a disposition to respect the rights of America was practically manifested by the release of the prisoners. Passing to the Inter-Oceanic Canal question, he states that the American claim to control such a thoroughfare continues to form the subject of conference. Turning to the contest between Chili and Peru, he deprecates that Chili exacts such rigorous conditions, and declines to resort to arbitration, but announces that it is “not in accordance with the temper of our people and the spirit of our institutions to forcibly intervene.” Passing to home affairs, he renews his objection to the excessive coinage of silver, and endorses the Finance Secretary's recommendation for a speedy and extensive reduction of revenue. “Only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration.” He urges the revision of the tariff, calls attention to the continued decadence of the American mercantile marine, and once more advocates Civil Service reform, winding up with insisting upon the importance of prompt legislation relating to the ascertainment of the Presidential vote and “the regulation of the Constitutional provision arranging for the executive functions to devolve upon the Vice-President during the inability of the President to discharge his duties.” The financial report for the year was, as usual, most flourishing, the revenue having amounted to 80,600,000 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the expenditure to 51,600,000 $\frac{1}{2}$, thus showing a surplus of 29,000,000 $\frac{1}{2}$. Mr. Folger, in his report, urges the limitation of the coinage of silver, and recommends the remission of internal taxes on everything except spirits, tobacco, and fermented liquors, and a reduction of the tariff both on certain raw materials and some manufactured articles.

Of MISCELLANEOUS NEWS we hear from ITALY that M. de Giers, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who is staying at Rome, has asked for an audience of the Pope, much to the alarm of Liberal quidnuncs. In Parliament a Radical member, Signor Falleri, has refused to take the Oath of Allegiance, and was expelled by order of the President.—In AUSTRIA the Winter Session of the Reichsrath was opened on Tuesday, when the financial estimates were presented, showing a considerable deficit for the present year, but more satisfactory hopes for 1883. A “monster” Socialist trial of fifty members of the Socialist Democratic Society at Prague is exciting much attention.—In SPAIN the Cortes was opened unobtrusively on Monday. The Cabinet, to judge from the general dissensions in the Liberal Party, has a decided majority. On Wednesday Marshal Serrano explained to the Senate the programme of his New Monarchical Democratic party, and was followed by the Premier, Señor Sagasta, who maintained that he had carried out a better programme than that put forth by the new faction.—In INDIA the Viceroy has been continuing his tour, and has visited Lucknow, where he was present at a review, and addressed the troops, particularly those regiments which had recently served in Egypt. Lord Ripon also received the Talookdars of Oude in Durbar.



THE QUEEN will spend Christmas in the Isle of Wight this year, as usual, and will probably leave Windsor for Osborne about Monday week. The customary baron of beef, boar's head, &c., will ornament the Royal sideboard on Christmas Day, and the beef is to be cut from an ox fed on the Queen's farm at Windsor; and, after being roasted at the Castle, will be sent cold to Osborne. Her Majesty on Saturday held a Council for the prorogation of Parliament, at which Lords Carlingford and Kimberley, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Chamberlain were present; while subsequently the Queen gave audiences to Lord Carlingford and Mr. Gladstone. Prince Augustus of Saxe Coburg lunched with Her Majesty; and in the evening the Queen gave a small dinner party, where the Rev. J. St. John and Lady Florence Blunt, Lieutenant-General Whitmore, Colonels Lambton and Carington, and Sir J. McNeill were the chief guests. Next morning Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. J. St. John Blunt officiated. Princess Christian visited the Queen in the afternoon; while, in the evening, Lady Biddulph and Lady Florence Blunt joined the Royal party at dinner. On Monday Her Majesty came up to London to open the Royal Courts of Justice; but, as the proceedings are fully described elsewhere, we need only mention here that the Princesses Christian and Beatrice accompanied the Queen, and that the Royal party returned to Windsor immediately after the ceremony. Later the ex-Empress Eugénie arrived on a visit to Her Majesty, Princess Beatrice meeting her at the railway station; while Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood and Captain Slade also arrived at the Castle. The ex-Empress and her suite, Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, the Earl of Dalhousie, Sir J. McNeill, and Captain Slade dined with the Queen in the evening, and while most of the guests left on Tuesday, the ex-Empress remained until Wednesday morning. Her Majesty will receive the Malagasy Envoys at Windsor on Tuesday. Next week, also, there will be the usual family gathering at the Castle to commemorate the anniversaries of the deaths of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice on the 14th, when the customary services will be held in the Frogmore Mausoleum.

The Prince and Princess of Wales on Saturday went to the meet of the West Norfolk Hounds, and followed the hunt. Most of their visitors, who had been spending the week at Sandringham, left in the morning, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone being prevented from coming as promised, owing to the former's Parliamentary duties. The Prince and Princess and their daughters and guests attended Divine Service on Sunday at St. Mary Magdalene's, where the Bishop of Bath and Wells preached, and next morning the Prince came to town to attend the opening of the Courts of Justice, subsequently luncheon with the Treasurer and Benchers of the Middle Temple. In the afternoon the Prince went to the Cattle Show, where, like the Queen, he is an exhibitor. On Tuesday the Prince presided at a meeting of his Council, and afterwards left town for Orwell Park, Suffolk, on a shooting visit to Colonel Tomline. He rejoins his wife and daughters at Sandringham to-day (Saturday), and next week the Prince and Princess come to town to open the City of London Schools, and to attend the Memorial Services at Windsor.

The Duke of Edinburgh has entirely recovered from his recent illness, and visited the Cattle Show on Monday. He has been promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral. Both the Dukes of Connaught and Albany attended the opening of the Courts of Justice on Monday, and subsequently the Duke of Connaught lunched with the members of Gray's Inn, and the Duke of Albany with those of Lincoln's Inn. In the evening the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to the Savoy Theatre. The Duke and Duchess of Albany returned to Claremont at the end of last week from spending a few days with the Queen, and gave a dance at Claremont House. On Tuesday night the Duke was present at the half-yearly communication of Grand Lodge of Mark Masons, when the Masons presented the Duke with their wedding gift of massive silver vases and a silver ewer. On Wednesday the Duke visited Salisbury.

The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have concluded their visit to British Columbia, the change having done the Princess much good. On their way home they stopped at San Francisco for the festivities of St. Andrew's Day, meeting with a brilliant reception, and afterwards left for Portland, on their road to Ottawa. The Princess contributes to the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, now open, a sketch of “Canoeing on the Cascapedia River, Canada.”



AFTER A STRUGGLE WITH DEATH protracted over many months, the Archbishop of Canterbury passed peacefully and painlessly away at a quarter after seven on Sunday morning, in the presence of his three daughters, his son-in-law the Rev. R. T. Davidson, Canon Knollys, and Dr. Alfred Carpenter. The immediate cause of death was embolism of the kidneys, causing cysts which affected the spinal column. The funeral was to take place at 12.30 on Friday, in the little Church of Addington, where Mrs. Tait now rests, about a third of a mile from the Palace on the outskirts of the estate. So numerous have been the applications for permission to be present that the wall separating the churchyard from the park has been partly taken down to give more space. The clergy who will attend have been asked to come in their ordinary dress, and all the arrangements will be of the simplest kind. The death of the Primate does not deprive his Suffragan, the Bishop of Dover, of his title, though Dr. Parry's commission for the performance of episcopal and other commissarial functions in the diocese of Canterbury lapsed at the moment of Archbishop Tait's demise. The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury are the guardians of the spiritualities of the see during the vacancy.

AN ASSOCIATION, of which the Duke of Marlborough is President, and the Bishop of Lincoln, Earl Shaftesbury, and Lord Coleridge Vice-Presidents, has been formed under the title of “The Marriage Law Defence Union,” for the purpose of uniting all who are opposed to the legalisation of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Mr. Beresford Hope is the Chairman of the Committee.

DR. BAGSHAW, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, has startled his flock by an Advent pastoral, in which he forbids, under pain of refusal of absolution, the attendance of Roman Catholics at the University College or at the High School. The People's College, which is under the School Board, is also prohibited, without express permission. All these institutions are denounced as tending to the increase of irreligion in the country.

AT Cardiff, on Friday last, the venerable Bishop of Llandaff was presented by Lord Aberdare, on behalf of the subscribers, with a picture of himself, by Mr. Oules, executed at a cost of 500 $\frac{1}{2}$. The

Bishop, who was appointed to the see in 1849, is now the oldest prelate on the Bench.

SIR TATTON AND LADY SYKES, of Sledmere, have followed the example of their neighbour, Lord Ripon, and joined the Communion of the Church of Rome. Sir Tatton had long been known as a strong High Churchman, and had restored or rebuilt every parish church on his estate, near Malton.

TWO OFFICERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY, Ball and Morley, were charged at Worship Street with assaulting a man named Hebden at the Grecian. Hebden, it appears, had interfered on behalf of a boy, whom the officers were turning out for misbehaviour, and who had been "punched" and had his eye blackened by the defendants. On the other hand, the officers (who declared they did their own "chucking-out"), brought a counter-summons against Hebden for bad language. For this the magistrate fined Hebden 5s., and Morley 20s. for the assault. The strong men who do their own "chucking-out" savour rather of the Grecian in its unregenerate days than in its new phase as a place of worship.



POPULAR CONCERTS.—Monday was a busy day, busy enough, in fact, to absorb not merely unanimous, but undivided, attention. The "Popular Concert" in the evening, nevertheless brought a dense throng of music-lovers to St. James's Hall, attracted by a name which, year after year, since Mr. Arthur Chappell's scheme for making the public at large acquainted with the "chamber-music" of the great masters was set on foot, has exercised the same potent spell. It was the first appearance of the Hungarian violinist, Joseph Joachim, whose exceptional qualities were never, perhaps, more convincingly exhibited than on Monday night, when he led the superb quartet in C major, last of the set of three dedicated by Beethoven to Count (afterwards Prince) Rasoumowsky, and the Olet in E flat, that astonishing effort of Mendelssohn's early youth. He played, moreover, J. S. Bach's always-welcome violin concerto in A minor, with accompaniment of stringed instruments. The Beethoven quartet, received with enthusiasm, set the seal upon a thoroughly enjoyable evening. Herr Joachim could not have found abler associates than Herr Ries, Herr Strauss, and Signor Piatti. In the *andante con moto* in A minor Signor Piatti's tone and expression were alone something to remember. In addition to the three executants already named, Herr Joachim was supported by MM. Pollitzer, Wiener, Zerbin, and Pèze, with whom in Bach's concerto were further associated Messrs. Zerbin, the younger and Reynolds. The pianist on Monday was Miss Dora Shirmacher, whose choice of Mendelssohn's *Presto Scherzando* showed as much good taste as her rendering of it showed talent. The same young lady was also pianist on the Saturday afternoon, when, with no less success, she undertook a still more difficult piece—viz., Beethoven's "Waldstein" sonata, besides joining Madame Norman Néruda and Signor Piatti in the sixth and perhaps most charming of Mozart's eight trios for piano-forte and strings. At this concert the opening piece was Schubert's fine quintet in C (with two violoncellos), led by Madame Néruda, who is never more at home than in music so thoroughly in sympathy with her refined artistic nature as that of the Viennese composer, Beethoven's most illustrious contemporary. Signor Piatti, too, charmed the audience with some of his favourite examples of Italian masters who flourished about the middle of last century—viz., the Sonata in D minor of Francesco Maria Veracini, in which he has so often been heard at St. James's Hall. The vocalist on Saturday was Miss de Fonblanque, on Monday, Miss Carlotta Elliott.

BERLIOZ.—The monument to Berlioz will shortly be "inaugurated." The tomb is to be surmounted by a bust of the now honoured, once (by his compatriots) neglected, musician, with the subjoined inscription above: "Monument erected to the glory of the composer, Berlioz (Louis Hector), born at Côte-Saint-André (Isère), December 11th, 1803; died a Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, March 8th, 1869.—*Harold en Italie—Romeo et Juliette—Benvenuto Cellini—La Fuite en Egypte—Les Troyens—Beatrice et Benedict—Grande Messe des Morts*, &c." Referring to the Mass (performed in the Church of the Invalides, on the 5th of December, 1837, at the Funeral service for General Damrémont, and the officers and soldiers whose lives were sacrificed at the taking of Constantine), it may be added that an arrangement for voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, has just been issued by the eminent Paris firm of Brandus and Co. In a letter to his friend, Humbert Fernand, Berlioz thus writes about his avowed most ambitious effort:—"If it were decided to commit to the flames all the scores I have produced with a single exception, the *Messe des Morts* is the one I should most desire to have spared." Some may agree, others not, with this opinion coming directly from the author of the Requiem; but words so earnestly spoken merit, on the part of those now inclined to rate Berlioz as a sort of "phenomenon," no less earnest consideration. It remains for Mr. August Manns to persuade the audience at the Crystal Palace, where the *Messe* is to be given on a Saturday in Lent, next year; and if he succeeds his example will, in all likelihood, be followed by musical societies with resources in hand to pay for a chorus and orchestra able to realise in its full significance the effect contemplated by the musician. Had Berlioz lived to witness the singular enthusiasm excited of late by his works among the Parisians, for whom he so often and emphatically expressed his contempt, he would have been lost in amazement. How much of this newly-born rapture is attributable to the events of 1870 has frequently, and not unreasonably, formed a topic for discussion. The Germans had created a Richard Wagner, who mercilessly (and in anything but good taste) ridiculed the French, after their reverses; and so, to retaliate, the Parisians conjured up a formidable rival in the shape of their own erewhile unappreciated Hector Berlioz, who, though Wagner had gathered much from him, in the way of extraordinary orchestral combinations, was a staunch opponent of the principles laid down by the Bayreuth Orator in his elucidation of "Art-work of the Future," as exemplified in that elaborate and very original treatise, "Oper und Drama." Berlioz, in short, paid Wagner back in his own coin, by publicly repudiating all connection, or sympathy, with the newly-promulgated doctrines.

WAIFS.—Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* has been well received in Vienna. Dr. Hanslick, of the *Neue Freie Presse*, gives, with certain reservations, a favourable account of it—more especially with regard to the first, and—as he esteems it—by far the best act. The part of the heroine (Amalva) was sustained by the great Wagnerian songstress, Madame Materna, well known among us, the other leading characters being assigned to Rokitsansky (Fiescho), Beck (Simon), Boulik (Adorno), and Herwitz (Paolo—the Nemesis of a libretto by no means to be reckoned among the happiest with which Piave has supplied his renowned collaborator). The performance, however, under the direction of Herr Jahn, was applauded throughout. *Simon Boccanegra*, which but lately was revived at the Scala, Milan, is now to be revived at the San Carlo, Naples. It will probably take the round of Italy, and then, in all probability, go from city to city wherever Italian opera is not (as the "advanced people" insist) a thing no longer to be tolerated by

cultured amateurs.—An unpublished opera by Pacini, composer of *Saffo*, and many other operas, has been discovered. Its title is *Elnava*. Pacini must not be confounded with Piccini, composer of *La Buona Figlia* (the libretto of which is founded upon our Richardson's *Pamela*, or rather Goldoni's comedy derived from the same source).—The new Teatro Bellini, at Catania, will be opened next spring.

THE MEMORIES OF WESTMINSTER HALL

Now that the Law Courts are removed from Westminster, a notable change will come over the daily aspect of their old historic home. No longer will the stately Hall of Rufus witness the curious throng who for centuries, either from curiosity or more suggestive motives, have gathered before the judges at that ancient seat of justice. The familiar scene must still, however, remain associated for centuries to come with the memory of many famous trials and with national events of undying interest. In its foundation, the building takes us back to the remote time when Westminster itself was not only, like Charing, a separate and distinct village—about a mile distant from London—but when it was cut off by a branch of the Thames, and called Thorney Island, because of being overgrown with thorns and brambles. The old Hall formed part of the original Palace built in 1097, but was partly reconstructed in 1398. This was done by Richard II., who himself was soon afterwards deposed by the two Houses of Parliament in the same hall, where stood the empty throne covered with cloth of gold. Previous to the aforesaid reconstruction the Courts, particularly the Common Pleas, which before 1225 had been held wherever the King happened to be, were established permanently at Westminster. Ever since that period the Great Hall has been closely associated with a wonderful variety of memorable doings, which it would take many long chapters to recount. The coronation banquets were for ages held here, and it has often been used as the Court for State Trials, such as those of the Bishops in 1688, and that of Warren Hastings. Describing the latter occasion, Macaulay says: "The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the Great Hall of William Rufus, the Hall which had resounded with acclamations at the enthronement of thirty kings; the Hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon, and the just absolution of Somers; the Hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment; the Hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame." It was here, too, that Cromwell was installed as Lord Protector. Concerning this event, the late Dean Stanley relates that the Royal Chair of Scotland was brought out of the Abbey for that one and only time, so that upon it, under a Prince-like canopy of State, and arrayed in Royal purple, Oliver Cromwell might be solemnly enthroned. After the Restoration, the Lord Protector's body was taken out of its grave, and his head put up—like that of other real or supposed traitors—at the further end of Westminster Hall, "near which place," adds an old chronicler, "is a house of entertainment, commonly known by the name of Heaven." About a century later there also was, on the west side of Westminster Hall, a fish-yard, and a house in which the King's fishmonger resided; but this and the old hostelry had afterwards to make way for Committee Rooms and more dignified accommodation.

Most persons are aware that, although the Houses of Parliament are ingeniously dovetailed into it, the large hall is really a distinct building, and it was within its walls that justice was originally administered. The series of now disused law courts which rest on its northern side are of later construction, and cannot be regarded as otherwise than an excrescence upon the main building. They mar the eastern front, but will ere long be demolished, when the picturesque outline of the palace seen from the north-east will at last have a chance of being admired. From a merely architectural point of view, and apart from its long train of historical memories, the vast hall can never fail to excite the special interest of visitors; but there is no lack of guide-books to detail its handsome proportions. With the exception of the Palace of Justice at Padua, it has the largest roof in Europe unsupported by pillars. As a triumph of massive carved timber work, this roof is said to be nowhere surpassed. One minor peculiarity is that no cobwebs are ever formed upon its great ribs and beams. Readers may be left to guess whether this is owing to some quality in the wood, or because spiders cannot climb so high! Even to visitors not familiar with the history of the place, its Royal associations are recalled by the armorial bearings of every English sovereign since the Conquest—brilliantly shown in the great stained glass window—or by the fine series of statues of English monarchs, ranging from Queen Anne to William IV., which adorn the left-hand side of the hall, opposite the row of doors leading into the Old Law Courts. Strange, indeed, and full of living interest, was the scene upon which these sculptured images of bygone sovereigns have looked down for so many years. Theirs were the only unmoved features amid all that eager and ever-changing throng. If the poet be right in saying that "the proper study of mankind is man," surely it would be hard to find any better school than this was for the student of character. In the groups which here assembled it was of course easy, not only by wig and gown, but also by their "quite at home" air, to recognise the irrepressible barristers—busy or briefless, wearers of silk or humbler stuff-gownsmen—most of whom hope some day to achieve judicial dignity or senatorial honours. In the interval of lawsuits for which they were retained, several of them consulted with anxious clients, whilst others, for want of more profitable occupation, beguiled the tedium of overabundant leisure by story-telling or friendly chat with equally idle brethren of the Bar. The fraternity of solicitors could also be readily identified, and so might their fussy clerks, hastening to and fro with parchment deeds and documents, or telegraphing the result of cases just decided in one or other of the crowded Courts. Mingling with these legal elements might be seen a few sharp reporters, ever on the outlook for news, shorthand writers never weary of note-taking, and many others—litigants, witnesses, and idlers—whom it is more difficult to classify or describe. Sometimes the motley crowd included a crew of weather-beaten mariners, who—feeling like fish out of water—waited in this unaccustomed haunt to give evidence before the Wreck Commissioners or in the Admiralty Court. Next the casual visitor might notice more domestic groups, with a due proportion of the fair sex, in attendance for the Probate and Divorce Courts, or perhaps a sprinkling of impatient business men, more or less deeply concerned in important commercial suits which occupy other departments of jurisprudence. Considering how gravely the judgments given affect the fate and fortune of individuals, it is scarcely surprising that the place should be haunted by some forlorn spirits whose mental balance has been disturbed by the proverbial vicissitudes of the law. Among those familiar to frequenters of the hall were one or two ladies who have a craze for conducting their own imaginary cases, and sometimes appeared suddenly in court with a parcel of documentary evidence which never got entered upon the official records. Another familiar figure is that of an elderly man who comes to Westminster almost daily to keep an imaginary appointment with Lord Derby, whom he expects to champion his case in the House of Lords. Not finding the noble Earl, this harmless creature writes and posts a letter to himself in the name of his Lordship expressing regret at having been unable to keep his appointment, and promising to meet him next day. This letter is delivered to the poor old man at his house in due course, and so he makes for himself, and punctually keeps each day, the same ineffectual engagement at the old *rendezvous*. So far as its law business is concerned,

Westminster Hall will henceforth be deserted. Similar scenes will no doubt repeat themselves in the new Courts of Justice. The present generation, however, will long have passed away before that magnificent edifice can gather round itself the rich historic associations and venerable antiquity of the old home of the Law Courts.

J. D. S.

TRANSITS OF VENUS

ON Wednesday afternoon, December 6, the planet Venus transited over the sun's disc. The sky was overcast at Greenwich Observatory and in Paris, but in South-Western England, in South Wales, at Fort William, and in South Africa the Transit was successfully observed. These phenomena are of rare occurrence, the number of years between consecutive Transits being 8,105, 8,122 years. These Transits take place when the planet is at that part of its orbit between the sun and earth, and its latitude is less than half the sun's diameter. Since the time Halley pointed out that this phenomenon was a means of obtaining the distance of the earth from the sun, Transits of Venus have been regarded as, perhaps, the most important of astronomical phenomena, for the sun's distance is the astronomer's unit of measurement. This being understood, the *raison d'être* of expeditions such as were sent to various places abroad at the best sites for observing the coming Transit, is at once apparent. In 1627 Kepler predicted, within five hours, the Transit of Mercury on November 7, 1631, and he also predicted that of Venus on December 6 of the same year. Gassendi at Paris observed the Transit of Mercury, and his success stimulated his desire to observe that of Venus. He intended to commence his watch on December 4, but that day and the next were cloudy; on the 6th and 7th he obtained occasional glimpses of the sun, but could see no traces of Venus on its disc. It is now known that the Transit occurred on the night of the 6th. Kepler had stated that the next Transit would not occur till June, 1761, but Lansberg (a Belgian) found that one would take place on December 4, 1639, when Venus would cross the northern portion of the solar disc. Jeremiah Horrox, a minister at Hooles, near Preston, was engaged in computing the positions of Venus, and was attracted by "the remarkable conjunction of Venus with the sun;" he then, from tables just published by Kepler, calculated the positions of the sun and Venus, and found that a Transit would take place, Venus entering on the solar disc about 3 P.M. on November 24 (O.S.). This news he communicated to his brother at Liverpool, and a friend, Mr. Crabtree, residing near Manchester, "in order to prevent the chance of a disappointment," and "that the testimony of several persons, if it should so happen, might the more effectually promote the attainment of truth, and because, by observing in different places, our purpose would be less likely to be defeated by clouds or any fortuitous impediments." Horrox began his watch on the 23rd, and continued it till 1 P.M. on the 24th, when business called him away; on returning at 3.15, his vigilance was rewarded by seeing "the object of his most sanguine wishes." In the half hour between his first glimpse of the phenomenon and sunset, he took three measures of the distance between the centres of the sun and Venus; observed the inclination of the path of the Transit, and measured the diameter of Venus. At 3h. 50m. the sun sank below the horizon, and thus terminated the work of the first observer of a Transit of Venus. Crabtree also saw the phenomenon about 3h. 35m.; he made a rough sketch of the position of the planet which confirmed the observations of Horrox. At Liverpool the sky was cloudy.

From the writings of Horrox it is evident that, had he lived, he would have discovered the use of Transits of Venus for determining the distance of the earth from the sun. As it was, this discovery was reserved for the illustrious Halley, who, while observing the transit of Mercury, November 7th, 1677, conceived the idea of obtaining the solar parallax from observations of a Transit of Venus, and from it deducing the distance between the sun and earth. In 1716 he communicated his idea to the Royal Society, and proposed a method of observing, which is now known as "Halley's method." In August, 1760, Delisle pointed out that the Transit of 1761 was not favourable to the application of Halley's method, which required the observation of the beginning and ending of the Transit; he proposed to use "Delisle's method," which requires only observation of a single contact at ingress or egress at a station whose longitude is accurately known. The Transit began before the sun was above the horizon in England, but about half of the Transit and the egress were visible, and were observed by Dr. Bliss (the Astronomer Royal) at Greenwich, and several other persons in various parts of the country. An expedition was sent to Sumatra, but the vessel was attacked by a Spanish war-ship, and compelled to put in at the Cape, where observations were obtained. This Transit was observed by about two hundred persons stationed at various parts of the earth, among them being several sent out by several European Powers.

For the next Transit, that of 1769, June 3, an expedition commanded by Captain Cook was sent to the Sandwich Islands by our Government. The party sailed from Deptford on July 30, 1768, and arrived at the Sandwich Islands on April 11, 1769. Captain Cook sent parties to two stations, and at both places "not a cloud was to be seen the whole day," so observations were obtained.

The ingress was observed at the principal European observatories, and the whole transit at many foreign stations.

At the Transit of 1761 many observers saw a black ligament joining the limbs of the planet and sun, and others saw the planet assume somewhat the shape of a pear. In 1769 Captain Cook saw a dusky shade surrounding the body of the planet, which he believed to be its atmosphere. These points doubtless to some extent explain the disagreement in the results obtained from the observations of different observers.

The solar parallax from the observations of 1769 was, according to Lalande, 8".50, Encke, 8".58, Hornsby, 8".78, and Pingré, 8".88; these correspond to a distance between the sun and earth ranging from about 96¼ to 92 million miles. The value 8".5776 (Encke) was thought accurate for many years, but in 1857 it was proved to be too small.

The Transit of 1769 was followed by a long transitless period, during which astronomical science had advanced considerably, but though the solar parallax had been determined from other sources, its real value was an open question, when the time of the next transit arrived, December 8, 1874. Several Governments fitted out expeditions, the English occupying three stations in the Sandwich Islands, three in Egypt, three at Kerguelen, three at Rodrigues, and two in New Zealand, in addition to our Colonial observatories. The results of the expeditions sent out have been lately published, the official value of the parallax being 8".81, corresponding to a distance from the sun of 92,750,000 miles.

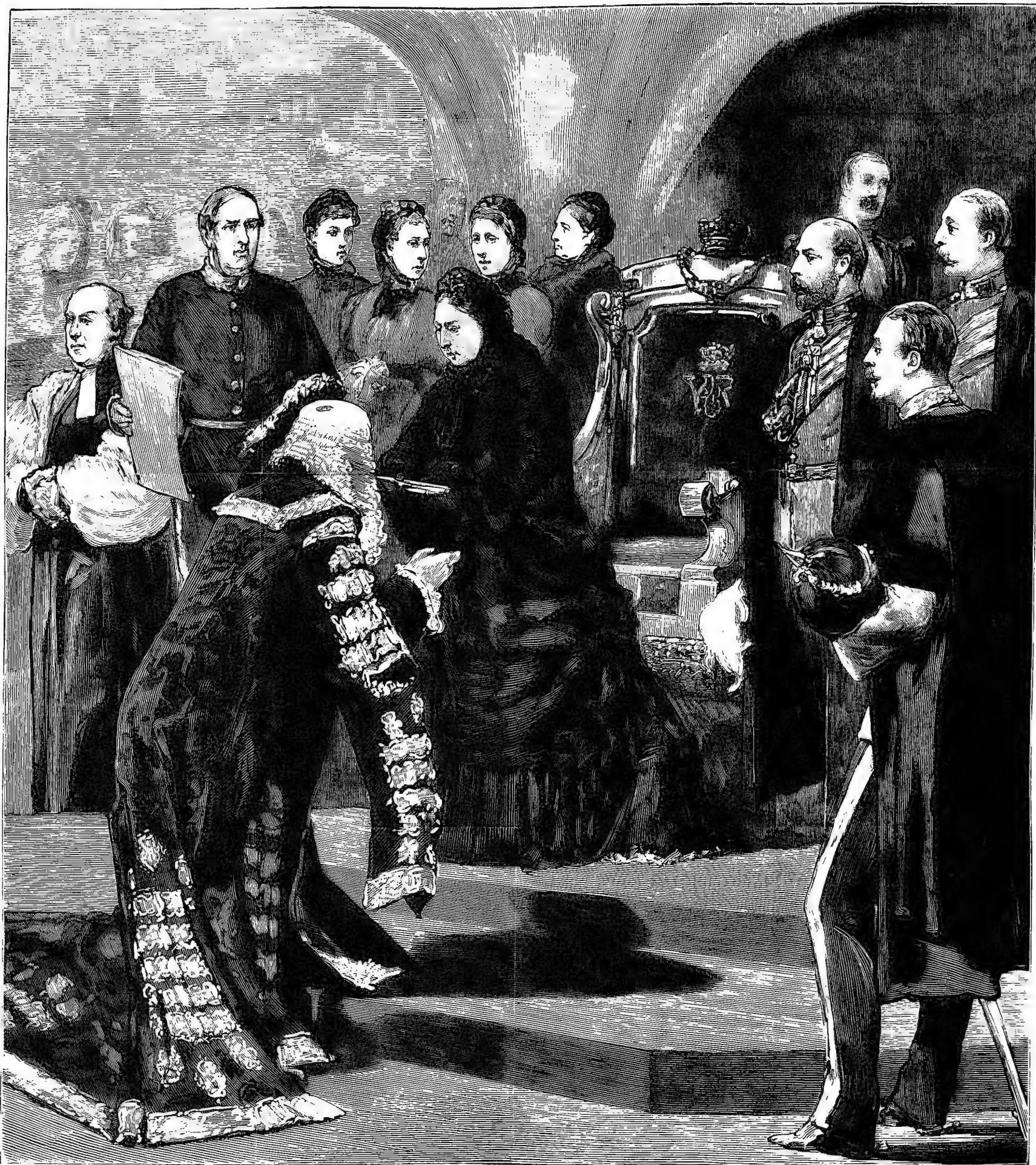
THE DUKE OF RICHMOND'S NEW FARM LEASE has just been placed before his grace's tenantry, and proves to be of a very acceptable character. It is of fourteen years' duration, and allows entire freedom of cultivation for the first ten. The tenants on the Goodwood estate have always had good reason for looking on the Duke as a friend as well as a landlord. They have suffered less than most of their brother-farmers from agricultural depression, and they certainly will have no reason for complaint with respect to this new farm lease, the terms of which may not be incorporated in a Bill to be brought forward next Session in the House of Lords.

THE FESTIVAL IN MIDDLE-TEMPLE HALL

THE Great Hall of the "Middle Temple," in which the Prince of Wales was entertained after the inauguration of the Royal Courts of Justice, is such a very interesting building that a few words about it may not be out of the way. The earliest mention made of this hall is dated November, 1562; but after this date frequent entries are to be found of taxes imposed upon members of the Middle Temple for the purpose of completing the hall. The latest is dated "17th May,

19th Elizabeth;" that is to say, 1577; so that we may assume that the building was erected between 1562 and 1577, a period of fifteen years, which was rather quick work for those days. Our forefathers did not hurry themselves when they were erecting important structures, and this is probably one reason of the wonderful durability of their buildings. The celebrated Plowden superintended the work, and his arms appear in several places, with the dates 1570 and 1573 beneath them. The hall has been frequently repaired; but still, internally at least, it quite retains its original

character. The principal repairs and additions appear to have been executed in the following years: 1730, when the present oak floor was laid down, and the tables and benches, still in use, were provided; in 1745, when the entrance-porch and towers were rebuilt; but these were again rebuilt about forty-five years back; in 1759, when the whole exterior of the building was "restored," and the ugly pinnacles at the west end added; notwithstanding these repairs the interior of the hall has escaped modernisation, and is one of the most characteristic examples of Elizabethan architecture in



THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE BY THE QUEEN—THE QUEEN HANDING THE KEY TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR

this country. The roof is particularly interesting, as showing a purely Gothic form and construction combined with the revived Classical detail. The windows are quite Gothic in character, but the splendid carved oak screen at the east end is thoroughly Renaissance. The dimensions of the hall are as follows:—

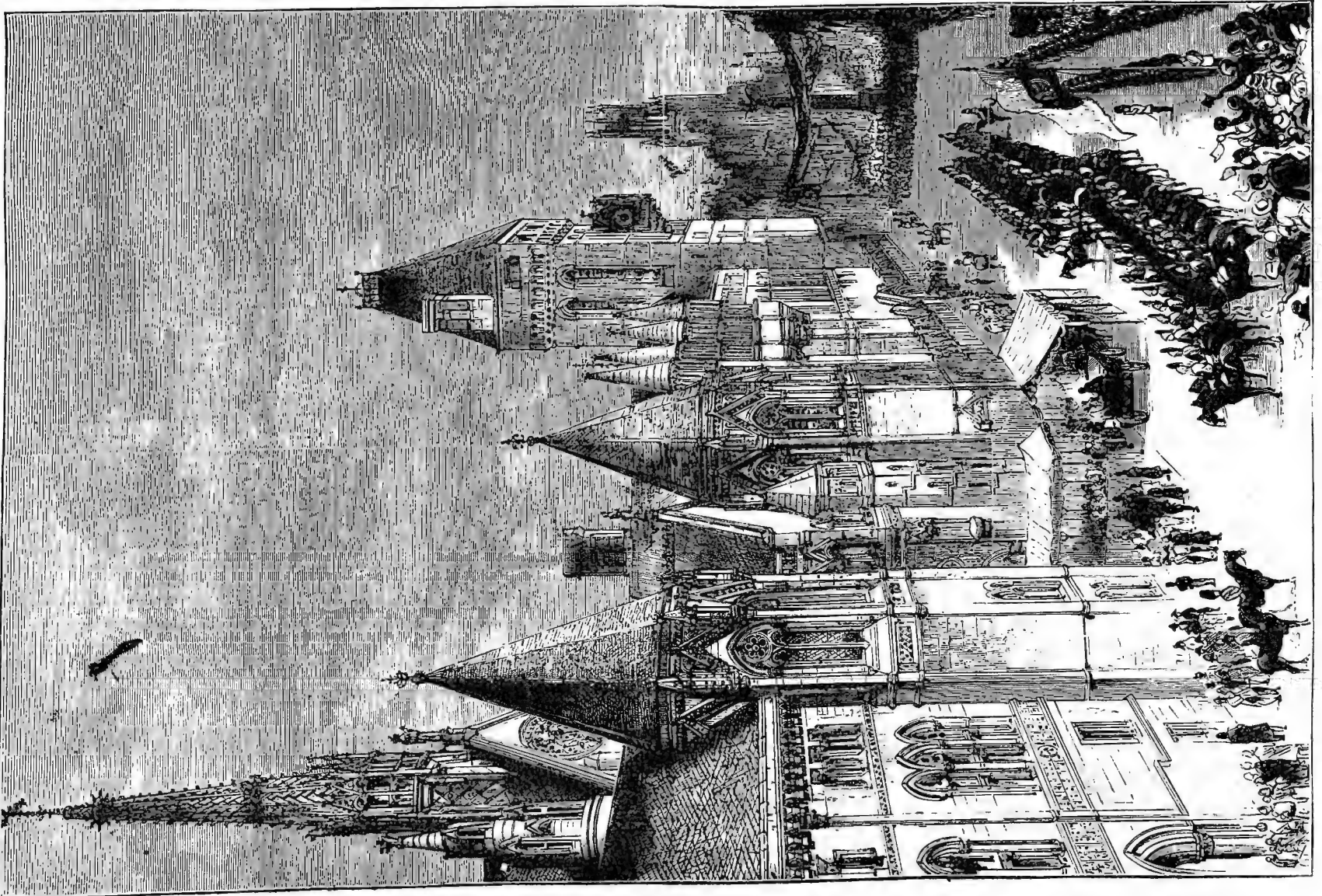
Length, including gallery	100 feet
Breadth	40 feet
Height	50 feet

The dimensions are nearly the same as those of Trinity College

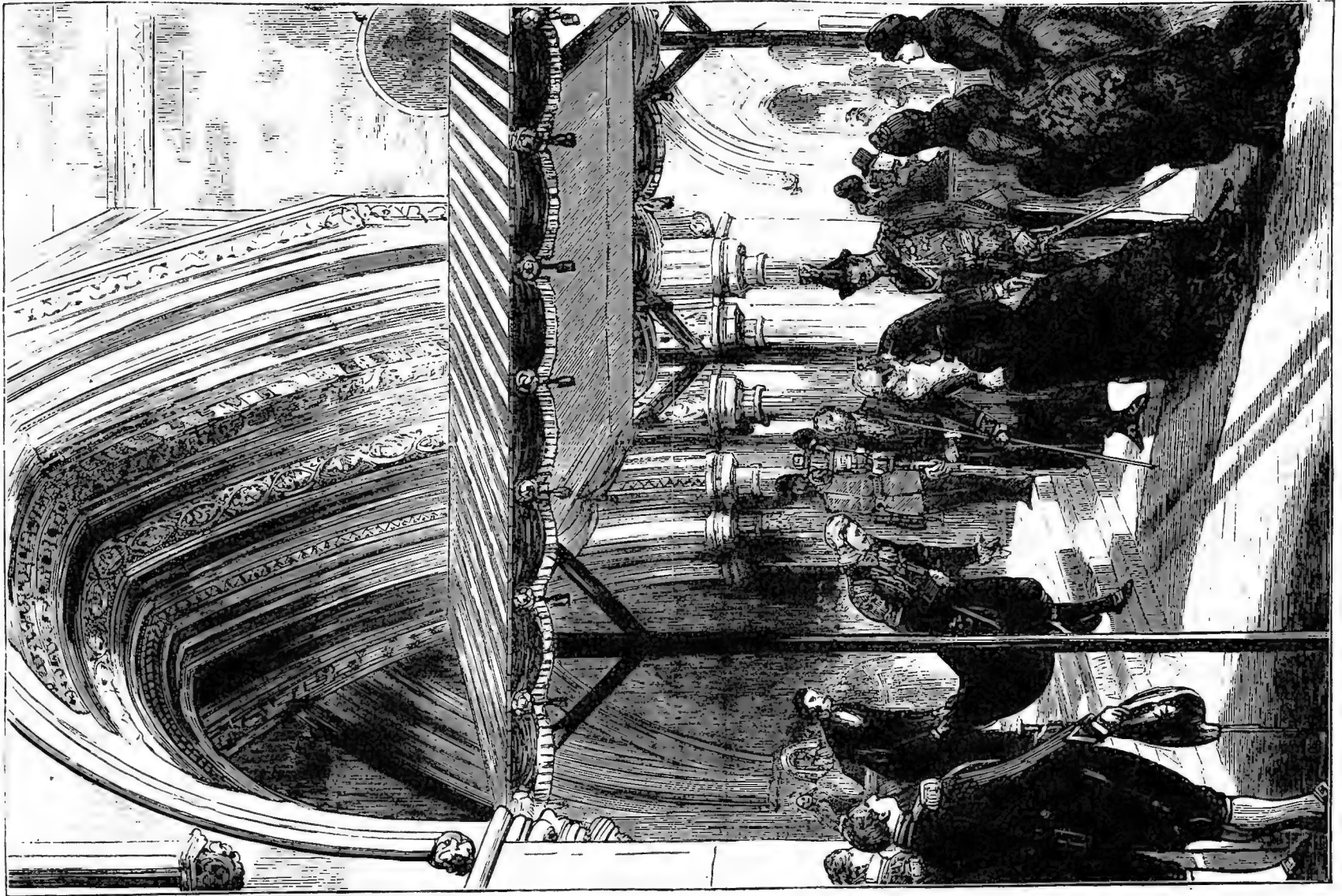
Hall, Cambridge, and the two buildings are very similar. Middle Temple Hall has, however, the advantage over the Cambridge Hall on account of the fine old glass in its windows and the superior richness of its details, especially the magnificent screen, or "Minstrel Gallery." This elaborate example of carved oak was commenced in the year 1575. It is very similar in design to the Minstrels' Gallery at Hatfield, and the organ screen in the Cathedral of Bois-le-Duc (North Brabant); so similar are the upper portions of these three screens

that they are very probably the work of the same master. They are evidently Flemish; we believe that the name of the carver of the screen at Hatfield is preserved in the Library at Hatfield House. The old armour hung in the Middle Temple is that of various dates, but none of it appears to be of an earlier date than the seventeenth century. There are some fine portraits hung against the walls, and a marble bust of Plowden. There is no more picturesque interior to be seen in London than that of Middle Temple Hall.

H. W. BREWER



THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL CORTÈGE AT THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO THE COURTS



RECEPTION OF THE QUEEN AT THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE BY THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE JUDGES

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE BY THE QUEEN



BESIDES the new theatres which Mr. Edgar Bruce and Mr. Wyndham are building—the one in Oxenden Street, the other in Northumberland Avenue—two new houses are now upon the point of opening; which will, to some extent, fill the gap caused by the destruction of the ALHAMBRA. The first of these is the NOVELTY in Long Acre, which opens its doors for the first time this evening, unless we reckon the full-dress rehearsal to which the critics and other favoured persons were invited on Thursday last. The PANDORA, which is on the north side of Leicester Square, partly on the site of Savile House, the residence of Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., was to have opened at Christmas, under the management of Mr. Alfred Thompson. It is found, however, impracticable to complete it before the latter part of January. The Novelty, it appears, will devote itself, for the present at least, to comic opera. Any way, the chief item in its programme this evening is a new and original "opera comique," entitled *Melita; or, the Parsee's Daughter*, the libretto of which is by Captain Juba Kennerly, and the music by Mr. Henry Pontet. A ballet of Indian Nautch girls is one of the promised attractions in this piece.

Great Queen Street, which is best known to Londoners as the locale of the Freemasons' Tavern, is a somewhat out-of-the-way spot for a fashionable theatre, yet it is, nevertheless, not a stone's throw from the eastern walls of Drury Lane Theatre, and it can boast of many theatrical associations. As the management in their programme remind us, the illustrious author of *The School for Scandal* lived for some years at the house which is now numbered 55 and 56 in this street. This dwelling was afterwards occupied by Mr. Chippendale, the actor. The "beautiful Perdita," Mrs. Robinson, of Della Cruscan renown, also seems to have lived in this house shortly after her marriage in 1773. The old Duke's Theatre, where Gay's *Beggar's Opera* was first performed, is also claimed among the associations of the neighbourhood, but that was on the other side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, at some little distance.

An absurd piece in four acts, by a Miss Archer, brought out at the Gaiety on Wednesday afternoon with the title of *My Life*, hardly deserves more than a passing mention. It sets forth the wicked behaviour of a certain lord in carrying off a clergyman's daughter, partly by persuasive arts, and partly as would appear by the aid of chloroform; and then having contracted with this lady a bigamous marriage, leaving his victim to get her living on the stage. There is no touch of truth in the portrait of this rascal; nor is the heroine, who is represented by the authoress herself with many strange airs, much whining and moaning, and numerous eccentric attitudes, easily referable to any known type of womanhood. The dialogue being thoroughly in keeping with these unhappy characteristics, the play caused much laughter; but it was laughter of a sort which is painful to the sensitive spectator, since it was directed at the performers who were doing no doubt their best to amuse.

While the builders and decorators are adding the finishing touches to the PANDORA Theatre, Mr. Alfred Thompson will for a brief space take upon himself the management of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre. Here, on the 30th instant, the company engaged for the new house will appear in a grand spectacular fairy piece called *The Yellow Dwarf*, written by Mr. Thompson in collaboration with Mr. Robert Reece.

Mr. Irving is, according to the *Daily News*, going to publish in pamphlet form the great French tragedian Talma's essay on the art of acting, with a preface written by Mr. Irving himself, which cannot fail to be read with interest.

Miss Marie de Grey was to appear at the OLYMPIC on Thursday evening (too late for notice this week) as Adrienne, in H. Herman's adaptation of the French play, *Adrienne Lecouvreur*.

Money, which had been played (up to the 7th inst.) 150 times at the VAUDEVILLE, will be replaced by *The Rivals* this day (Saturday), when it will be performed both in the afternoon and that and every subsequent evening till further notice.



THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW opened on Monday with unwonted quietude, owing to the counter-attraction of the Royal visit to the New Law Courts. The Show itself was distinguished by 526 entries, as compared with 503 last year, the number of cattle being 249, of sheep 189, and pigs 88. There was also a large increase in the number of implements. The Devon steers were exceedingly good, and the first prize was taken by Mr. T. H. Risdon, of Taunton. Mr. Stratton carried off the Champion Prize of the Show with his shorthorn cow Lillian. Colonel Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay, Sir John Swinburne, and Sir Hugh Goringe carried off the other principal prizes for shorthorns. In the class for Hereford steers, Mr. John Price carried off the first honours. The Prince of Wales's "Promise," a handsome Devon cow, and Mr. W. R. Fryer's Devons also took prizes. Mr. Lewis Lloyd was very successful with his Herefords. Some very fine Sussex cattle were exhibited by Mr. Alfred Agate and by Mr. Charles Child. The best Norfolk cattle were adjudged to be those exhibited by Mr. Alfred Taylor, Mr. John Wortley, and Mr. Colman. Mr. Drummond Moray took the first prize for Highland steers and oxen. For Scotch Highland heifers and cows, the Hon. W. S. Martin, of Blantyre, and Sir Joseph Pease, M.P., took the first and second prizes. There was a fine show of polled Scotch cattle, the principal prize winners being the Queen, Sir W. Gordon-Cumming, Mr. I. Lowthian Bell, Mr. John Cridlan, and Lord Tweedmouth. The sheep shown by Lord Walsingham and by Mr. Colman were of extraordinary excellence, and of the whole Show it may be said that its distinguishing feature has been the remarkable triumph of Norfolk breeders and the stock of Norfolk farms. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales succeeds Mr. Walter, M.P., as President of the Club for 1883, and on Tuesday the Earl of Jersey was elected to succeed the Prince of Wales.

THE SEASON.—During last autumn, favoured by suitable weather, somewhat over an average breadth was seeded with wheat, but the acreage as yet sown this season is much below the average. The wheat sown some five weeks or more ago is looking well where it has come up at all, but November-sown wheat has often been washed out of the ground. Harrows have failed to do their work in a satisfactory manner, and in many over-damp fields the wheat kernel has burst prematurely through saturation. The grain washed out of the soil has afforded a rare feed for crows and rooks, and the absence of crowboys is much complained of by farmers. The root crops are some compensation for troubles. Mangels swelled out in the month before pulling them, so as to reach an average crop. A large proportion of this crop is now securely damped up. Swedes are a fine and bulky crop. The dull, cool, damp weather in which they rejoice has given them a weight beyond the average of seasons.

The price of these roots has already gone down considerably, and in many country districts 4d. per bushel is being accepted for them. The good prices now obtainable for English beans and peas, and the fair demand for oats and grinding barley, compensate farmers—at least to some degree—for the depression in the price of wheat and malting barley. The rainfall this autumn has been far above the average all over Western Europe, and in certain parts the flood water has stopped the mills. In France, field mice have done a large amount of damage, but in England birds and slugs have been the chief enemies of the agriculturist.

FROM NOVEMBER FAIR attracted a very large show of cattle. The day, for the first time for fifteen years, was fine. The stock exhibited was of very ordinary quality. The pitch of cheese was very large, and the quality showed improvement, softy, spongy lots being the exception. The demand was not fast, but a good proportion of the cheese offered was finally sold.

SHEEP AND CATTLE.—Last Marlborough Sheep Fair was one of the most extraordinary on record. The animals mainly consisted of poor lambs, the refuse of the flocks of the district, but so great was the demand that the prices rose higher than the best rates obtained in 1881. The worst hundred of 400 lambs averaged 58s. per head, and it was calculated that some lambs, if reckoned by weight, fetched between 3s. and 4s. per lb.—Cattle remain decidedly dear, though in proportion they are not so dear as sheep. At Ashford and other recent markets demand showed no signs of abatement, but rather the contrary.

PRIVY COUNCIL ORDERS.—We regret to announce that in consequence of the increase of foot-and-mouth disease in Southern and Eastern England, the Privy Council have felt constrained to schedule as proscribed districts the county of Essex, with the boroughs of Colchester, Harwich, Maldon, and Saffron Walden; the county of Norfolk, with the boroughs of King's Lynn, Thetford, and Yarmouth, and the city of Norwich; and the county of Suffolk, with the boroughs of Beccles, Bury St. Edmund, Eye, Ipswich, Southwold, and Sudbury.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—A peregrine falcon was shot on 17th November at Scarborough.—A great grey shrike has been taken near Inverness.—A little auk was killed at Turvey, in Bedfordshire, on the 22nd November.—Some eider ducks have been seen on Lough Neagh.—The pectoral sandpiper, an American bird, has been taken in Perthshire.—A gray jackdaw has been shot at Wolverton.

FORTHCOMING SHOWS.—On the 19th and 20th December there is to be a grand Show of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, and dogs at Hull.—On the following day a fancy exhibition opens at Pembroke.—On the 26th the Cambridge Ornithological Society have an exhibition which includes rabbits and terriers.—The Suffolk Fat Cattle Club have their Show at Ipswich on the 11th and 12th December.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The proposed Oxford and Aylesbury Railway was warmly approved by a meeting of Oxford and Buckinghamshire landholders held at Aylesbury last week.—Mr. T. F. Plowman is the new Secretary of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society. He has been well known in the southern uplands for many years.—Lancashire at last is free from foot-and-mouth disease, and Kelso and Ednam are also among the places where disease has now been exterminated.—On 27th November a brilliant meteor was seen at Oxford. It did not explode, but dissipated itself with scintillations.—The Shropshire Sheep-breeders' Association have just held their first annual meeting. We are glad to hear that this body has obtained such cordial supporters "all round the Wrekin," that its success appears practically assured.—We are sorry to hear that cattle disease has spread to East Kent.—Wool at Ashford has gone down to 10d. per lb., a truly miserable price.—Prime meadow hay is now making 8s. to 9s. a load; straw, 30s. to 44s., these prices being rather under the currencies of last autumn.—Langton Manor, the seat of the Gore-Langtons for seven generations, has just been sold by Mr. Gore-Langton, M.P., to a Bristol merchant.—Wages at the Lincolnshire November hirings have ranged between similar figures to those which prevailed last year.



IN COMMEMORATION of the opening of the new Courts of Justice the Queen has been pleased to confer the dignity of an Earldom upon the Lord High Chancellor, and the honour of Knighthood upon the treasurers of the four Inns of Courts—Mr. J. P. de Gex, Q.C., of Lincoln's Inn, Mr. J. B. Maule, Q.C., of the Inner Temple, Mr. F. Roxburgh, Q.C., of the Middle Temple, and Mr. W. St. James Wheelhouse, Q.C., of Gray's Inn, and on Mr. Thomas Paine, President of the Incorporated Law Society.

SIR R. PHILLIMORE intends, says the *Solicitors' Journal*, to resign his office of Judge of the Court of Admiralty at Christmas, after fifteen years' service. Sir Robert has been longest on the Bench of all the Judges, and is the oldest of all in years, with the exception of Vice-Chancellor Bacon. On his retirement the business of the Court will probably undergo some rearrangements.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION of the High Courts of Justice the decision of the Revising Barrister for Chelsea that in the case of a house let out in rooms the landlord's right of entry for the purpose of re-letting a room which has been vacant during the period qualifying for a vote bars the claim of the other occupiers to be placed on the list of voters, has been upheld on appeal. The Revising Barrister's decision had been based on a case heard before the Court of Appeal last year.

SENTENCE OF FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE was passed at the Central Criminal Court last week on Benjamin Miller, the perpetrator of the ingenious robbery of diamonds at Messrs. Attenborough's, Kelly, the dealer, who was tried with him on the charge of receiving some of the diamonds, but who bore a good character, and was declared by Miller to have been ignorant of the way in which the diamonds were obtained, was acquitted.

VERDICT OF "WILFUL MURDER" was returned last Thursday against Charles Henderson and William Clarke at the adjourned inquest in the County Hall, Gravesend, and on Friday both were formally committed for trial at the ensuing assizes. Clarke still maintains a defiant bearing, but Henderson is much depressed, and has scarcely eaten anything since he has been in prison.

ANOTHER STRUGGLE WITH A BURGLAR armed with a revolver has terminated at Dalston in the death of a brave young policeman, Thomas Cole. A woman saw the two struggling together in Ashwin Street, a quiet retired neighbourhood, and heard shots fired four times, and the policeman calling out three times for help. On receiving the fourth shot, which passed through his brain, he fell dead in the street near a Baptist Chapel. The night was foggy, and only two women were about, and before other policemen could reach the spot the murderer had disappeared, leaving behind him his hat and some of his burglars' tools. A reward of 200l. has been offered for his apprehension, and there are hopes that he may be identified by a member of the choir in the Baptist Chapel, who saw a man answering the description lurking about the building on the night of the murder.—At Birmingham two armed burglars fired repeatedly at

two policemen who endeavoured to arrest them, and eventually made their escape, keeping the officers at bay with their revolvers.

AT BOW STREET, on Monday, a wretched man, John Crunder, who gave as his address, 19, Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Lane, was charged before Mr. Flowers with sending a letter to Mr. Gladstone, "Professed Head of Liberalism," threatening "a rough time to him, or the Prince of Wales, or any such," if he (John Crunder) came across them. The prisoner, who admitted that he had written this precious letter, was remanded. The address he gave was a lodging-house.

THE BELT TRIAL, this week, has been chiefly remarkable for the evidence of Mr. Brock for the defence—the further cross-examination of Mr. Lawes having been postponed to suit the convenience of Sir H. Giffard. The evidence was directed to show that the busts exhibited in Court were by different hands, and that Mr. Belt's deficiency of skill had compelled him to seek the assistance of other sculptors—Mr. Brock himself among the number—to give his works "artistic merit."

THE GUILDHALL SITTINGS commenced on Thursday. There is a list of 253 causes entered, of which 92 are marked for special juries. The list, it is expected, will be got through by the time the Courts rise for the Christmas vacation.



THE TURF.—Country visitors to the Islington Cattle Show, and a large metropolitan contingent, braved the cold and ungenial weather, and gathered "in their thousands" at Sandown Park this week to witness what may be called the conclusion of the pre-Christmas "cross-country" work this week. The meeting was a fair success, and it is satisfactory to find that the experience of Croydon was confirmed, and that the enlarged fences in accordance with the new rules of the Grand National Hunt authorities are most fairly negotiable by animals which have any pretensions to be steeplechasers.—The Prince of Wales's Steeplechase was won by the Duke of Hamilton's Munster; Candahar took the Elmbridge Hurdle Race; and the Irish horse Chancery, ridden by Mr. T. Beasley, the Great Maiden Hurdle Race. Quadron and Valahaka made a dead-heat for the Stewards' Steeplechase, but in the run-off the former won easily by three-quarters of a length. The Grand Annual Hurdle Race created some little interest, and was won by the favourite, Lord Rosebery's Prudhomme.—The death is announced of the famous Danebury trainer, John Day. From the time that he rode as a jockey his career covers a very considerable period of modern Turf history, and he will be specially remembered by the present generation as having trained for the Marquis of Hastings and the Duke of Beaufort during the "plunging era." His daughter is the wife of T. Cannon.

FOOTBALL.—For the Association Challenge Cup Windsor has beaten the United Hospitals; and Aston Unity, St. George's; but Upton Park and Swifts were obliged to "draw," each having scored two goals.—At Eton, on St. Andrew's Day, according to olden custom, the "Oppidians" played the "Collegers" at "the Wall," and were beaten by seven "shies" to none. In "the field," the same afternoon, the Old Etonians of Oxford and Cambridge played a drawn game.—The Pilgrims have beaten Woolwich Academy by nine goals to nothing.

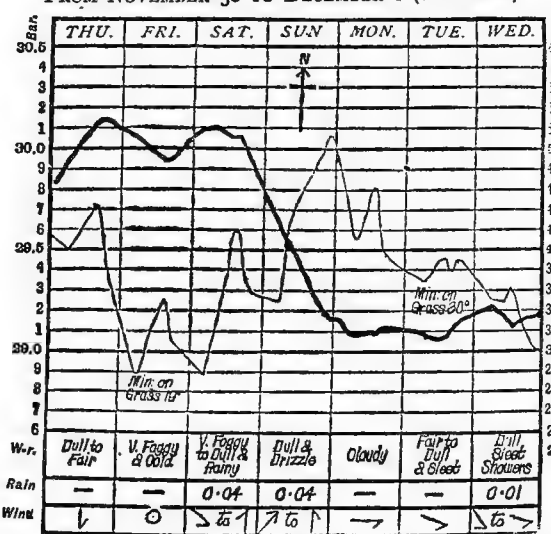
PEDESTRIANISM.—After all, the three-quarters-mile race between George and Myers has come off at New York, and was won easily by our champion, George, in 3 min. 10 1/2 sec.

CRICKET.—From Australia we hear that the Honourable Ivo Bligh's Eleven has beaten a representative Eleven of New South Wales in a three days' match by an innings and 144 runs. The first innings of the Englishmen was 461, of which Mr. Leslie, the old Etonian, made 144.

LACROSSE.—The Friar Park (Henley) Club has been beaten by the London L.C.; and Clapton and Dulwich had to put up with "an undecided," as the umpires could not agree to a claim for one of the goals, and there was no referee present.—It is arranged that the New York team will leave America for this country on the 26th of June.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

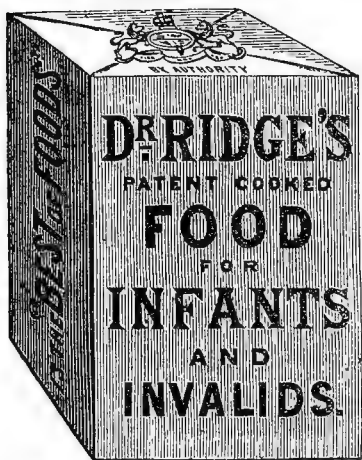
FROM NOVEMBER 30 TO DECEMBER 6 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been dull and foggy, with no signs of improvement at the close of the period. Rainfall has been very slight. At the commencement of the time pressure was increasing steadily, with light northerly winds, depressions of light character passing away to the eastward, whilst on Friday (1st inst.) a small depression forming near Sicily occasioned the barometer to fall somewhat, and was attended by a thick fog. A slight recovery of the mercury set in during the evening, and Saturday (2nd inst.) found a depression in the north-west of Scotland, pressure giving way quickly. Another thick fog attended the disturbance, but during Sunday (3rd inst.) the mercury fell very quickly, which was occasioned by the disturbance becoming much deeper; strong south-westerly winds and some rain was in attendance on this depression. Throughout Monday and Tuesday (4th and 5th inst.) the barometer remained steady at a low level, the depression having moved south-eastwardly, light westerly winds and cloudy skies prevailing. Wednesday (6th inst.) found the depression more to the eastward, light westerly winds being experienced, and an overcast sky. Temperature, which was very low on Friday (1st inst.), improved throughout Saturday and Sunday (2nd and 3rd inst.), but since then has gradually fallen away again. A grass temperature of 19° was registered on Friday evening (1st inst.). The barometer was highest (30.13 inches) on Thursday (30th ult.); lowest (29.07 inches) on Tuesday (5th inst.); range, 1.06 inches. Temperature was highest (51°) on Sunday (3rd inst.); lowest (28°), on Friday and Saturday (2nd and 3rd inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.39 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.34 inches, on Saturday and Sunday (2nd and 3rd inst.).

HEALTH! STRENGTH!!
COMFORT!!!



FOR INFANTS,
SATISFYING—STRENGTHENING—SOOTHING
FOR INVALIDS' FOOD IT IS
AGREEABLE—DIGESTIBLE—NOURISHING.

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD possesses
the FOLLOWING ADVANTAGES over all
other articles of a similar character, viz. :—
Having been cooked, it goes further. Being in
a compressed form, it is cheaper. Is made with-
out trouble in two minutes. Requires no cooking.
Does not cause acidity or wind. Guaranteed
pure. Gives good nights to Mothers, Nurses,
and Invalids. Health! strength! and comfort to
all! As professionally certified, it has saved the
lives of thousands when all other diet had failed.
Will support life single-handed, either with or
without milk, being a Milk Food. Is put up in
sizes to suit all classes, and sold everywhere.

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.
W. DOMETT STONE, M.D., in a letter
which appeared in *The Times*, April 1st, writes:—
"It cannot be too widely known that 'corn
flour' *per se* is not food, but pure starch, as was
abundantly proved by Dr. Bartlett before the
Adulteration Committee of the House of
Commons last autumn. Numerous instances of
children reduced to skin and bone from being fed
on one or other of the 'corn flours' now before
the public have come under my notice. It may
be of some use to your readers to have a 'rough
and ready' test to distinguish those farinaceous
foods which are innocuous. Whenever the
powder is beautifully white and of extreme
fineness, the article should be rejected, as being
almost certainly composed of starch alone.
When, however, the nutrition has not been
sacrificed to appearance, and they present their
natural brownish colour, some of these foods
may contain even more nourishment than meat."

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.
ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D., writes:—
"Dr. Ridge's Food is a very nutritious article
of diet, well adapted for the use of infants,
children, and invalids."

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.
SAMUEL BARKER, M.D., Hon. Physician to
Brighton Hospital for Children, says:—
"Ridge's Food for Infants is an excellent
compound, on which infants grow, who
previously seemed as though they would
not or could not thrive on anything. So closely
does it resemble healthy mother's milk that many
infants are reared, and well reared, exclusively
upon it."

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.
Mr. W. J. HARKER, of Cleamouth, Wey-
mouth, writes:—
"My last six children, aged respectively, six,
five, four, three, two, and one year old, are such
pictures of health, even for this proverbially
healthy town, that each and all of them having
been brought up by means of DR. RIDGE'S
FOOD from the age of 2 up to 18 months, I
think it only right to send you this spontaneous
acknowledgment of its great merit. My name
being well-known amongst the grocers and
chemists throughout the country, this personal
attestation to its proven value, and the best
article of diet for infants, children, and invalids,
of service to them when consulted as to the best
food by anxious mothers.—Oct. 14, 1878."

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.
GEORGE B. MEAD, M.D., Licentiate of
the London College of Physicians, Newmarket,
says:—
"I have great pleasure in stating that Dr. Ridge's
Food is a very valuable preparation, especially in
cases where the digestive powers are unusually
feeble. I first tried it in the case of an infant,
who was apparently dying from exhaustion and ex-
cessive vomiting, and kind of diarrhoea. I have
tried it in vain as a last resource some of Dr.
Ridge's Food was given mixed with water, which
was retained, the child rapidly improved, and
now, after a lapse of some months (during which
it has lived on Dr. Ridge's Food) it is quite well
and strong."

DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.
It will be seen by the testimonials, is a tho-
roughly genuine article of diet. Scores of equally
valuable documents might be quoted if necessary.
Read the following:—
Liverpool.—Gentlemen, I cannot speak too
highly of Dr. Ridge's Food for children. I have
been a nurse more than twenty years, and have
never found any equal to it; and for delicate
infants it is invaluable. I have known a great
many that have been brought up by it, and every
one have grown strong, healthy children. I have
had the care of several infants that could not
take milk, but I have always found Dr. Ridge's
Food to suit them, and many ladies that I have
recommended it to have told me that it had given
great satisfaction. I shall always strongly recom-
mend it for children.—I am, Sirs, yours obedi-
ently, A. NELSON.—You can make what use
you like of this testimonial. I have enclosed my
address."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

DR. RIDGE was the first to intro-
duce a perfect food for infants, children, and
invalids, the success of which has brought into
the market a number of imitations and varieties of
worthless, imitative preparations, some of
which are put forward as being the invention of
medical men, although Dr. Ridge was the
original and only professional man who really
invented, patented, and manufactured under his
own personal supervision such a preparation.
Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food is enclosed in
white wrappers, whether supplied in packets or
in canisters, and the words, "Dr. Ridge's Patent
Cooked Food," are printed boldly thereon, so
that none need be deceived or mistaken.

**DR. RIDGE'S ILLUSTRATED
ALMANACK, DIARY, AND HOME COM-
PANION FOR 1883.** Every Mother and Nurse
in the Kingdom should read Hints on Household
Management, New and Economical Cookery
Receipts, Articles on the Subject of the Sick
Room. Post free, 1/6d., of Dr. RIDGE and
CO., ROYAL FOOD MILLS, LONDON, N., and all
Booksellers and Chemists.



**NOW READY
AT ALL LIBRARIES AND
BOOKSELLERS,
LADY BLOOMFIELD'S NEW
WORK,
REMINISCENCES OF
COURT AND DIPLOMATIC
LIFE.
LONDON: KEGAN PAUL,
TRENCH, AND CO.**

**Now ready, price 2d., post free three stamps.
FAMILY HERALD
CHRISTMAS DOUBLE
NUMBER, containing
TWO SINS,
A complete Story, by the Author of "Dora Thorne,"
"A Broken Wedding Ring," "The Love that Lives,"
"A Dead Heart," "A Bridge of Love," "A Queen
Amongst Women," "The Fatal Lilies," "Like No
Other Love," "A Bride from the Sea," &c.
FAMILY HERALD CHRISTMAS
NUMBER.
Price 2d., post free three stamps.
London: W. STEVENS, 491, Strand, and all News-
vendors.**

**Tenth Year.—Just Published.
Price—Sewed, 1s. 1/2; Half-bound, 1s. 6d.
EASON'S ALMANAC for the
YEAR 1883, contains the following new matter:
Results of the Census of 1881 for every county and
town of Ireland; Working of the Irish Land Act;
Reductions of Rent on 150 estates; How to Choose a
Life Insurance Office.
Dublin: W. H. SMITH and SON.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO.**

With Photographs and Wood Engravings; cloth, gilt,
5s., post free.
**ROUMANIAN FAIRY TALES
and LEGENDS.** Dedicated by permission to the
Queen of Roumania. By Mrs. E. B. MAWER. "As
delightful a book as we have seen for many a long day."

BIG BEN. By Henry Pontet. In
3 keys, D, E flat, and F, for Bass, Baritone, or
Tenor. Nothing to equal it published. It has gained
its popularity entirely on its merits. Ladies can sing
it. Nor a song to tire of. "Big Ben," the best bar-
itone song of the day, 2s.—MOUTRIE and SON, 55,
Baker Street, London, W.

**TO LOVE! TO LOVE! and A
SONG OF SHIPS.**
By LORD HENRY SOMERSET.
Are now published, and may be obtained from
MOUTRIE and SON, 55, Baker Street, London, W.

BIRD OF NIGHT. New Ballad.
Words and music by FELICIA. This ballad
(composed expressly for her) will be sung by Miss
Eva Farbstain at all her engagements. 2s. net.
EULALIE GAVOTTE. As played by the Military
Bands. 1s. 6d. net.
BETWEEN THE LIGHTS. Sung by EDWARD
LOYD. 2s. net.
London: F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER
ROW, E.C.

102 pp., demy octavo. 11 Illustrations.
CHARLES DICKENS'S NOVELS.
BARNABY RUDGE. NOW READY, 6d.
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. NOW READY, 6d.
BARNABY RUDGE. NOW READY, 6d.
OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. NOW READY, 6d.
London: JOHN DICKS, 373, Strand.

STEAM YACHT "CEYLON."
Winter Cruise to the Mediterranean, Alexandria,
Cyprus, Pireus (Athens), Naples, Malta, Algiers,
Gibraltar. Owing to the time required for fitting the
"Ceylon" with new engines and boilers, redecorating,
&c., being much longer than at first anticipated, it has
been found necessary to postpone the date of departure
from that originally advertised until January. Exact
day will be duly notified.—Apply at the Offices of the
Company, Palace Chambers, 9, Bridge St., Westminster.

CANON FARRAR ON SUCCESS AND FAILURE.
PART I WILL APPEAR DECEMBER 7th IN



Every family that desires to provide for its young people wholesome and
instructive reading matter should send for Specimen copies of the YOUTH'S
COMPANION. Its columns give more than two hundred stories yearly,
by the most noted authors, beside one thousand articles on topics of interest,
anecdotes, sketches of travel, poems, puzzles, incidents, humorous and
pathetic. It comes every week, is handsomely illustrated, and is emphatically
a paper for the whole family.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is published every week simultaneously in BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS,
and LONDON, ENGLAND. Price One Penny. The COMPANION has but recently begun its fifty-fifth
volume, and the weekly issue of the American Edition is now over 260,000 copies. THE YOUTH'S COM-
PANION may be ordered from all newspapers and at the railway bookstalls. If it cannot there be obtained,
send Stamp and Address direct to the LONDON OFFICE, 44, FLEET STREET.

JAY'S, REGENT STREET.

MOURNING for FAMILIES.
Messrs. JAY'S experienced Dressmakers and
Milliners travel to any part of the Kingdom free of ex-
pense to purchasers. They take with them Dresses
and Millinery, besides Patterns of Materials, at rs. per
yard and upwards, all marked in plain figures, and at
the same price as if purchased at the Warehouse in
Regent Street. Reasonable estimates are also given
for household Mourning, at a great saving to large or
small families. Funerals, at stated charges, conducted
in London or country.
JAY'S, Regent Street.

**FIVE-AND-A-HALF GUINEA
BLACK DAMASK SILK COSTUMES** (with
sufficient silk for bodice included). Engraving of Messrs.
JAY'S Five-and-a-Half Guinea Costumes forwarded on
application gratis. Also a pattern of the quality of silk
from which these costumes are made.

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WARE-
HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.

**James Pearsall & Co.'s
Filo-Floss and
Rope Silk
(FOR EMBROIDERING),**

ARE dyed with Eastern dye-stuffs and by Eastern
methods. Every Colour is Permanent, and will
bear continued Exposure to Light without
fading. The greater number will also bear
washing.

JAMES PEARSALL & CO. are also Manu-
facturers of FLOESILLES (in 700 shades), CREWEL
SILKS, WASHING SILKS, KNITTING SILKS, &c.,
and of all Makes formerly sold by ADAMS & CO.

Their Silks may be obtained Retail from Berlin
Wool dealers throughout the United Kingdom.
Wholesale only, 134, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

N.B.—A ticket bearing James Pearsall & Co.'s
name is on every skein or ball of their Silks.
The name "Filo-Floss" is a Registered Trade
Mark.

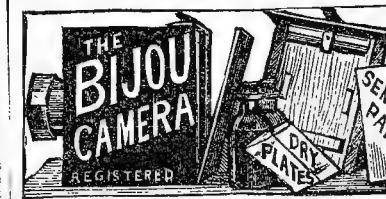


**BILIOUS and LIVER COM-
PLAINTS CURED AT ONCE BY
DR. SCOTT'S BILIOUS and
LIVER PILLS.**

Also INDIGESTION,
FLATULENCY,
SICK HEADACHES,
And GIDDINESS.
PREPARED BY W. LAMBERT,
173, SEYMOUR PLACE, LONDON, W.



NIGHT, Upholsterers and House Furnishers, 271 and 271, High Holborn, London. Established 1817.—
CAUTION.—COMPARISON CHALLENGED WITH ANY CHAIR OFFERED IN IMITATION OF OUR PATTERNS.



WM. HARRISON, Dr. Johnson's House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London

**CHRISTMAS
AND
NEW YEAR'S CARDS.**

ENTIRELY NEW DESIGNS.

The SOUTH KENSINGTON FINE ART ASSO-
CIATION have much pleasure in announcing that
they have made extensive preparations for supplying
the readers of this paper with a large and choice
variety of

**CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S
CARDS.**

These magnificent Cards, which may all be termed
"Perfection," are executed from the original designs
of eminent English artists, and embrace the most
chaste and elegant embellishments of modern art.
They are also illustrated by appropriate prose or verse,
written expressly by writers of great talent. The origi-
nal paintings alone, which were selected from the
Grand Exhibition of Original Designs, held at the
Suffolk Street Galleries, cost Five Hundred Pounds.
We have, therefore, no hesitation in assuming that
these Cards are the most unique and valuable collec-
tions ever offered. Our series consists of Fifty-two
Cards, each Card bearing different seasonal verses or
mottos, which we have decided to make into four dis-
tinct packets, lettered A, B, C, and D. Each packet
will consist of Thirteen Magnificent Cards bearing
Christmas and New Year Wishes. The actual trade
value of each packet is about three shillings, but we
will forward a packet carriage free, securely packed, on
receipt of receipt of Post Office Order for 1s., or fifteen
stamps, or the four packets for Post Office Order for
3s. 9d., or forty-eight stamps.

WALTER H. BACON, Manager.
THE SOUTH KENSINGTON FINE ART
ASSOCIATION,
The Mall, Kensington, London, W.

**THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN,
IN BLACK AND
ALL NEW WINTER SHADES.**

These Celebrated Velvetens are recommended this
season in preference to those usually sold.

They have a more Velvety appearance, and the
name "Louis" being stamped on the back of every
yard is a guarantee of wear.

CHARLES GASK & CO. (Limited)

Have secured a beautiful assortment in black and all
colours, which are supplied at most moderate prices at

122, 124, 126, 128, 130, & 132, Oxford
Street; and 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, Wells
Street, London.
PATTERNS POST FREE.

**IN ONE NIGHT, CHILBLAINS,
CHAPS, and all light CUTANEOUS AFFEC-
TIONS are CURED BY LA CREME SIMON, recom-
mended by all the celebrated Doctors of Paris, and
adopted by every lady who is anxious to preserve her
complexion. Inventor, J. Simon, 36, Rue de Provence,
Paris. London: V. GIVRY (late Meinotte), 39, Old
Bond Street, W.**

**F. CATER and CO.,
133 to 139, FINSBURY PAVEMENT,
SUPPLY ALL QUALITIES OF THE CELEBRATED
LOUIS VELVETEEN
In Black and all Colours at most moderate prices
PATTERNS POST FREE.
The Wear of every Yard Guaranteed.**

**LIQUEUR OF THE
GRANDE CHARTREUSE.**

This delicious Liqueur, and the only
known remedy for dyspepsia, heretofore
so difficult to procure genuine, can now
be had of all Wine and Spirit Merchants.
Consignee for the United Kingdom and
the Colonies,
W. DOYLE,
2, New London Street, E.C.

Combining SOFA, LOUNGE,
EASY CHAIR, COUCH, and BED.
Changed instantly to either use.
Costs but 17s. 6d. complete. Novel
and Ornamental as a piece of furni-
ture. Its practical utility has not
been equalled in the Cabinet or
Upholsterer's craft. For LIBRARY-
DINING-ROOM, DRAWING-
ROOM, BED-CHAMBER, or
BOUDOIR, its exceptional suit-
ability is seen at a glance, while its
strength and portability renders its
use practical for the LAWN, SEA-
BEACH, SHIPS DECK, or CAMP.
It weighs only 8 lbs., and folds into
the compass of a Butler's Tray.
HOUSEKEEPERS, STUDENTS,
INVALIDS, TRAVELLERS, SOLDIERS,
pronounce it the CHAIR
OF CHAIRS. Packed and sent to
any part of the world. Price 17s. 6d.
in solid oak frame. Our Special Pre-
sentation Chair in Ebony, with Silk
and Wool Tapestry, 25s.—SOLE
MANUFACTURERS: STURM and
SON, 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT!
By this marvellous Camera any one can take
an instantaneous true photograph of a person,
either in a room or the garden. NO TROUBLE OR
inconvenience of any kind. Will last for
years; any quantity of portraits may be taken by it.
Camera, Lens and Cap, Focusing Glass, Dark
Slide, Instantaneous Dry Plates, Chemicals,
Printing Paper, Fixing Solution, all in Box com-
plete, with full instructions that even a child
could understand, for 3s. 3d.; carriage paid 3d.
extra. The money will be returned if the Camera
does not do all that is advertised.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS, at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—NOW ON VIEW all the new and origi-
nal designs, by the most eminent publishers. Descrip-
tive catalogues free by post.—T. CHAPMAN, Stationer,
54, Leicester Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—No. 3,661.—YELLOW ROSE,
TULIPS, PEONY, and FRITILLARY. Really
lovely specimens of floral culture, on rich
green background, with symbolic design, and reli-
gious greeting on back. Size, 5 by 6 1/2. Set of four,
1s. 6d.—T. CHAPMAN, Stationer, 54, Leicester
Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS, at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—PRIZE EXHIBITION CARDS,
elaborately reproduced from the designs exhibited at
the Suffolk Street Gallery, which gained £5,000 in prizes.
Descriptive catalogue free by post.—T. CHAPMAN,
Stationer, 54, Leicester Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—No. 4,704.—RIVER LANDSCAPES.
Three delightful peeps of river scenery, with rushes
and water lilies in the foreground, rich masses of
foliage in the background, and reflections of cloud and
tree in the clear blue water. 7 1/2 by 3 1/2. Set of four,
1s. 6d.—T. CHAPMAN, Stationer, 54,
Leicester Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS, at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—PRIZE EXHIBITION CARDS, faith-
fully reproduced from the best designs exhibited at the
Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Descriptive catalogue free
by post.—T. CHAPMAN, Stationer, 54, Leicester
Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—No. 4,788.—MINIATURE LAND-
SCAPES.—Surrounded by choice arrangements of rich
flowers; tinted background. 5 1/2 by 3 1/2. Set of four,
1s. 6d.—T. CHAPMAN, Stationer,
54, Leicester Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—ROYAL ACADEMY CARDS, mos-
elaborately reproduced from paintings by eminent artists.
Descriptive catalogue free by post.—T. CHAPMAN,
Stationer, 54, Leicester Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—No. 4,713.—DOULTON WARE.—
Magnificent vases of celebrated ware, filled with rich
flowers; dark-tinted backgrounds and mottoes. Prize
design. Size, 4 by 5 1/2. The set of four, 1s.—T. CHAP-
MAN, Stationer, 54, Leicester Square, W.C.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS, at CHAP-
MAN'S.**—THIS YEAR'S CHOICE and COM-
PLETE COLLECTION OF PRIZE and MOST
ARTISTIC CARDS, NUMBERING OVER
NINETY SETS, SENT CARRIAGE PAID for 4s.
Any required to be exchanged, the postage must be
paid both ways.—T. CHAPMAN, Stationer, 54,
Leicester Square.

FIRST CLASS AWARD, INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL AND
SANITARY EXHIBITION, 1881, FOR PORTABLE TURKISH
HOT-AIR and VAPOUR BATH, BRONCHITIS and CROUP
KETTLES.

**A TURKISH BATH
IN YOUR OWN ROOM
WITH PERFECT SAFETY.**



CAN BE USED FOR HOT AIR or VAPOUR.
Apparatus for use under Chair, with Best Cloak,
Tinned Iron Supports, in Box, 50s. Apparatus only,
from 15s.
The Lanced says:—"This instrument is very com-
plete. It is portable, it is cheap, and acts promptly."
Sanitary Record says:—"Will be found a luxury, as
well as a valuable remedial resource."

SOLE INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS,
JAMES ALLEN and SON,
22 & 23, MARLBOROUGH LANE, LONDON, W
Also Makers of Bronchitis Kettles, Invalids' Baths, &c
Illustrated Catalogue post free.

DEAFNESS
Book sent 2 stamps. 17, St. Bride Street, London

STAGG and MANTLE,
2, 3, and 4, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.,
Recommend Special attention to that Fashionable
Article,

**THE
LOUIS
VELVETEEN,**

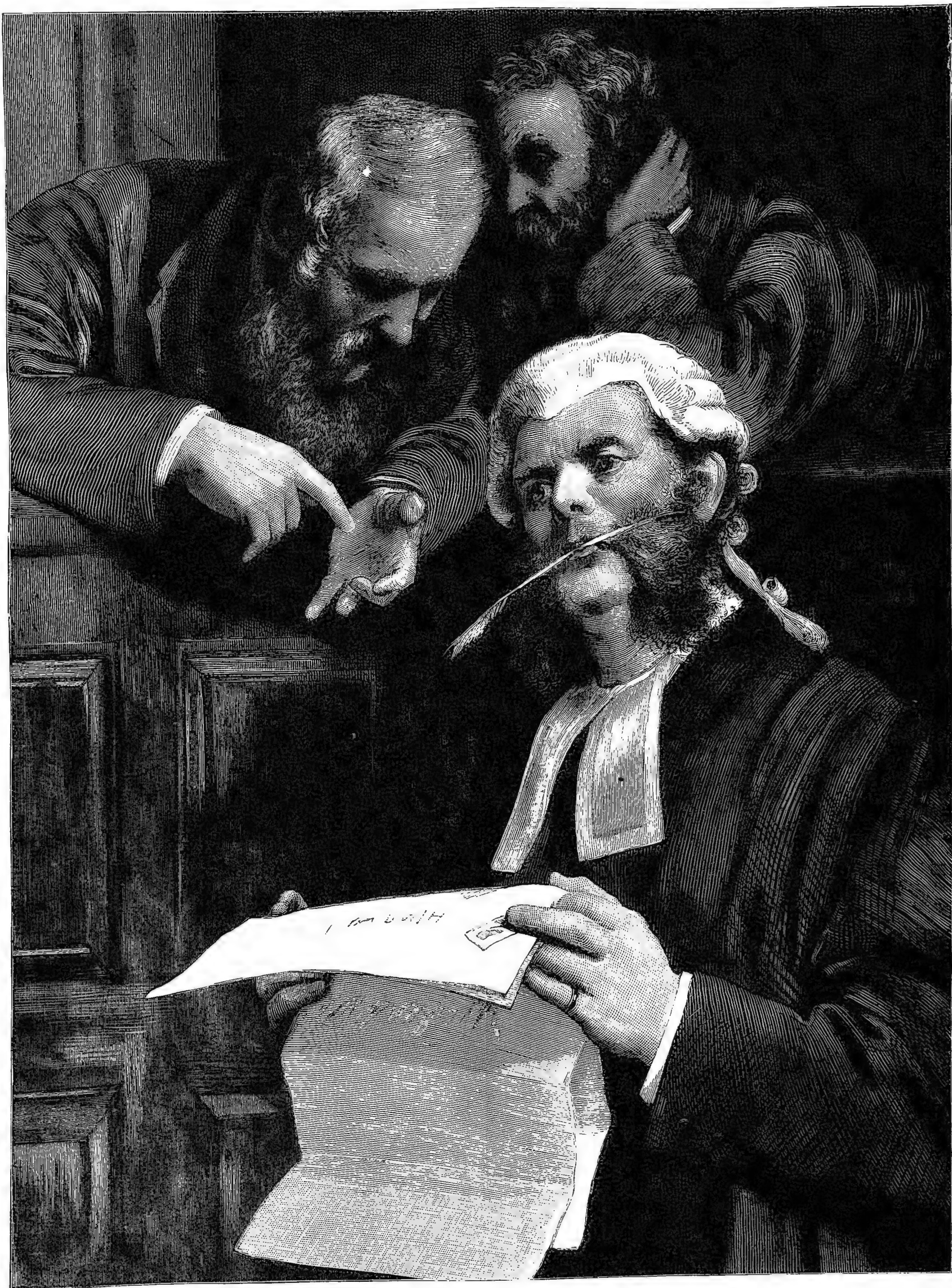
Which they are now showing in all qualities in Blacks,
and a Splendid Assortment of the most Fashionable
Shades at Special Prices.
The Wear of every yard is guaranteed by the Manu-
facturer, and the name "LOUIS" is also found on the
back of every yard.
PATTERNS POST FREE.



FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
"Out of 4,000 LONDON FIRMS during 1878, no
fewer than 2,500 were extinguished by the LONDON
BRIGADE HAND-PUMP."—(Vide Report of Captain
Shaw, C.B.).
LONDON BRIGADE HAND FIRE PUMP, with
Pail, Cover, Two Hoses, and Jet complete, packed in
England, and delivered free, 45 ss.

MERRYWEATHER & SONS,
OFFICE and WORKS,
GREENWICH ROAD, S.E.; and
63, LONG ACRE, W.C.,
LONDON.

**FOR ARMS and CREST send
Name and County to T. MORING, Inns of Court
Heraldic Offices, 323, High Holborn, W.C. Plain Sketch
3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seals, Dies, and Diplomas.
Illustrated Price 1/6s post free.**



"COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. MORGAN, EXHIBITED AT THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS



THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THAT the Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery does not call for lengthened notice arises not from any want of interest in the pictures of Mr. Alma Tadema and the late Cecil Lawson which compose it, but from the fact that a very large proportion of them, including some of the best, have been recently exhibited. There are however, several early pictures showing the gradual development of Mr. Alma-Tadema's powers which will be regarded with interest, and one or two examples of his most accomplished work which have not before been shown in England. At a very early period of his career the artist seems to have conceived the idea of reproducing upon canvas the life of remote antiquity, which he has since so admirably carried out. His first important productions, illustrating the history of the Merovingian Kings, display together with originality of treatment evidence of careful archaeological research. The large picture lent by the King of the Belgians, "The Education of the Grandchildren of Clotilde," is in many ways the best of these, but it displays many crudities of style that are absent in works produced not much later—in the "Study of San Clemente at Rome," for instance, and in the picture of "Phidias Among the Elgin Marbles." These and some other good works belonging to the same period sink into insignificance beside the large picture called "A Roman Emperor," which, on its appearance at the Royal Academy in 1871, established Mr. Alma-Tadema's claim to a place among the foremost of living painters. The picture, which shows the Pretorian soldiers, after having assassinated Caligula, discovering Claudius, livid with fear, behind a curtain in the Palace, justifies the enthusiastic encomiums which were then lavished on it. Of all the artist's works it is the most dramatic, and its technical qualities are of a very high order. As regards beauty of colour and general harmony of effect it is not surpassed by anything in the collection. The subject, which seems to have had a peculiar fascination for the painter, has been treated by him in various ways. The latest version, a very small work which appears here under the title of "Ave Caesar! Io Saturnalia!" bears little or no resemblance to the original work in composition or general treatment, but is not inferior to it as regards dramatic power of realisation.

The picture called "The Vintage," representing a procession round the atrium of a Roman house in honour of Bacchus, the design of which has been made familiar to the public by M. Blanchard's admirable engraving, is remarkable for its luminous quality of colour and beauty of composition, as well as the marvellous imitative skill displayed in the rendering of the various marbles and bronzes. In no degree inferior to this in technical merit, and more interesting by reason of the human interest which the artist has infused into them, are the two large pictures "A Sculpture Gallery" and "A Picture Gallery," which hang near it. The admirable picture, "An Audience at Agrippa's," which appeared at the Academy in 1875, is here; and a companion picture, somewhat inferior to it, representing the same scene and some of the same actors differently arranged. All the important works of late date, including the life-sized figure "A Sculptor's Model"—one of the painter's least successful productions—and the large "Fredegonda," have been noticed at sufficient length in these columns, but there are a few fine works of small size that we have not met with before. "En Repos," showing a lady on a marble seat overlooking the sea, is exquisitely pure in tone, and executed throughout with an amount of delicacy and *finesse* that has seldom been equalled; and the small picture of a girl lying in an attitude of unconscious grace with a strylin in her hand, called "Tepidarium," is distinguished by masterly draughtsmanship and rare beauty of colour.

The pictures and drawings of Mr. Cecil Lawson, who died at an early age during the present year, form an important feature of the exhibition. They are of very unequal merit, but the best of them display artistic capacity of a very high order. The influence of the great Dutch landscape painters is evident in his works, but they are nevertheless marked by a distinct individuality of style. The earliest of them, mostly placid river scenes in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, are pure in colour and show a fine perception of natural beauty. He subsequently contracted a strange mannerism, and all the pictures that he produced during a considerable period, including several of very large size in the present collection, are morbid in feeling, lurid in colour, and utterly false in effect. That he became conscious of the vices of his style, and determined to derive his inspiration directly from Nature, is evident in his later works. The large picture of "Barden Moors" displays power of an unusual kind, the sense of movement in the large mass of rolling cloud being conveyed with surprising force. The small "Blackdown" which recently appeared at the Academy is a brilliant and strikingly truthful transcript of Nature, and there are fine artistic qualities in "The Pool," in "Yorkshire Pastures," and in the "Storm Cloud," West Lynn, North Devon.

"THE GRAPHIC" EXHIBITION OF ANIMAL PAINTINGS

A COLLECTION of nearly eighty pictures, resulting from a commission given by the proprietors of *The Graphic* to different artists, is now open to public view at the Gallery of the Fine Arts Society in New Bond Street. Except that animals should form an important feature in their works, no condition has been imposed on the painters. The collection accordingly displays infinite variety of subject and of treatment. In several works, including some of the best, the human element predominates. In the very clever picture by Mr. R. W. Macbeth called "The Veterinary's Shop," for instance, the chief interest lies in the lady who with tender care holds a spaniel in her lap, while a farrier binds up his wounded leg, and in her serving woman who watches the operation with sympathetic interest. The expression of the small sufferer, who with a piteous appeal for sympathy looks up at the face of his mistress, is, however, strikingly true to Nature, and all the subordinate features of the scene are appropriate and skilfully introduced. The purely pictorial qualities of the work are in keeping with its conception; we have seen nothing by the painter so well balanced in composition and so luminous in colour. Close by it hangs a good example of Mr. Briton Riviere's work, "Young Mother Hubbard," "So the Poor Dog had None," showing a little girl, with a white terrier beside her, opening the door of a cupboard. Both figures are animated and natural in their movements; but the dog is the more life-like of the two. This is also the case in a very clever picture of a child sponging the back of a large white dog, called "The Order of the Bath," by Mr. C. Burton Barber.

There is much truth of character and some humour in a picture of considerable size, by Mr. S. E. Waller, "Cold Comfort." The discomfort of the two travellers of the last century who, after a long day's journey through the snow, have arrived at an inn to find it shut up and advertised for sale, is admirably expressed. The horses as well as the human figures are characteristic, well designed, and broadly painted. In "A Darwinian Question," Mr. Samuel Carter has represented with much ability a party of monkeys curiously contemplating a tortoise. The heads are varied in expression, and the picture is finished throughout with care and

completeness. Mr. John Charlton's penetrating perception of canine character, and his masterly power of handling, are shown in a picture of a huntsman and hounds suffering from incipient seasickness on the deck of a small steamer. By Mr. Edwin Douglas there is a strikingly characteristic portrait of a fat and dyspeptic pug bitch, "Throw Physic to the Dogs;" and by Paul Meyerheim, a thinly painted but well-designed picture of a lion fondling a small dog, called "A Friend."

Mrs. Butler contributes an animated picture of military life, "An Artillery Team in Action," not free from the harshness of colour that seems inseparable from her work, but full of movement and vigorously designed; and M. Alphonse de Neuville a sketchy picture of an officer sponging the wounded foot of his horse on the battle-field, "A Wounded Friend," in his usual masterly style. A highly-finished picture of greyhounds asleep by the fire, "Awaiting Master's Return," by J. Maxime Claude; a pleasant scene of rural life, in which geese are the principal actors; "Exchange of Compliments," by Luigi Chialiva; and a picture of a Russian soldier giving the *coup de grace* to his disabled horse, "Cruel to be Kind," by Mr. R. Caton Woodville, are among the remaining works most deserving of attention. Mr. Charles Green's admirable drawing of performing dogs in a circus, "A Talented Troupe," which has been already noticed; and a series of Mr. R. Caldecott's humorous hunting scenes, in water-colour, are included in the collection.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

THE actor's dressing-room is a favourite lounge of ours. Had we been born a Frenchman, it is probable we should have added that of the actress's. The freer customs of a more enlightened country permit the *diva* of the opera, or the pet of the ballet, the queen of tragedy, or the pearl of the *revue* to entertain her male friends in the sanctuary devoted to the adornment of beauty. However, not being in France, we use no French sauce to our humble dish, merely suggesting Sterne.

Actors' dressing-rooms are not very superb apartments. Pushed in anywhere in the fabric of the theatre as architects' after thoughts, now jammed between the stage and the wall, now buried beneath the pit, or hoisted between the sunlight and the roof, there is little room in them for comfort, and less for elegance. They are, for the most part, very dungeon-like rooms; and the ventilation of the ordinary prison cell—yes, we have tried it—is "a moral" by comparison. A dresser containing drawers generally runs round two sides of the cell. The top thereof is scored, chalked, smeared, and otherwise divested of self-respect; while the drawers are, as frequently as not, handle-less. Carpeting is not a usual luxury. There may be a rough deal table, or there may not. Reckless managers, in the first flush of handling other people's money, have been known to provide them. The successive tenants have adorned the walls with creations of their wit and fancy, sketches of friends in the profession, or of the manager (generally uncomplimentary), with an occasional legend affecting private character, attributing, in plain Saxon, imbecility to its unhappy subject. There is, or has been, a mirror provided; but, if it is not in the dusthole already, it deserves to be, for its cracked condition adds more "lines" to the face than are necessary for the broadest burlesque. Such chairs as there are frequently appear to have been purchased in the slums of Drury, with such change as a soda-and-brandy leaves out of a shilling. And it somehow always happens that the most popular theatres are the worst off in the little particulars above mentioned, and in their general accommodation for their players. It is not unusual to find a prosperous actor, who possesses a mansion in the suburbs, breathing, or rather gasping, and dressing, in a box of a place which he would not condemn his scullery-maid to inhabit. But still he is a lucky man, for at least he has his room all to himself; since it is only when you have played Shakespeare with critical emendations of your own, or have set a fashion in chuckles, that you can hope to attain to that.

But the frame may be overlooked for the sake of the picture. Actors are the best of all good company, and for flashes of wit and play of humour, for character, and, above all, for geniality, commend us to the dressing-room when in full swing. Though the occupants are crowded together like sardines in a tin, or promises in an election speech, or lies in a gas-meter—to borrow a *mot* from Mr. Brough—still, room is cheerfully made for you. A pipe smokes doubly sweet there because it is strictly prohibited, and modest refreshers are the more refreshing from being sent for in all sorts of odd vessels. Talk is fast while sticks of colour skim over shaven faces, and brushes full of bole armenia pursue their devious tracks under eyes, and over cheeks and foreheads. Your beardless young friend of twenty shakes hands with you, and turns back from his glass a few minutes afterwards transformed into a *père noble* of sixty, whom you unconsciously address with a shade more deference than before. The hero of comic opera adjusts that silky moustache and those flowing flaxen locks which will carry his upper notes home to the hearts of all the young ladies in the audience, and possibly entail on him some correspondence. Comic "gets up" which will make the house roar presently are elaborated with the business air of a judge in *bang*, or a water-rate collector. Calls for the dresser to help on with recalcitrant garments interrupt comments on the latest news about town, leading on to discussions of what fresh "gag" should be introduced that evening; while a cross-fire of complimentary remarks on the manager rises and falls. That official's double-facedness, favouritism, underhandedness, and general villainy receive their full meed of attention from our friends in the dressing-room. A long-drawn "Ah!" is the general chorus, as some fresh diabolic act of his is disclosed. But it is all right. Previous experience whispers confidently to you that there will be no murder committed. Then there is more gossip. The "rounds," the "calls," the "curtains," the blunders, and the tiffs of the previous evening elbow one another off the *tapis* in droll fashion. There may even, once a year or so, be a little scandal.

Then there is, often enough, an appeal to sympathy made on behalf of some poor fellow whose sails have been taken aback by a gust of ill fortune. There is no heart so open as is the actor's to his brethren in distress. The response to the appeal astounds you, but there is no fuss, no parade, no advertising subscribers' names in the daily papers; there is masonic secrecy, with more than even masonic charity.

In reading over what we have written, we find we have omitted all mention of "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." We hasten to supply the omission. Shakespeare and the glasses are by no means absent from the dressing-room. Whether it be the latest fad of science which resolves man into a conglomeration of molecules conditioned by time-tables, or the latest process of raising early potatoes and quintuple geraniums, whether it be the last work on the genuineness of the "Casket Letters," or a moot point in the matter of architecture, there is always some one in the dressing-room who has a "kink" that way, and can tell you something you did not know. And as for sporting and athletics, where are such fishermen, and cricketers, and shots, when they get the chance, as the men before you?

But "Overture, gentlemen," is called up or down the breakneck stairs, and one friend after another is wanted till the room gets empty, and you are left with the dresser and the crickets. But not for long. Some one is sure to be "off" after awhile, and though he has the green room provided for him, he will as likely as not return to the dressing-room. For, alas! the fashionable green-room *soirées*, of which we read so much in theatrical histories, when wits and beaux

met actors and actresses neither to spare nor to be spared, are of the past. Colley Cibber and his kind, if they existed now, would make the round of the dressing-rooms rather than of the green-rooms.

A last word. We have mentioned the theatrical dresser. Dressers are generally of a sad and sorrowful countenance, why we know not. They glide in and out of the room in a state of seedy respectability in comparison with which a waiter's outer man is coquettish. This is at night. In the daytime they follow, perhaps, a jaunty occupation. We knew one who was a van-driver. But the playful badinage of that profession always left him at the stage door. Actors are but men. There are actors, as there are members of the Cabinet, who occasionally allow themselves to be perturbed if anything goes wrong with them. When an actor is perturbed, the dresser generally hears of it. But he does not mind it. It does not elate him, but it cannot make him more woeful than he generally is.

We may finally note that the only thing seldom heard in the dressing-room is the theatrical slang which so plentifully adorns dramatic novels and newspapers.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is a feeling of natural diffidence in finding fault with a piece which has received the warmest encomiums from such men as Charles Dickens and Walter Savage Landor, as is the case with "Love's Martyrdom," a play and poem by John Saunders (Kegan Paul). Still we must confess that, whatever may have been its merits in representation, we can find but a few isolated passages deserving of admiration as poetry; the only conclusion is that the best authors—witness the case of Byron—are not always the best critics. The blank verse is in places extremely faulty—e.g., such lines as

Few scholars so fair a school. In our walks,

or

Hopes too, most vain, perhaps, yet hopes,

and the subject is anything but a pleasant one. It deals with the love of Margaret, the heroine, for a wealthy and jealous hunchback, Franklyn, a most repulsive person. His younger brother Clarence seduces Julia, sister of his friend, and then, urged on by Free love, a sort of vulgar compound of Iago and Mephistopheles, deserts her, and makes love to Margaret, upon which the two brothers fight, and the younger is worsted. In the end the wrong is righted, Clarence repents with singular rapidity, and justice is done upon Free love. The action is supposed to take place in the sixteenth century, but almost any other period would have done as well, since, but for the mention of a martyr and a man, there is an entire absence of special mediæval colouring. The quarrel scene is, as Mr. Dickens originally pointed out, far too long; and it is not surprising, on the whole, that the piece met with but indifferent success when produced at the Haymarket in 1855, in spite of the powerful aid of Miss Helen Faucit. Still, there are fine lines, chiefly allotted to the heroine; her scornful contrast between the brothers, in Act 4, Scene iii., beginning, "Oh, yes, a toy!" rises almost to grandeur, and still better is her rejection of the letter at an earlier stage of the same act—this was one of Landor's favourite extracts. Mr. Saunders is certainly seen to better advantage as a novelist than as a poet.

We do not profess to understand the preface to "In Fear and Dole," by William Beckenham (James Wade). It rather led us to expect something impressive, but it is fair to say that the book contains nothing of the kind; its chief fault is that it is not poetry. In one place the author, at a loss for a rhyme to "men," is driven to pronounce the word "again," and also to spell it, "agen." His metres also are not invariably happy; that of Noma's third song, for instance, is painfully suggestive of "I played on my harp the while." When Salathiel ejaculates, "Damnation wins!" visions of a profane Derby rise before us; and altogether the book is not likely to obtain a striking success.

Notwithstanding a certain morbidity of feeling, for which, we fear, there is only too sad a cause, there can be no doubt but that the author of "The New Medusa, and Other Poems," by Eugene Lee-Hamilton (Elliot Stock), is a true poet; the touching introductory stanzas would suffice to establish the fact had he written nothing else. The best things in the volume are "The New Medusa," "A Ballad of the Plague," and "The Mandolin," all as weird and ghastly as they are musical and full of power, though in the second-named an occasional redundant syllable might have been spared. The passage where the doting husband awakes to find his sleeping bride's hair coiling over him as live vipers is really fine, both in conception and execution, and the death of the old cardinal almost worthy of John Webster. For more than one reason the "Elegy on the Death of a Lady" is too painful and distressing to be dwelt upon, but it is good as a poem.

There are some pretty lines and stanzas, but none of a very high order, in "Verses of Varied Life," by H. T. Mackenzie Bell (Elliot Stock). Judging from the author's first book, we had expected more; perhaps the worthiest poem is "Heart Echoes." Our old friend, "Waiting for the Dentist," appears in an extended form, which cannot be called an improvement.

The fascination exercised over all men by Mary Stuart shows no signs of waning, but we have met with more fitting memorials of her sad career than "David Rizzio, Bothwell, and the Witch Lady," three tragedies by the author of "Geneva," &c. (Kegan Paul). We will not comment on the so-called blank verse in which they are written, but the plays themselves are stupid. The author seems a little uncertain as to Signor David's true conditions; still, it is absurd to make the poor old hunchback die professing love for the Queen, when all the world knows, or ought to know, that his sole cry was for "*Giustizia, giustizia!*" In "Bothwell," judging from the preface, the author has deliberately gone against his own honest convictions of Mary's innocence—it is hard to understand why; and the third tragedy is a not very interesting story of somnambulism.

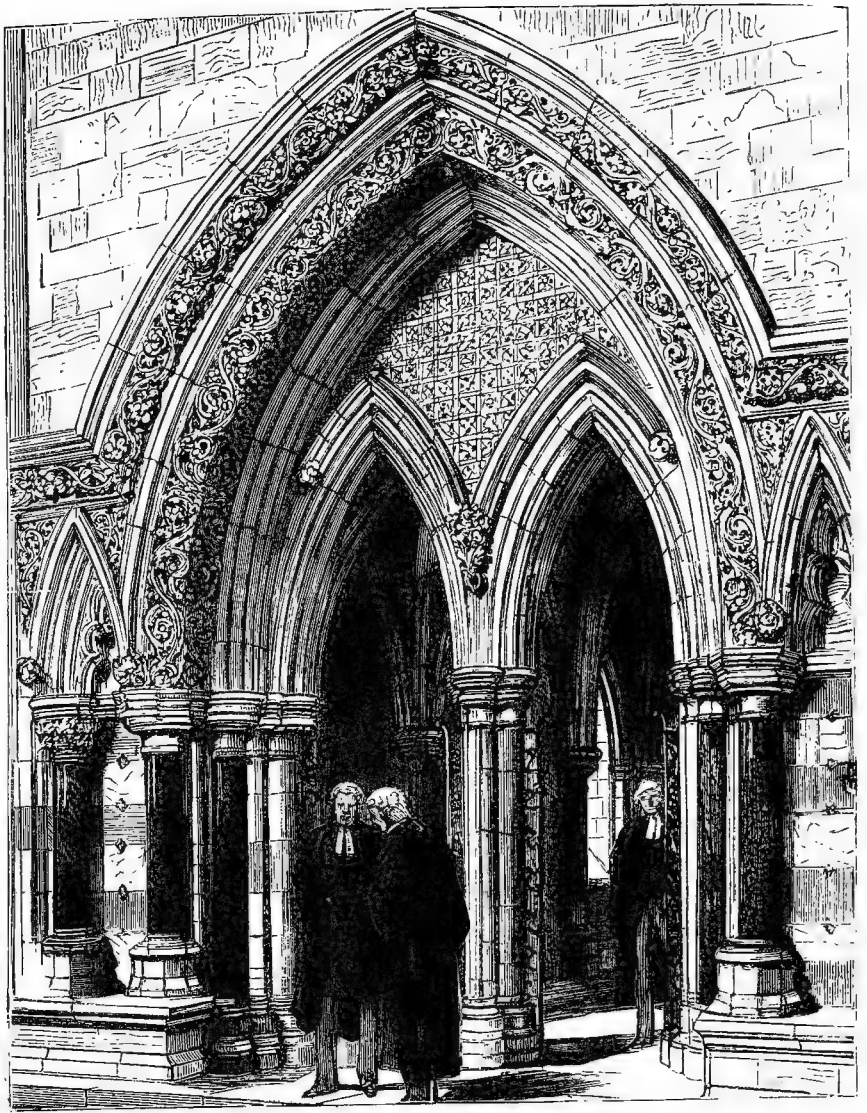
So far as genuine humour can be wedded to facile verse, Mr. Henry S. Leigh has surpassed himself in "Strains from the Strand" (Tinsley Brothers); but one feature in the book is, to us at least, new, viz., an occasional suggestion of cynicism, as in the "Birthday Lines," accompanied by an underlying vein of melancholy, which shows itself most strikingly in "De Profundis," than which we must own that we have seldom read a sadder poem. Setting aside this, the comedy of the verses, as a whole, is inimitable. Where all are so mirth-provoking, it is hard to make selection; but we are disposed to prefer "A German Band," "A Ghost Wanted," "What Care I?" and "A Noble Calling." Most of the pieces will be old friends to many of our readers, but they will be none the less welcome.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. have added to their Parchment Library a beautiful little edition of Keble's "Christian Year." A very good portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece.

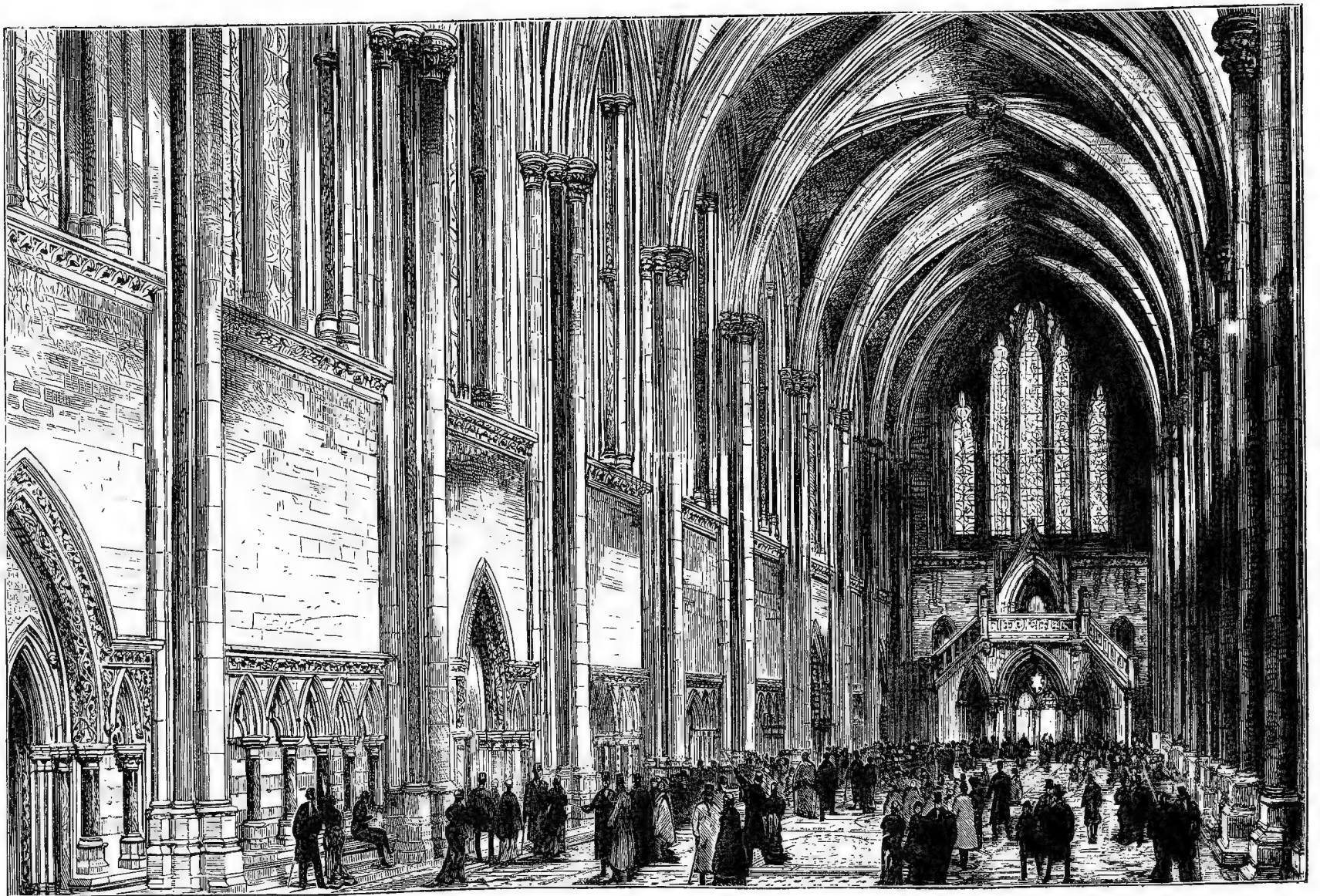
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY recently played school-master for a short time in a village school. Going in unexpectedly last week to a school at Bornstedt, near Potsdam, which he and the Princess often visit, he found that the master of the first class had been summoned to his dying mother. The master hesitated to leave his duties; but the Crown Prince insisted on his going, and himself took the class in the master's absence, examining the children in history. He then fetched the Vicar for the next class in religious instruction, and remained till the end, promising, as a mark of approval, to send the school a set of new Bibles.



THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE

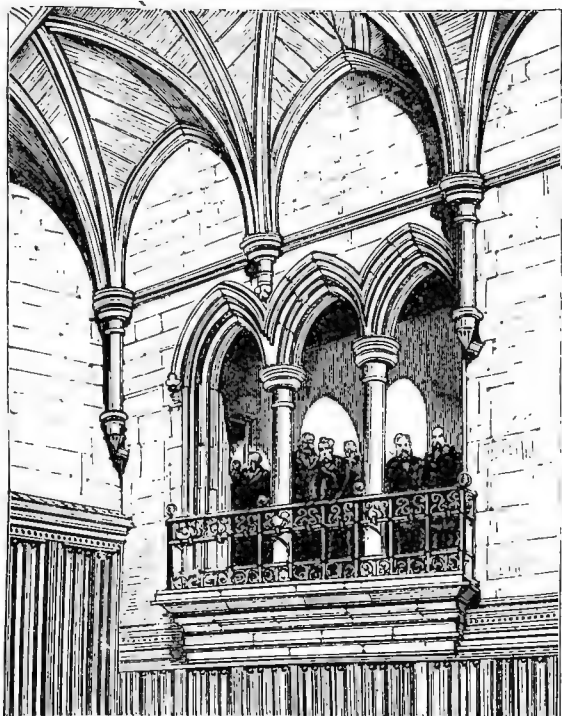


JURORS' ENTRANCE FROM GREAT HALL

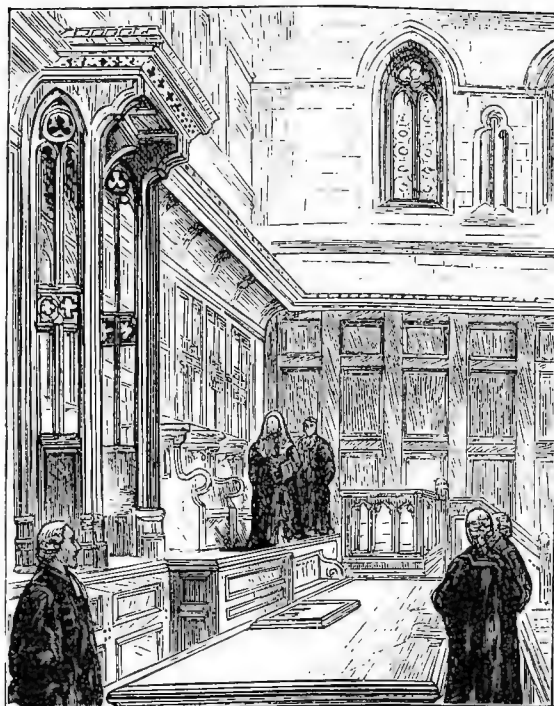


THE GREAT HALL

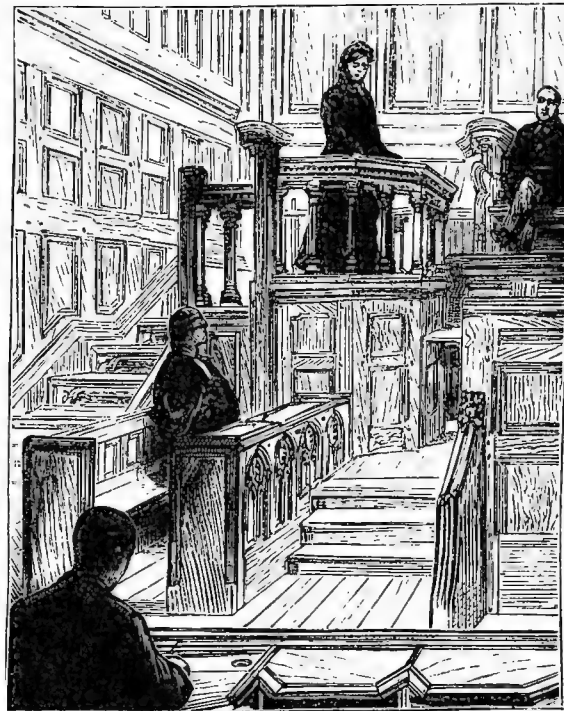
THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE



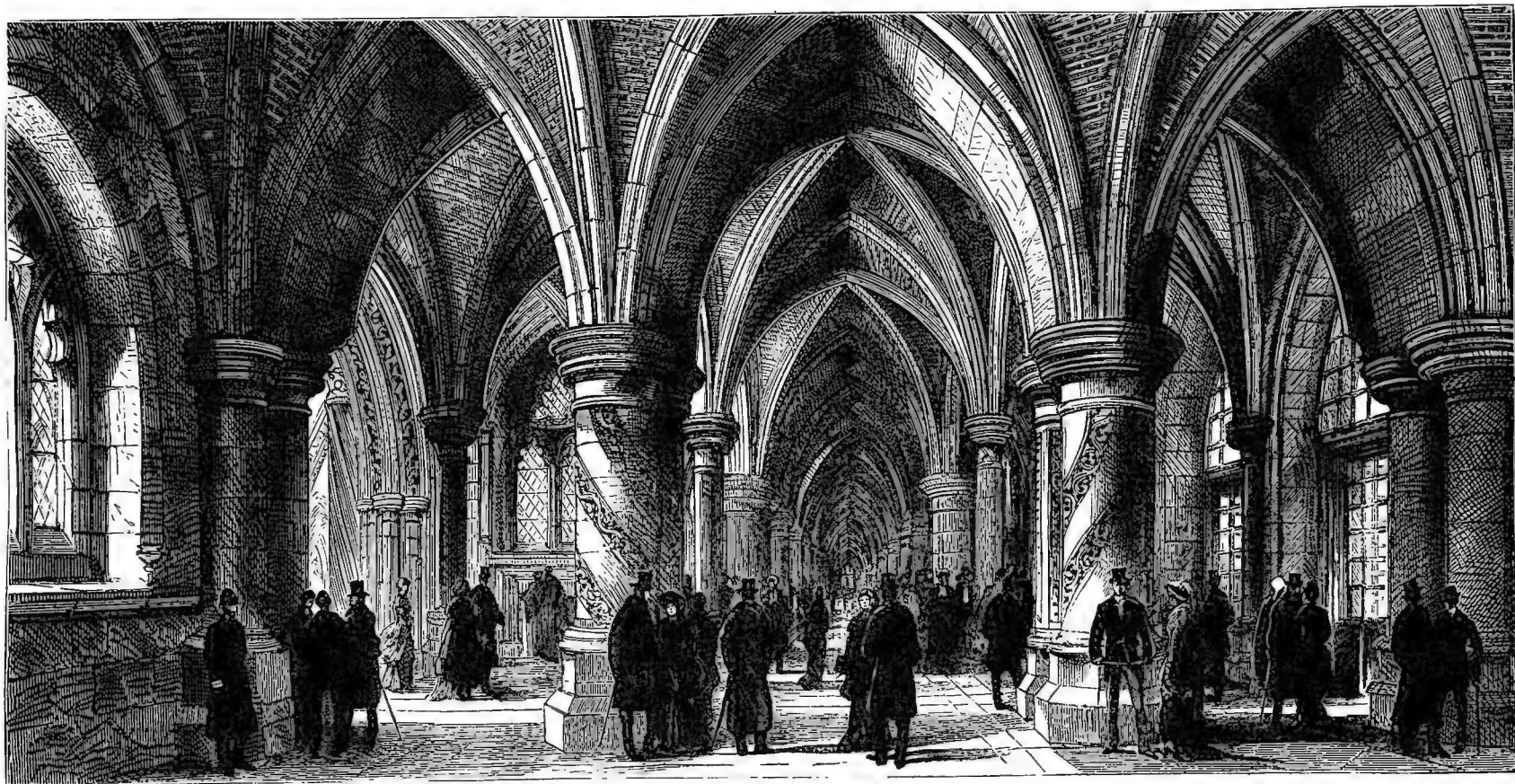
A WAITING JURY-BOX



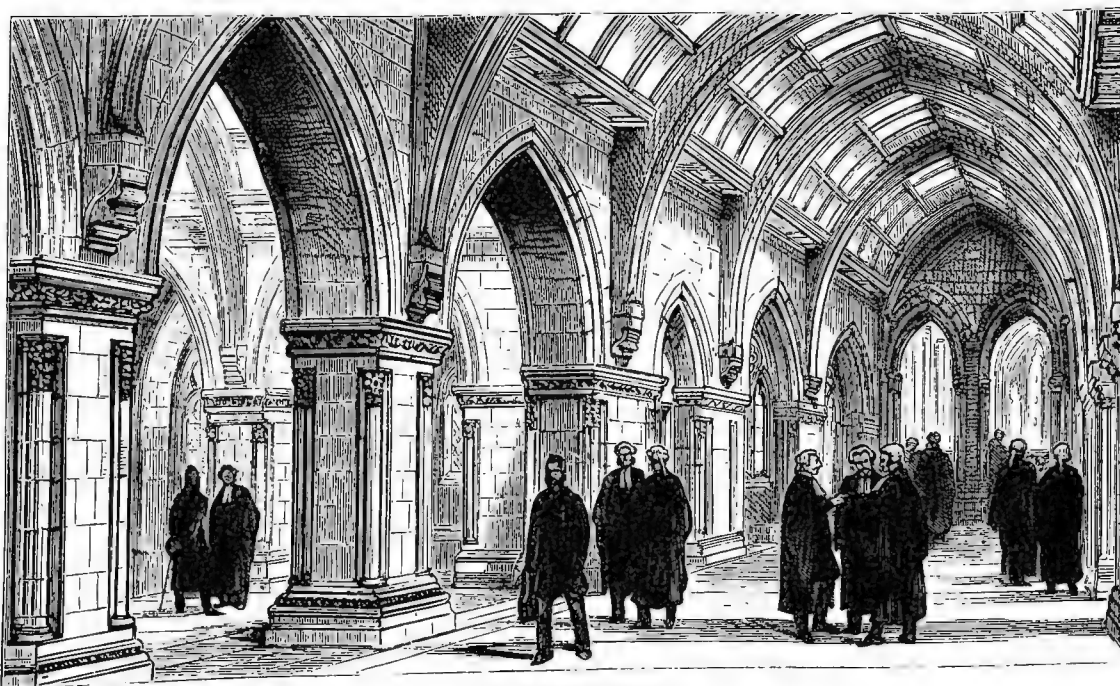
THE BENCH AND WITNESS BOX, COURT NO. 3



A WITNESS BOX AND REPORTERS' DESK, QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION



THE GREAT CORRIDOR ON THE GROUND FLOOR



THE UPPER CORRIDOR



INTERIOR OF A COURT IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

which Mr. Fitzgerald lays so much stress. To us the saddest story of all is the too-true tale of "the Prince of Wales's bonds," which brought the Duke of St. Aignan and so many others to the guillotine, and the shameless repudiation of which is one of the strongest grounds for the epithet *perfidie Albion*.

From Mr. Fitzgerald's old scandals it is a great change to the freshness of Lady Florence Dixie's "Land of Misfortune" (Bentley). At first we thought this land must be Ireland, where her ladyship has lately been at violent odds with the Land League; but an ebony figure under a green and white umbrella on the cover showed us that it is an account of the visit which she made to South Africa in the double capacity of correspondent of the *Morning Post* and Sister of the Order of St. John. The narrative is as lively as the wonderful frontispiece representing the "six-in-hand" mail waggon tearing down a mountain road. Some scenes are pathetic—the visit to the Prince Imperial's grave, for instance; and the burial of the British flag at Pretoria by the British residents when the Transvaal was given up, and the lament over the "noble savages who died for King and country at Kambula." Lady Florence's feelings are well known. Everywhere—on the veldt and in the native market—she gathers evidence of the inextinguishable loyalty of the Zulu nation for the King whom she so unweariedly championed; everywhere she finds the Boers the same—drunken, ill-conditioned, and full of scorn and hatred of England. The chief marvel (which is also one great charm of the book) is her rare power of endurance, though we wish she had not ridden some two hundred miles on a lame horse. One point she brings out clearly—the very great strength of the Boers' position at Laing's Nek.

Stanley Harris, an old stager, dedicates, by permission, his "Old Coaching Days" (Bentley) to the Road Club. He is an enthusiast, but a reasonable one, feeling that if we had with our present number of travellers to go back to our old mode of conveyance the roads would literally be blocked with coaches. In the matter of punctuality he gives the railway authorities a home-thrust. The mails were always punctual, except the up-mails on Sundays, when there was no delivery in London, and the chance was seized of trying new horses. The book is full of interest; John Sturges's illustrations are, as usual, beyond praise; and hundreds who are never likely to take a seat on one of the revived four-in-hands will be pleased to hear what the road was like when Sir Vincent Cotton drove the Brighton coach, and to ask themselves such questions as why the Western mails always kept a better pace than any others.

Mr. Hay writes with the benevolent aim of keeping undesirable young men from emigrating, as well as of persuading capable colonists to go out. His "Brighter Britain" (Bentley) is the northern part of North New Zealand, "the home of the kauri pine;" and his chapters on Maori manners are quite as delightful as his sketches of colonial life, of gold-digging, of pig-hunting, and of driving up country in a style that would astonish a member of the Road Club. He is great, too, at statistics, and tells us all about the value of the phormium crop and the kauri-gum. We quite believe that the Maoris had degenerated since they left Malay land; they had nearly forgotten their astronomy, and the "tapu," the mystery of which Mr. Hay makes very clear, "marks the basis of a higher political constitution." He is not sentimental over this "rotting race;" he is sure "we can get on well enough without the Maori." Very probably; but when he adds "compared with the Anglo-Saxon he is nowhere," we at once ask "What Anglo-Saxon?" The average Maori is in physique and in endowments far above the average Midland farm-labourer or city Arab. We are glad he disproves the notion that the Maoris were dying out before we came. It is a clear case against us; gunpowder and European diseases have been the destroying agents. Hongi, whose ambition was to become in New Zealand what King George was in England, began a mode of fighting a hundredfold more murderous than the old Homeric sort of battles. Mr. Hay says little about the land question, which is of course the question in North New Zealand; Hau-hau, the Maoris' answer to our land-grabbing, he calls "a frenzied form of Christianity." His book is amusing, but superficial.

In her "Records of Later Life" Mrs. Butler tells us a good deal about her Shakespeare readings; and "Notes Upon Some of Shakespeare's Plays" (Bentley) will enable those who were not privileged to hear her to form some idea of her conception of a few of the most prominent characters. In a volume which is quite a gem of typography, she takes us through *Macbeth*, *Henry VIII.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the *Tempest*, prefacing her essays with some very interesting remarks on various members of the Kemble family, including her mother, whom for originality and beauty of dramatic creation she sets above them all, "though she possessed very little of the theatrical faculty." Both these, always rare in England, and now growing daily rarer under an adverse civilisation, were combined in the highest degree in Garrick. It was his theatrical taste which led him to do a deal of what nowadays is called desecration. Mrs. Siddons, in mob-cap and glasses, reading *Macbeth* or *King John* is almost an unmixed instance of the former; the *Duke's Motto* is theatrical with scarcely anything dramatic in it. We hope this is only a first instalment. We want to see what Frances Anne Kemble has to say about the plays which she found less popular during her readings.

From Griffith and Farran we have "Holy Communion, with Hints for Preparation," the hints being very brief, and followed by short questions for self-examination; and "Active Service; or Counsels for the Newly Confirmed," in which Mr. J. Palmer, of the Sunday School Institute, enforces the old sanctions with something more than average power.

"Comfort, a Book for the Cottage" (Elliot Stock) is like all this publisher's books, elegantly got up. Miss Besemere's language is very simple, and her true poetic feeling is shown, not only by her selections, but also by her own very sweet verses beginning "The night is dark, my little child."

Most authors would lack the hardihood to drag from their *oubliettes* the scattered writings contributed to the daily and weekly press in the intervals of literary work, rightly judging that such fleeting expressions could add little to their reputation, even if indeed they did not damage it. But hardihood and self-esteem are two of Mr. Charles Reade's most noteworthy characteristics. So he has allowed Mr. Chatto "to ransack the files for my personal convictions on various subjects, and to publish them." The result of this ransacking is a volume entitled "Readiana: Comments on Current Events," by Charles Reade, D.C.L. (Chatto and Windus). That none of the events treated of in these papers can fairly be called "current" (what was called "The Penge Murder" being about the latest in point of date) is a matter of small moment. Most of the matters dealt with have occupied public attention some time within the last ten years, and on all his subjects Mr. Reade writes forcibly. "Who is He?" and the "Doctrine of Coincidences," two papers arguing the identity of the Claimant and Arthur Orton, are perhaps the cleverest *exposés* in print of the great Tichborne swindle, and they are the best worth republishing. For the rest, they might well have been left to the oblivion of the newspaper files without any acute feeling of regret on the part of the public, who will not unnaturally read with but languid interest the numerous letters in which Mr. Reade has on past occasions aired his private grievances, attacked his opponents, and extolled himself. In one place Mr. Reade says, that certain provincial scribblers were maddened by his overwhelming superiority as a national writer, and he assures these easily maddened men that "they might as well bay the moon as bark at me; I stand too high above their reach in the just respect of the civilised world." This is one of the many exhibitions of hearty self-esteem with which this volume abounds. But Mr. Reade is generous and

kindly; and his pleadings for deserving persons, and his comments on certain *causes célèbres*, may well afford not unentertaining reading for an idle half-hour. More than this cannot, however, be said for these collected papers.

Among the minor books before us may be mentioned the following:—"The Married Women's Property Act, 1882," by W. A. Holdsworth (George Routledge and Sons), a concise explanation of the new Act, which should be studied by all married persons holding property; Lieutenant Danenhower's "Narrative of the *Jeannette*" (Boston: James R. Osgood), a graphic account of a noteworthy Arctic expedition, issued preliminary to the publication of a larger book which Lieutenant Danenhower intends to write by-and-by; "The Standard of Value," by William Leighton Jordan (David Bogue), containing three timely papers on bi-metallism; "Float Fishing and Spinning in the Nottingham Style," by J. W. Martin (Sampson Low), a thorough practical book by a working-man and enthusiastic angler, which will be a help to all fishermen; "Our Servants," by Mrs. Eliot James (Ward, Lock, and Co.), a sensible manual, dealing with every branch of the question; "Handbook of Plain and Fancy Needlework" (Ward, Lock, and Co.), a clearly written and fully illustrated practical instructor in the simplest as well as the most elaborate kinds of needlework, and a new edition of Mr. Samuel Smiles' "Life of a Scotch Naturalist" (John Murray), with a preface, giving the most recent facts concerning the indomitable Thomas Edward.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSEN

(*Appropos of His Fiftieth Birthday*)

THIS celebrated Norwegian poet was born December 8th, 1832, in the secluded district of Doverfeld, in the village of Quikne, of which his father was the pastor. The wildly-sublime Alpine scenery amidst which he grew up stamped itself from his infancy deeply into his soul. The child's heart was mixed with, and baptised in, this scenery, which now frightened and depressed, now attracted and fascinated him. Besides these impressions, others were produced by the church and the paternal parsonage. Thus, young Björnson imbibed the moral influence of religion as well as the magical one of Nature. His childhood, as may easily be imagined, was rather monotonous. Visitors seldom came to the parental house. The Bible, a few popular tales, and some Northern legends formed all his reading. When the father was transferred to



Romsdal, he sent his son to a school there. Later on, the youth became a student at the capital, where he produced his first work, the drama *Valburg*, although he had then never perused a dramatic work, or been to a theatre more than twice in his life. He sent *Valburg* to the managers of the Christiania stage, who actually accepted it! But as soon as he had been in the theatre a few times more, he fancied that his immature play was not an adequate expression of his inner life; he therefore withdrew and burnt it before it had been performed. Afterwards he devoted a great part of his time to dramatic criticism, attacking some of the prevalent abuses in theatrical matters with so much force and boldness, that he greatly exasperated the orthodox actors and stage-managers, and thus brought down much annoyance upon himself.

The audacious student was sneered at and excommunicated by the literary circles of Christiania, but found kind supporters at Copenhagen, whither he went. Encouraged and assisted, he rented a garret, and set himself to work diligently. He soon published his "Norwegian Tales," which quickly made him known throughout the North. Returning to his country, he undertook the management of the Bergen Theatre for two years and a half, during which time he married. He then became editor of the Christiania *Aftenblad*. In this position, however, he again made so many enemies, that he willingly accepted the travelling-stipend offered to him by the Government in 1860, and went to Rome, where he stayed two years, and was chiefly engaged on his great drama of *Sigurd Stenbe*. The next eighteen months were spent in France and Germany; during this time various writings of Björnson's were published. When at last the young author returned to his native land, he found that his contributions to Scandinavian literature had already met with universal recognition. The National Parliament, moreover, granted him an annual pension of 1,000 riksdalers. At present he is known and appreciated throughout Europe and the United States as a distinguished portrayer of Norwegian life, past and present.

The first lyrical attempts of Björnson's—the involuntary utterances of his talent—were doubtless the poems to be found scattered in his tales. These poems, few in number, are simple, and possess an original stamp, and a rhythm of their own which are peculiarly pleasant. In form and inspiration they represent to a great extent the Scandinavian *Völksted*. No one has hit the form and spirit of the latter so well as our poet. Albeit possessing great originality and individuality, he yet sings as the inhabitants of his beloved native mountains sing. As regards his tales, we recognise in them the aim of faithfully picturing his country and countrymen, and of describing their simple, honest life. In this he has completely succeeded; he knows perfectly well how to reveal the *inner* life of the Norwegians, who had previously been known only from the *outer*. But he has not contented himself with interpreting to the world contemporary Norway; his ambition was also directed towards creating, for his country, a purely national drama. For this he went back to the very origin of Scandinavian genius. In

these efforts he has not perfectly succeeded, but has at least beaten the path for others. He possesses a truly Norwegian temperament, a mixture of dark enthusiasm and manly energy, of firm strength and soft tenderness. He was, therefore, highly fitted to give thorough and pithy expression to the old doughty and solid character of his nation. Among his novels or romances "The Fishing Girl" is the most remarkable. As regards his dramas, the first he published (1858) was *Halle Hulda*, and it has, up to this day, remained the most important of his plays. The oddities and improbabilities to be found in this drama do not impair its value; so magnificent is it. The trilogy of *King Sigurd* contains many unrivalled beauties; on the whole, however, it lacks unity and coherence. The subject is entirely taken from the *Heimskringla*—Mr. Carlyle's principal source for his "Early Kings of Norway." In his earlier dramas, Björnson lacks clearness of exposition and logic of *dénouement*. His language, generally beautiful, vigorous, and spirited, is sometimes obscure, enigmatical, almost unintelligible. On the other hand, he possesses a deep and powerful temperament, and poetical cast as well as poetical strength. He who has witnessed a performance of Björnson's *Between the Battles*, by the Meiningen troupe, last year, knows this best. His later plays: *The King*, *The Editor*, *Leonarda*, *The Newly-Married Couple*, &c., with the exception of *The Bankruptcy*, are less important than the former, but are, on the other hand, free from his old faults of manner.

From 1865 to 1867, our poet was manager of the Christiania stage. Afterwards returned to the national Storting, he much busied himself with politics, becoming the leader of the Radicals. His militant disposition, and his endeavours in trying to bring about the dissolution of the union with Sweden and the establishment of a Norwegian Republic, led to his quarrelling with King Oscar II., whom at last he challenged to a duel. For this *crime de lèse majesté* he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment; but he fled, and has since lived abroad, now in Germany, and now again in Italy or America.

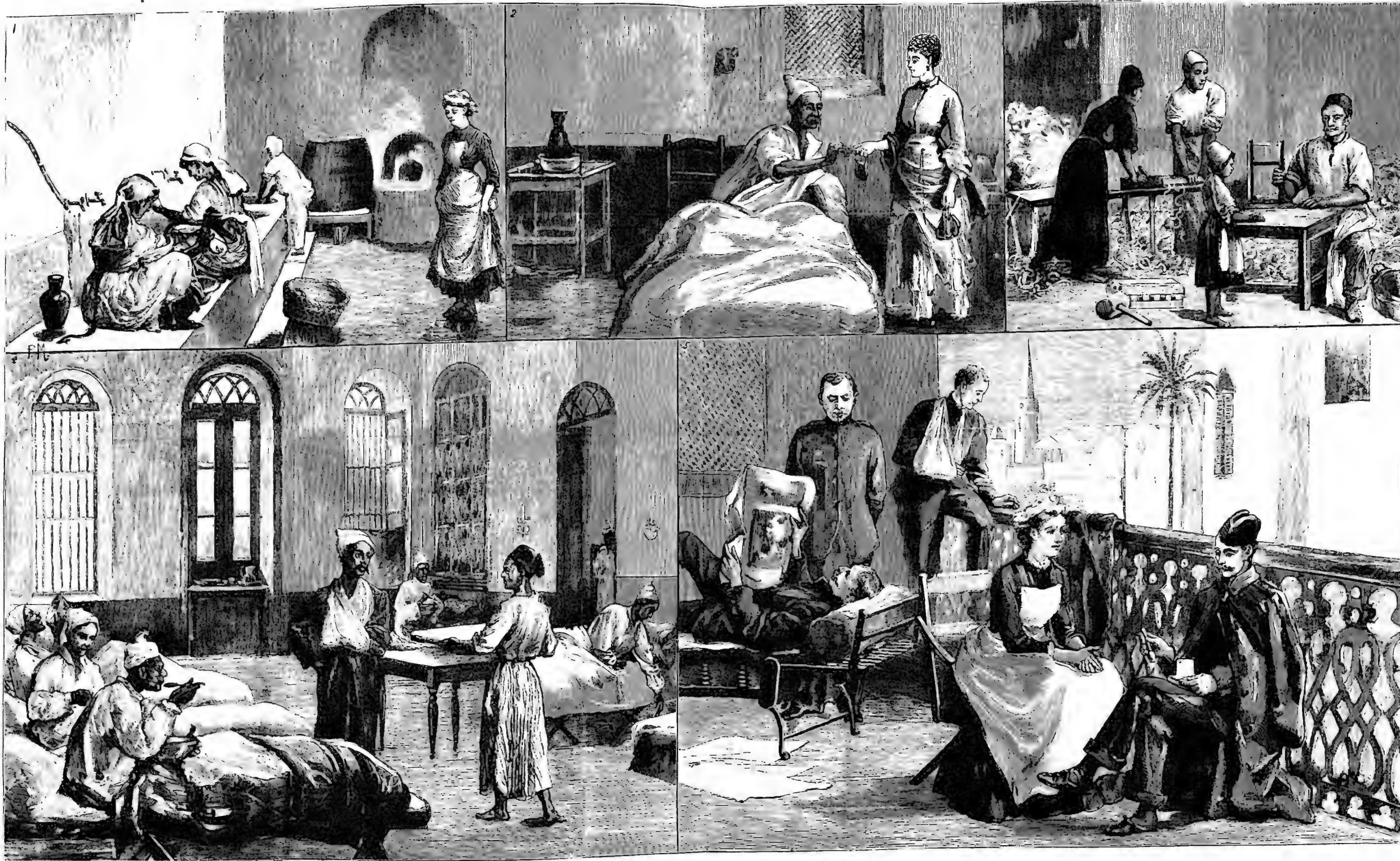
English versions of M. Björnson's tales, and of some of his dramas, have been published in England and America, and met with favourable reception. He enjoys also a good reputation as a lecturer. He was always sure to fascinate any Norwegian audience by his tall and herculean stature, his expressive eyes, his fair hair, and powerful features. He roused the enthusiasm even of the phlegmatic by the vigour of his characteristic appearance and the splendour of his simple eloquence. L. KATSCHER



"VALENTINA:" a sketch, by E. C. Price (2 vols.: Chatto and Windus), is an unusually clear, and in many respects a powerful study of a single character. Indeed the study is so complete that its description as a "sketch" merely errs on the side of modesty. But the story is of such a nature as to be sad and painful in almost exact proportion to the strength and clearness. The subject is that most complete and irrevocable of all tragedies—a hopelessly uncongenial marriage. The author has chosen that form of the tragedy in which the extreme of feminine sensitiveness is opposed to the extreme of moral tyranny. Considerable artistic interest, but certainly no sort of pleasure, is obtained by watching the transformation of Valentina from a bright and altogether charming girl, full of spirit and life, into the wreck, neither dead nor living, which she finally becomes. The husband who brings her to this pass is not so well managed. His influence is complicated by some preconceived and deliberate intention of breaking her spirit after marriage, so that the result becomes a particular and exceptional case rather than a general and typical picture. This is to sacrifice a certain amount both of force and of purpose: but enough of these still remain to render "Valentina" very considerably above the average as a study in morbid psychology. Such studies are not within the province of the notice of any particular book to disapprove or otherwise—granting their value, "Valentina" may claim a full share of the merits peculiar to them. But it can scarcely be commended to those who read for enjoyment, unless it be for the enjoyment of pain by deputy. The author has the art of really touching the feelings, with which the art of good writing has more to do than most novelists appear to suppose.

"Upton-on-Thames," a novel, by Thomas A. Pinkerton (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is, in contrast with "Valentina," more pleasant to read than easy to praise. The smart tone in which it is written is irritating, and suggests a belief in his own superiority on the part of the author beyond what his readers will share. Still it indicates genuine insight, and often lapses into real humour. The study in which we find ourselves principally engaged is that of the infinitesimally minute, varied with one startling plunge into sin leading to murder. This variation goes far to spoil the interest, which depends wholly upon the microscopic investigation of human *animalculæ*. The plot—apart from the tragic excrement—consists of the efforts of some intensely vulgar people in a small country town to catch an heiress, and their melancholy failure. The heiress herself, Clara, is a type of girlhood that we could wish to find more common in novels, as showing how simplicity of nature is not essentially connected with silliness or ignorance of the world. The author, however, seems to accept the theory, without reserve, that the difference between a gentleman and his opposite is necessarily invisible to feminine eyes—as to the truth of which he will no doubt find many to disagree with him. He certainly knows how to describe and analyse vulgarity in both sexes, and to make the process amusing without the help of over-much exaggeration. His miniature painting is excellent, but when he essays to paint in large he unquestionably fails.

"Fair Faces and True Hearts," a novel, by the author of "Margaret Mortimer's Second Husband" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), reads like an exceedingly youthful production. It is not so much, however, because all the events and characters are seen from a very early point of view as because of the crude and inexperienced way in which they are put together: and this is the more noticeable because the title-page informs us that the author has written at least one other novel. At a very early date in the story we are introduced to an exceptionally atrocious murder. This has indeed a far off and unnecessary connection with the end, but none with the story, which is one of the most elementary flirtation. Flirtation plots in general are not distinguished for power, but we never feel so much how well qualified the weakest feminine pens are to deal with them as when the attempt is made by masculine fingers. Calf love is no doubt supremely interesting to the temporary victim, but common consent has relegated it to the region, not of sentiment, but of comedy. From this realm the author of "Fair Faces and True Hearts," with his best efforts, has been unable to bring it. On the other hand, his murder, as being the preface to the very mildest of romances, is so much wasted powder—a flash and an explosion that ends in nothing. His heroine fails to awaken interest by her one peculiarity—that or refusing to make her lover happy because she is not the object of his first attempts in love-making. Nor is there any other reason for thinking that further experience will confirm the author himself in any belief that fiction is an easy art, even in these days of over-easy writing.



1. THE LAUNDRY.—2. LADY STRANGFORD GIVING CIGARETTES TO THE ARAB WOUNDED.—3. THE CARPENTER'S SHOP: MAKING SPLINTS.—4. THE LARGE WARD: MEAL TIME.—5. CONVALESCENTS.

EGYPT AFTER THE WAR—LADY STRANGFORD'S HOSPITAL IN ARABI'S HOUSE, CAIRO

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



I.

Two articles from Egypt, in the *Nineteenth Century*, are specially worth reading—Sir Edward Hamley's spirited account on "The Second Division at Tel-el-Kebir," and Arabi Pasha's ingenious defence, "Instructions to My Counsel, by Ahmed Araby the Egyptian." One must read General Hamley's paper to understand how full that night march was of nervous terrors, how slight a matter would have led all astray, and how constant was the courage which did not hesitate a moment when the darkness on a sudden was lighted up with a stream of fire from the Egyptian lines. The Highland Brigade had all but done its work before other regiments had fired a shot, and although this, as General Hamley modestly points out, was due to the skilled guidance of Lieutenant Rawson, himself one of the first to be shot down, it is none the less to the credit of the Second Division that the brunt of the fighting fell on them, as the list of casualties alone would show. Poor Arabi, of whose pure patriotism Mr. Broadley at least has no suspicious doubts, has been, on his own showing, a much injured man. We fancy, indeed, he describes the earlier mutinies in a way to which Sir E. Malet might take exception. But he declares that he had the Sultan with him all along, and the Khédive too, until he failed to keep the British out of Alexandria. Of the June massacres he had no knowledge; and the burning of the city was the work of Bedouins, collected, he knows not why, at Ramleh. Altogether, the defence half inclines us to believe that Arabi was as much sinned against as sinning. M. Reinach threatens the loss of the French alliance if England presumes to leave France out in the coming settlement; while Lord Dunsany entreats us, on the other hand, to remember that France has always been a thorn in our side in Egypt, and that now or never is the time to settle the Canal question our own way—best, possibly, by obtaining permission to construct an independent canal of our own.—Count de Falbe gives in excellent English the original version of "the Hamlet Saga," from the first edition of Saxo Grammaticus; and Mr. Philip H. Bagenal, in "Uncle Pat's Cabin," makes us fear that we have been conciliating the Irish farmers to no use; for it is the labourer, for whom we have yet done nothing, who forms the backbone of the latter-day agitation; and both priests and farmers are beginning to be afraid of him.—Inquiring, "Is the Education Act of 1870 a Just Law?" Cardinal Manning favours such revision of it as will make the school-rate part of the general taxation of the country, of which both Board and Voluntary Schools should have their share, as they have now of grants from the Consolidated Fund. The Cardinal warns us that in another decade or two the Voluntary Schools must yield to those which rest on the inexhaustible school rate, and then we shall be, what extreme men have long desired, a nation given over to the Secularist.

In the *Fortnightly* "Two Other Conservatives" of more authority re-assure those whom the "Two Conservatives" of last month may have induced to cherish doubts of "the Conservative Leadership." Never, say they, were Conservatives more united on matters of principle and questions of general policy. Those petulant criticisms will vanish of themselves with one or two successful by-elections, that the present *malaise* in France is due to the eagerness of her leading statesmen to undermine existing institutions is the key-note of M. Dietz's "The French Republic and M. Gambetta." No *scrutin de liste* will alter this—the promise of great "eras of reform" will only aggravate matters. The one thing needful is to avoid perpetual crises, and for this a leader must learn to exercise his power in a regular way as a Parliamentary Prime Minister. Until M. Gambetta learns this lesson he will be an obstacle, not an aid, to the consolidation of the Republic.—Mr. Mowbray Morris has a good paper on "Charles Dickens." There is much truth in the assertion that many of Dickens' scenes imprint themselves less strongly on the imagination than might have been expected, by reason of the very number of minute touches, though each of these is wonderfully true and accurate.—M. de Laveleye encourages us to take Egypt under our protection, and so fulfil our lofty mission as the destined civilisers of North-East Africa. We cannot now fall back upon the doctrine that the Suez Canal is not sufficiently important to make us undertake so great a responsibility.—An able paper by Mr. T. Burt, M.P., "Working Men and War," suggests some curious speculations as to what will happen when power shall rest with the Democracy. There will be no Jingoism Mr. Burt is very sure; there will not, he thinks, be absolute non-intervention. But the question, "Is the war just and necessary?" will be asked with ever-increasing earnestness, and there will be a stronger determination to avoid annexations, and greater readiness to give way to the demands of subject races for self-government. It is even possible that Lord Hartington's inquiry, "What right have we there?" may be applied to other places besides Candahar. Mr. T. E. Kebbel has a pleasant paper on "Sporting," in almost all its forms, from grouse-shooting upon Highland moors to the humbler, but in point of sport, scarcely less enjoyable, rabbit-shooting in English woods. There is a legend, so Mr. Kebbel tells us, that the repeal of the Corn Laws was at least accelerated through the displeasure of Sir R. Peel at some chaff of Lord Derby's while the two were partridge shooting.

In the *Contemporary* Lady Verney's picture of "Peasant Properties in Auvergne" is almost as darkly coloured as were her sketches of Savoy. But in Auvergne there is not so much poverty, only squalor and a dull indifference to everything in life save hiding *des petits sous dans des gros bas*. Even rich peasants sleep among their cattle, and so they do, Lady Verney was assured, in many other parts of France excepting Normandy, where the subdivision of land is not so general.—Mr. C. S. Salmon thinks that "British Policy in West Africa" should have for its chief aim a good understanding with the Ashantees. It is only by an alliance with this superior race that civilisation can be widely extended on the Gold Coast.—Mr. Westlake, in his "England's Duty in Egypt"—a clever survey of the situation from a legal point of view—maintains that our best course will be to guarantee the Egyptian Debt (thus depriving foreign Powers of their present *locus standi*), and then let the country try to rule itself, supported only by the steady hand of our diplomatic representative.—Mrs. Christie pens a graceful introduction to the study of "Miss Burney's" much-neglected novels. We fancy change of name is in part the cause of the oblivion which has been the fate of the author of "Evelina." Mrs. Christie has even been asked in cultivated society what Miss Burney had to do with Madame d'Arbly.

The *Scottish Review* (A. Gardner: London and Paisley) opens well with a creditable choice of first-class articles. Of special interest at the present moment is a well-written paper on "The State of the Highlands," and next to this perhaps, another on "The Progress of Theology in Scotland." The "Summaries of Foreign Reviews" which follow the short notices of books is a most excellent and novel feature, for which the student cannot be too grateful.

In *Blackwood*, besides "The Ladies Lindores" and the first part of a romantic tale of the Far West, "A Singular Case," there is a charming notice of the autobiography of Alison, a man who seems to have learned more thoroughly than most men of his day the secret of happiness, and whose funeral, unbending Conservative as he was, was attended by half the working Radicals of Glasgow.—

"Four Months in Morocco" is a pleasant diary of travel, and "Notes of an Egyptian Campaigner" full of interest, especially when he tells certain tales for which we clearly should look in vain to ordinary histories of the war.

In the *Cornhill*, besides the serials, is a second chapter of "Voltaire in England," a country which he never ceased to love, though some have said he left it under a cloud. Another visitor of the eighteenth century, the Rev. C. Moritz, of Berlin, is made to tell most agreeably what he saw here, "England Political and Social, in 1782;" and there is a pretty sketch of a Basque Festival, with its curious contests of rustic improvisatori.



MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS.—Michael Watson has composed the music for three sentimental songs which will make their mark for a time: "A Vision of Love," published in D and F, is a really poetical poem, by Edward Oxenford, wedded to a pleasing melody.—"Where I Fain Would Be," the words by Adelaide Procter, is a very charming song of medium compass. The words of "When I Meet You," by C. Clifton Bingham, are vague and unfathomable; the music is very third-rate. Anybody may sing this song, as it is published in three keys.—"The Golden Thread," written and composed by Hugh Conway and Charles Gounod for the Birmingham Festival, met there with a favourable reception, thanks in a great measure to the refined and admirable singing of Madame Patey, for whom it was composed. The words, by the Rev. T. E. Brown, of "Rest," are truly pathetic, and appropriately allied to music by Handel. This song is published in E flat and in F.—It is gratifying to come across a song, "Two Children," which does not tell of their ill-treatment in this world as a passport to a better. Both words and music of this song, published in three keys, are replete with healthy sentiment; the former are by Mary Mark Lemon, the latter by A. H. Behrend: a long and prosperous career may be anticipated for it.—A tragic tale is told "In a Boat at Sea," words by Hugh Conway; music, which is of more than ordinary merit, by J. F. Barnett.—No. 9 of "Excerpts from the Pianoforte Works of the Great Masters" is "Allegro from the Second Suite of Handel," selected, edited, and fingered, with his usual skill and ability, by Walter Macfarren. An excellent study for the pianist is "Sonatina in F," by Gustav Merkel, which will please, not only the cultivated ear, but also students who are only just entering upon the school of classical music.—By the same composer is a tuneful, though somewhat commonplace "Barcarole, in A Minor" (No. 2 of Three Rondes).—We have before us a so-called "Simplified Edition" of "Marche Fantastique," for the piano by Herbert F. Sharpe, a showy and original piece.—From the same composer comes a spirited "Mazurka" (No. 2 of Three Dances).

MESSRS. METZLER AND CO.—A brace of songs by Mrs. Hemans, music by A. Goring Thomas, are decidedly out of the common; both are for a soprano, the compass of "A Breeze from the Shore" is more extensive than "A Song of Spain."—A song which will be asked for again and again, and always listened to with pleasure, is "Pictures in the Fire," by Messrs. F. E. Weatherly and J. L. Molloy.—For the barrack-room and masculine festivities in general, "Jack's New Yarn; or, Egypt," will prove a great success; the amusing words by C. Thomas and music by W. East are well calculated for Christmas gatherings, more especially as they have a unison chorus. A quaint and *piquante* song noteworthy for its brevity, consisting of but one short verse, is "I'm Longing for Something," written and composed by Maria E. H. Stisted. Many a young heart will respond to this sentiment.—"Behind the Clouds" is a well-written but tragical song, composed expressly for Madame Antoinette Sterling by J. M. Coward, but published in three keys, thus preventing her from making it her own.—No. I. of "Little Treasures," a selection of popular melodies, arranged by Michael Watson as pianoforte solos, is Virginia Gabriel's popular song "Ruby," a pleasing transcription suitable only for quite grown up fingers.—There is quite a rage for the mandoline just now, especially in Paris; consequently "Metzler and Co's Mandoline Tutor," by G. Luigi, which gives full and explicit directions for the study of this instrument so long known and popular in Naples and Milan, will be welcome to all who are taking it up.

THACKERAY AS AN ART CRITIC

In his assumed character of "Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh," Thackeray upon occasion undertook the office of Fine Art critic: a fact which seems to have escaped the attention of his industrious bibliographer. Forty years ago there appeared as a contribution to a magazine which, popular enough in its period, has long ceased to exist—"An Exhibition Gossip"—a Fine Art review, in the form of a letter, addressed by Mr. Titmarsh to his friend "Monsieur Guillaume, Peintre, à son Atelier, Rue de Monsieur, Faubourg St. Germain, Paris."

Mr. Titmarsh writes that he has visited the Salon, and has inspected the Trafalgar Square Exhibition of the year 1842, and he is happy to inform M. Guillaume that *ours* is the best, although he is careful to add that for many years past the superiority has been with Paris. "We have more good pictures in our 1,400 than you in your 3,000," he announces, while admitting that our painters have avoided, wisely as he thinks, the great historical "parades," the ambitious subjects and prodigious canvases which covered so much space in the Louvre. He explains that, unlike France, England has no Government museums to furnish, no galleries in chief towns of Departments to adorn, no painted chapels requiring fresh supplies of saints and martyrs. *Here Art, like everything else, is a matter of private enterprise, and our painters have to suit the small rooms of their customers, and provide such subjects as are likely to please them.* As Mr. Titmarsh explains: "If you were to make me a present of half a cartoon, or a prophet by Michael Angelo, or a Spanish martyrdom, I would turn the picture against the wall. Confess, if you had to live in a huge room with the Last Judgment at one end of it and the Death of Ananias at the other, would you not be afraid to remain alone—or at any rate long for a comfortable bare wall?" Every now and then the world produces one of the great daring geniuses who accomplish tremendous works of Art; but they come only seldom. "Heaven be thanked for it," exclaims Mr. Titmarsh; and he inquires of M. Guillaume, "Was there not a fervour in your youth when you had a plan of an epic, or at least of an heroic Michael-Angelesque picture? But the sublime rage fades as one grows older and cooler; and so the good sensible honest English painters for the most part content themselves with doing no more than they can."

But what in truth were they doing forty years ago, these good sensible honest English painters? Although we had no heroic canvases, it was not to be inferred that we did not cultivate a humbler sort of High Art: and M. Guillaume, as a painter of religious subjects, did not need to be informed that "humility might be even more sublime than greatness." Mr. Titmarsh found in almost all of Mr. Eastlake's works, "in spite of a little feebleness

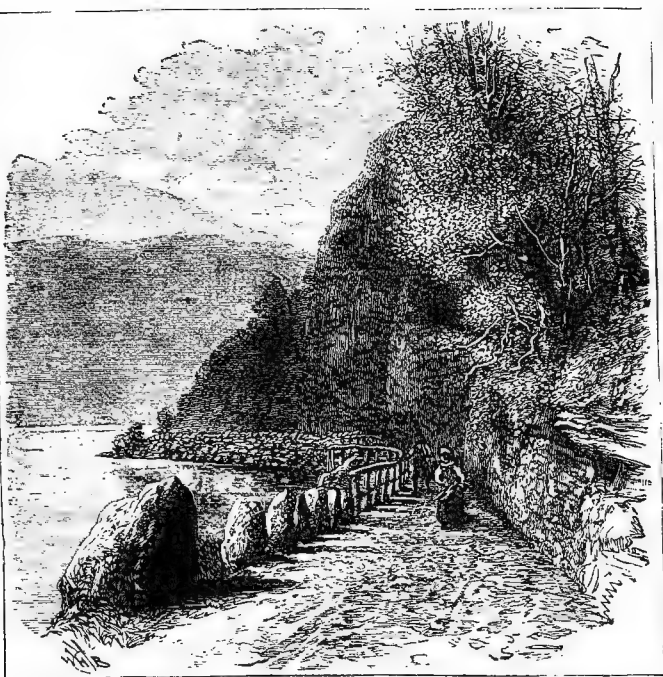
of hand and primness of mannerism, a quite angelic purity, so that no one could look upon his pictures without being touched and purified by them." Mr. Mulready's art was not inferior, although he usually occupied himself with homelier subjects. Mr. Titmarsh perceived a charm in Mr. Mulready's pictures quite independent of their exquisite drawing and beautiful colouring. "And what is it?" Mr. Titmarsh answers his own question when he says: "There is no foot rule that I know of to measure it; and the very wisest lecturer on Art might define and define and be not a whit nearer the truth. I can't tell you why I like to hear a blackbird sing; it is certainly not so clever as a piping bullfinch."

From Mulready Mr. Titmarsh passes to Leslie. "Nothing can be finer," he holds, "than the comedy of the scene from *Twelfth Night*, more joyous, frank, manly, laughter-moving;—or more tender and grave and naïf than the picture of Queen Katherine and her attendant. . . . Some painters, skilled in the painting of such knickknacks, overpower their pieces with 'properties,' guitars, old armour, flower-jugs, curtains, and what not. The very chairs and tables in the picture of Queen Katherine have a noble simple arrangement about them; they look sad and stately, and cast great dreary shadows—they will lighten up a little, doubtless, when the girl begins to sing." And then Mr. Edwin Landseer! The artist had been sometimes accused of want of poetry; a sort of aristocrat among painters he had seemed to say, "I care for my dog and my gun; I'm an English country gentleman, and poetry is beneath me." Mr. Titmarsh owned that sometimes Mr. Landseer's dogs, birds, deer, wild ducks, and so forth had been painted to a pitch of desperate perfection—elegant, beautiful, well appointed, perfect models for grace and manner—"like some of the English dandies that one sees, who never can be brought to pass the limits of a certain polite smile and decorous sensible insipidity." It was a comfort to perceive that a man of genius who was a poet *would* be one sometimes. Here were a couple of noble poetical pieces from Mr. Landseer's pencil. The "Otter and Trout" had something awful about it; the hunted stag panting through the water and startling up the wild fowl was a beautiful and touching poem. Mr. Titmarsh wished that he could send across the Channel as examples of English Art these two pictures—with some others—a few Etties, a few golden landscapes of Callcott, and Mr. Maclise's "Hamlet."

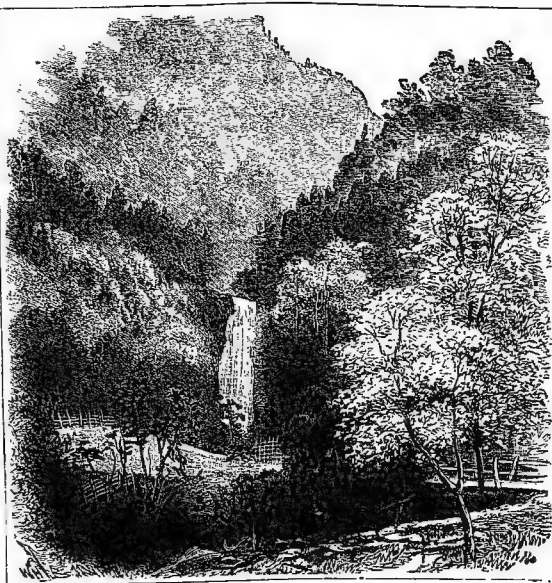
Maclise's reputation hardly stands where it did; it has, indeed, gravely declined and fallen. Even while he still lived the painter found his works much less valued than once they had been. But forty years ago, as Mr. Titmarsh states, "if you saw a crowd before a picture it was sure to be his; and with all the faults people found, no one could go away without a sort of wonder at the prodigious talent of this gentleman. Sometimes it was mere wonder; now it was wonder and pleasure too." Mr. Titmarsh accounted the "Hamlet" Mr. Maclise's best picture, and for the honour of Old England wished it could be transferred from Trafalgar Square to the Louvre. "It would show French artists who are accustomed to sneer at the drawing of the English school that we have a man whose power of drawing is greater than that of any artist among you—of any artist that ever lived, I should like to venture to say." The critic found it vain to describe such a work by means of pen and ink. It was a noble poetic delineation of the awful story. "Fancy Hamlet ungarbed, lying on the ground, looking into the very soul of King Claudius, who writhes under the play of Gonzago. Fancy the Queen perplexed and sad (she does not know of the murder), and poor Ophelia, and Polonius, with his staff, pottering over the tragedy; and Horatio, and all sorts of knights and ladies, looking wondering on. Fancy, in the little theatre, the King asleep; a lamp in front casts a huge forked fantastic shadow over the scene—a shadow that looks like a horrible devil in the background that is grinning and aping the murder. Fancy ghastly flickering tapestries of Cain and Abel on the walls, and all this painted with the utmost force, truth, and dexterity—fancy all this, and then you will have not the least idea of one of the most startling wonderful pictures that this English school has ever produced."

Maclise was then "at the head of the young men;" and "although you and I, my dear Guillaume," Mr. Titmarsh writes, "are both old, and while others are perpetually deploring the past, I think it is a consolation to see that the present is better, and to argue that the future may be better still. . . . I can remember once when Westall seemed really worth looking at, when a huge black exaggeration of Northcote or Opie struck me as mighty fine, and Mr. West seemed a most worthy President of our Academy. Confess now that the race who succeeded them did better than they; and, indeed, the young men, if I may be permitted to hint such a thing, do better still. . . . A finer taste is more general among them than existed some thirty years back, and a purer, humbler, truer love of Nature." Mr. Titmarsh was indulging in some exaggeration as to his age: Thackeray was but nine years old when West died in 1820. Of the other contributors to the Exhibition of 1842, Messrs. Cope, Redgrave, Herbert, and Stone are pleasantly mentioned, and Mr. Webster is much applauded for his picture of boys returning to school after the holidays. "Breakfast is hurried over (a horrid early breakfast), the trunk is packed; papa is pulling on his boots, there is the coach coming down the hill, and the guard blowing his pitiless horn. All the little girls are gathered round their brothers; the elder is munching a biscuit, and determined to be a man; but the younger, whom the little sister of all has got by the hand, can't bear the parting, and is crying his eyes out. I quarrel with Mr. Webster for making one laugh at the boy and giving him a comic face. I say that no man who has experienced it has a right to laugh at such a sorrow." And Mr. Titmarsh recalls the anguish of the first night at school. "Life has sorrows enough, God knows, but, I swear, none like that! Those bitter, bitter tears at night as you lay awake in the silence, poor little lonely boy, yearning after love and home! I was thinking about all this as I looked at Mr. Webster's picture, and behold it turned itself into an avenue of lime trees, and a certain old stile that led to a stubble field; and it was evening about the 14th of September, and after dinner (how that last glass of wine used to choke and burn in the throat!) and presently, a mile off, you heard horribly distinct the whirring of the well-known Defiance coach. It was up in a moment—the trunk on the roof, and—bah! from that day I can't bear to see mothers and children parting."

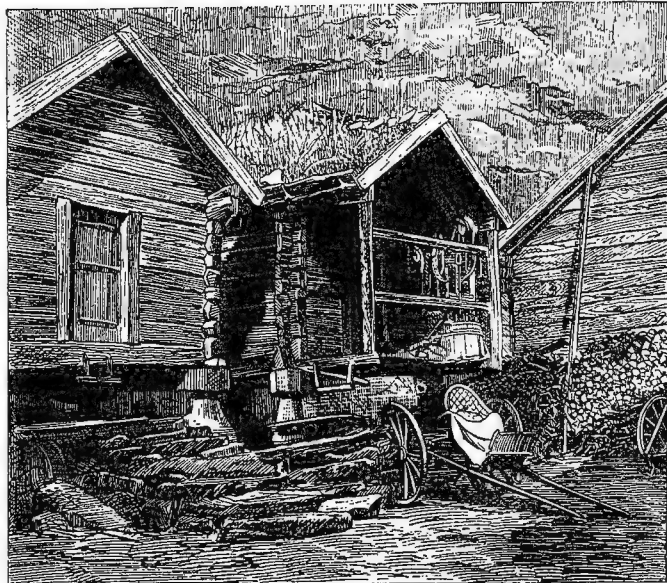
There were several "ogling beauties" by Mr. Chalon; a drawing of Rachel, "quite curious for its cleverness and unlikeness," and of Mrs. Charles Kean, "one of the most chaste and refined of our actresses, who is represented as a killing coquette, and so Mr. Kean may be thankful that the portrait does not in the least resemble his lady." There was Mr. Partridge's portrait of Her Majesty painted for King Louis Philippe. "Perhaps the French Court might have had a more favourable representation of the Queen." Mr. Briggs exhibited his Archbishop, "a noble head and picture;" Mr. S. Lawrence his Attorney-General, "excellently drawn and fine in character." Mr. Lawrence was by and by to take Mr. Titmarsh's own portrait. There were beautiful ladies by Mr. Francis Grant, and his "Lord Cardigan" was pronounced a fine painting and portrait. Of the Duke of Wellington Mr. Titmarsh, to his amazement, could find but one portrait; "indeed," he comments, "it must be a weary task to the good-natured and simple old nobleman to give up to artists the use of his brave face as he is so often called upon to do." He appeared in a group of brethren in arms, called "The Heroes of Waterloo"—a cleverly managed picture, difficult to treat because of the quantity of indispensable vermillion, with good likenesses. "All the warriors assembled are smiling to a man, and in the background is a picture of Napoleon, who is smiling too—and this is surely too great a stretch of good nature." D. C.



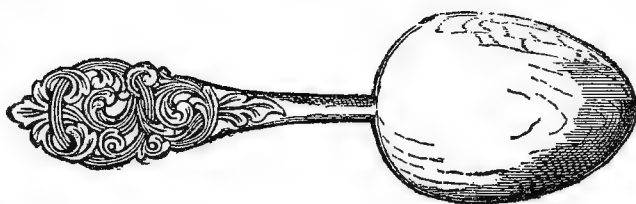
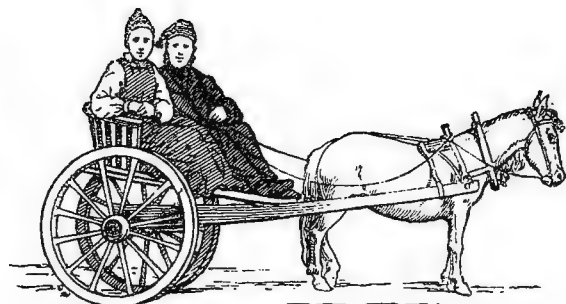
GRAVENS VAND, NEAR EIDE



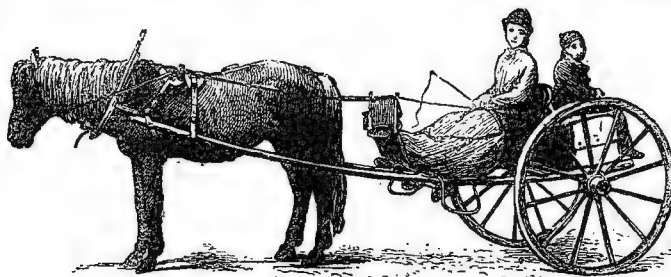
WATERFALL ON THE OLD ROAD, EIDE



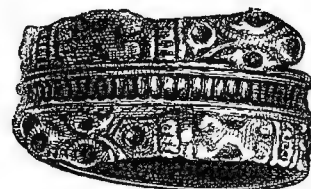
OLD HOUSES, HUSUM

WOODEN SPOON FROM STEUFLATTEN
(Half the Actual Size)

A STOLKJÆRRE



A CARRIOLE

PEASANT'S SILVER FINGER RING
(Double the Actual Size)

VERMAFOS



GUDVANGEN

"NORWAY IN JUNE"

BY OLIVIA M. STONE

"NORWAY IN JUNE"*

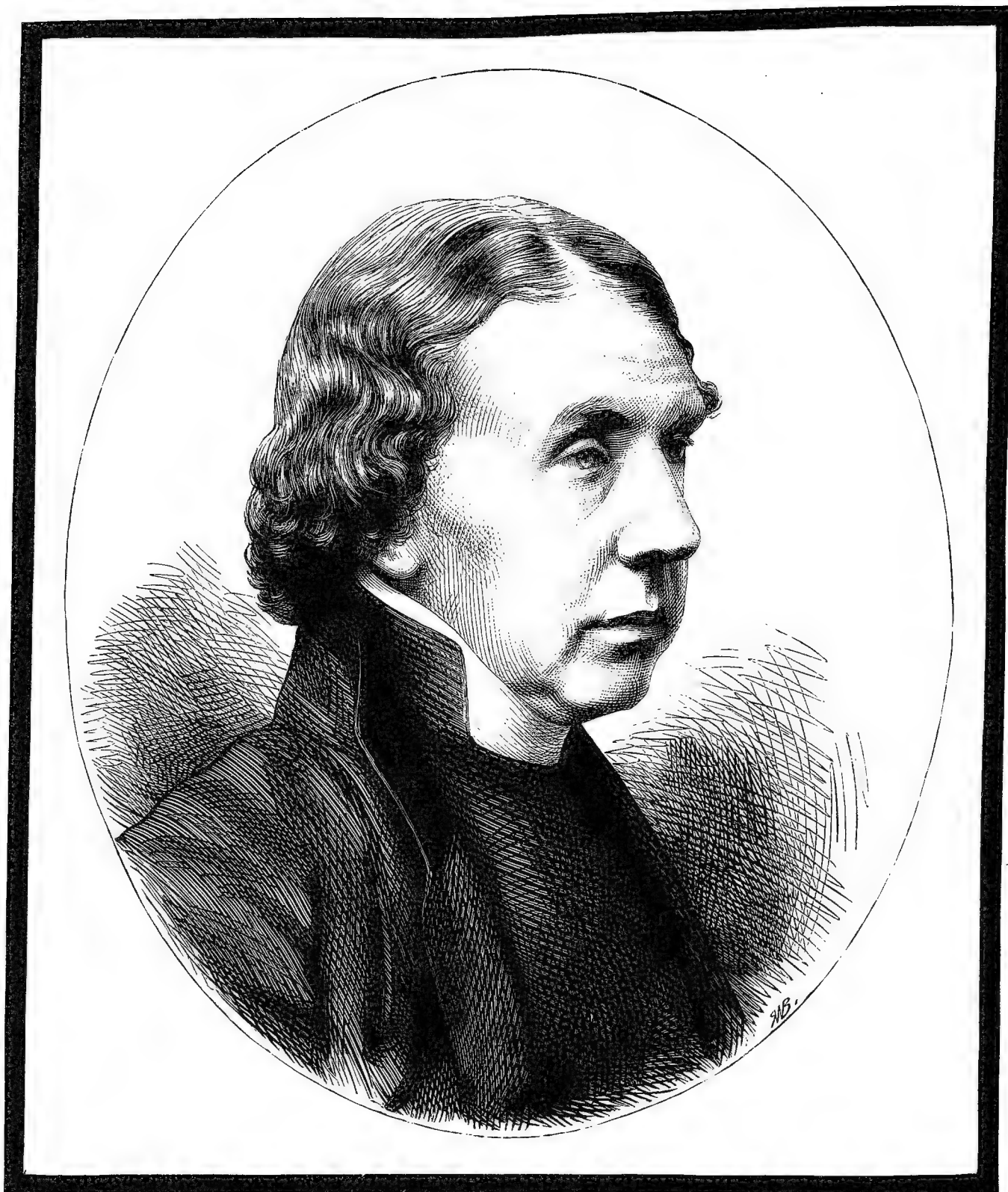
THIS book will be welcomed as both useful and interesting. The number of persons who take their annual holiday in Norway is largely on the increase, and yet the would-be traveller experiences considerable difficulty in gathering together that practical information which so greatly lightens the burden of any one undertaking a Norwegian trip for the first time. Of course there is the ever useful Murray and Baedeker, and Bennett's well-known handbook, but Mrs. Olivia M. Stone, in "Norway in June," does more than merely lay down skeleton routes, or afford cut-and-dried guide-book information. Taking the reader with her throughout her journey, she gives him her experiences at every station, her impressions of people and places by the way, her daily expenses, and every possible incident which may prove of use or interest to the traveller. Here a wedding is described, there a country Court of Assizes, and there again the features of a peasant's household. Now we are bowling along in a carriole or stolkjærre, then again we are being rowed across some lake by sturdy Norwegian boatmen, or steaming up a picturesque fjord in company with quaint-costumed market folk. Not that Mrs. Stone's work must be regarded as in any way a mere guide-book. To those who may never dream of going to Norway it will prove exceedingly interesting, giving, as it does, a bright,

lively account of Norwegian manners and customs and of the chief features of the grand scenery to be found there at every turn. The illustrations, of which we reproduce a few on the above page, are engraved from photographs taken by the author's husband. Mrs. Stone's trip comprised a circular tour from Christiania to Molde and back, and from its manifest success we cannot do better than recommend our readers to follow in her footsteps, as the district traversed is one of the most picturesque in Norway. By land Mrs. Stone and her husband journeyed either in the inevitable carriole, a somewhat solitary conveyance, as it only holds one passenger and the *skydsgut*, or postboy, or in the more sociable stolkjærre, which will carry two passengers. Both these conveyances are shown in the illustrations. Another engraving depicts one of the best-known waterfalls in Norway, the Vermafos, in the Romsdal Valley. The Vermafos forms a triple fall in a triple leap before joining the River Rauma.

"It first appears," Mrs. Stone tells us, "coming over the cliffs as one waterfall; lower down, where we crossed it, it separates into two, and these two subdivide into three distinct falls." Another fall Mr. Stone photographed was one on a much smaller scale near Eide, on the old road to Vossevangen. It lies on the south side of a beautifully wooded valley enclosed by lofty hills. The fall is not more than 150 feet high, but issuing, as it does, apparently directly from the midst of graceful silver birch trees and lofty pines, the effect is altogether charming. It reminds one a little of the Torc

Waterfall at Killarney. A second view near Eide was a new road along the edge of the lake, which had been cut or rather blasted out of the solid rock which previously sloped down to the margin of the lake. Next in order of our illustrations comes Gudvangen, a village on the Næro fjord. There the sea has been retreating, or rather the land has been encroaching, so that the valley is gradually gaining upon the fjords, and this, Mrs. Stone incidentally remarks, is more or less the case in all the fjords. Every valley has a river, and the deltas they form are slowly but surely filling up the fjords. Some picturesque old outhouses, with balconies, broad eaves, and quaint staircases were photographed at Husum, on the borders of the Borgund valley, and near the far-famed Borgund Church. The finger ring depicted will give an idea of the style of the silver ornaments worn by the peasants. The rings are of silver roughly chased over, and are frequently purchased by male tourists for securing their scarves. The wooden spoon is from Steuflatten, and the tracing on it is somewhat Celtic in character. The peasants spend much of their time in carving and knitting during the winter, and are only too pleased to sell the results of their labour at a low price. In an appendix Mrs. Stone gives a daily itinerary of her tour, a list of things needful for a lady undertaking a trip to Norway, and of her husband's photographic apparatus, and a tabulated account of their expenses, from which we learn that the tour occupied five weeks, embraced 2,382½ miles, and cost for herself and her husband the not exorbitant sum of 52*l.* 15*s.* 5*d.*

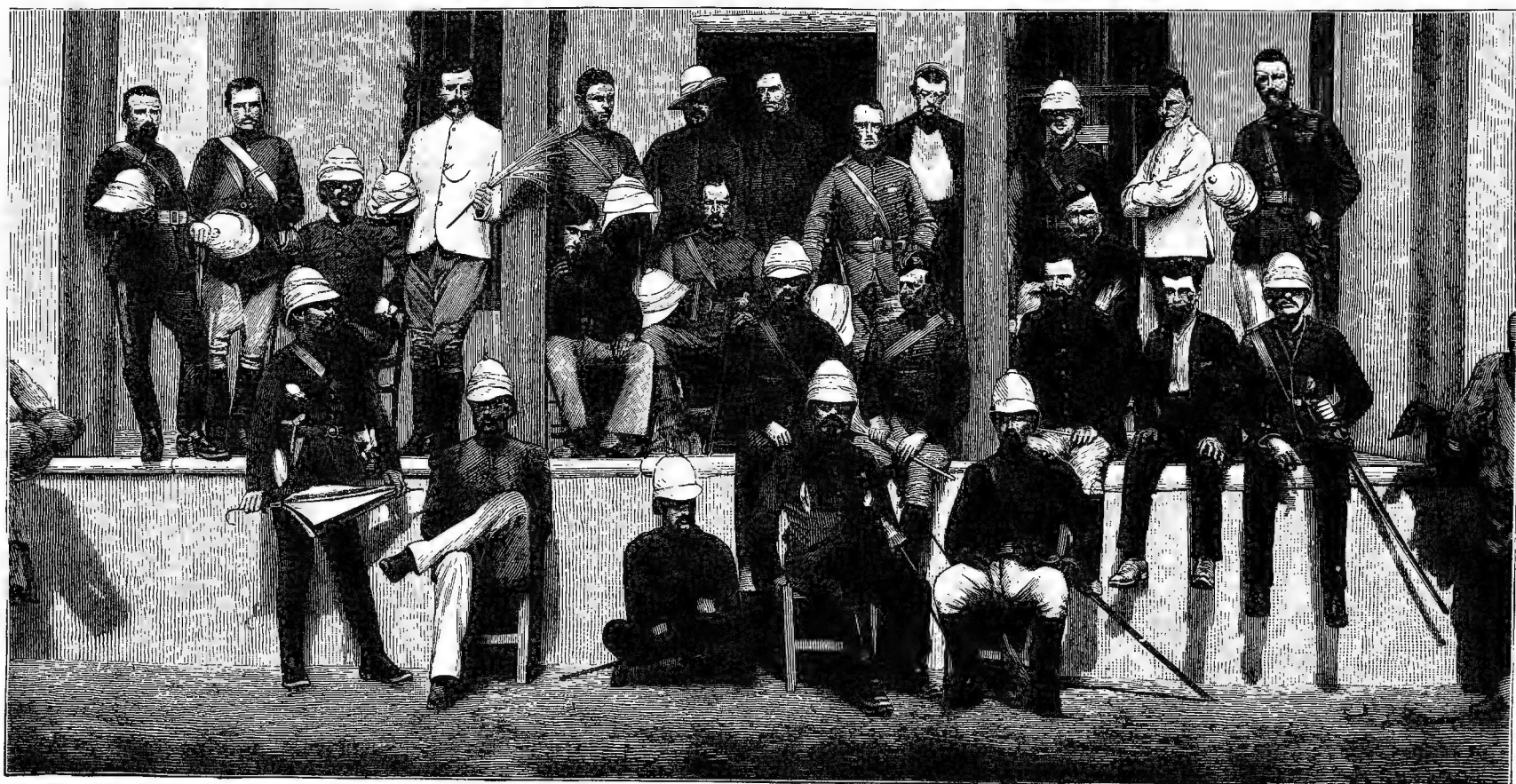
* "Norway in June," by Olivia M. Stone (Marcus Ward and Co.).



BORN AT EDINBURGH DEC. 22, 1811

DIED AT CROYDON, SURREY, DEC. 3, 1882

THE MOST REV. ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL TAIT, D.D.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND



THE RECENT CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT—A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS
PHOTOGRAPHED AT CAIRO



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

Mr. Penryn pieced together the fragments of the newspaper, and arranged them on the table.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XLV.

NOT TO BE CONVINCED.

THERE are two ways of living out of the world while one is still of it. The one is to be bed-ridden; the other is to be in prison. As in health we rarely dream of the one case, so in honour we hardly think of the other. But one man's life overlaps that of his fellows without dovetailing, and the affairs of others become our own, whether we will or no. It would have seemed incredible that, to that innocent household at the Knoll, the subject of crime should ever become familiar. Yet it came to pass that, though little was talked about it (for the topic was too painful), little else was thought about for weeks and months by every member of the family; and with one of them Time the Healer brought no "surcease of pain."

On the morning after Trenna's departure Dr. Meade dropped in upon his professional rounds, and met Mark at the entrance-gate.

"I have good news from town, my lad, this morning," cried the visitor cheerfully.

"Thank Heaven for that," answered Mark, with brightening face. "What is it?"

"Well, they say we shall have him down here, in a week at farthest."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mark, wondering why in that case Kit had sent for Trenna. "But who are 'they?'"

"Well, the doctors, of course. Mogadion air will no doubt be his best specific, and they predict he will be fit to travel—if he keeps his present rate of progress—by this day week. But you must expect to see the poor lad changed, Mark."

"He will be the same to us, and more welcome than ever," answered Mark, kindly; but his heart reproached him for the duplicity of his lips. What he said, indeed, was true enough; but his mind was so full of Kit that up to that moment he had not given a thought to Frank, or suspected that it was he of whom the other spoke.

"You will tell your mother and Maude, as I have no time to stop," continued the Doctor; "and I am sure Trenna will be as pleased as either of them."

Trenna had become a favourite with the Doctor since his interview with her on her exodus from the Grey House; and, it may be added, since he had become convinced that his son had no matrimonial intentions in that quarter.

Mark was so sick with disappointment that he suffered the Doctor to go upon his way without the information that Trenna had left the Knoll. Hardly had his fast-trotting cob trotted away than the Rector drove up to the door. His face was sad, and the tone was very grave in which he asked the old servant whether Mark was at home.

"I wish to see him," he said, "in private."

He was at once ushered into the dining-room.

"You have news of Kit," cried Mark directly he saw his face; "bad news?"

"Well, yes. Were you expecting any?"

"I was."

"Thank Heaven! It will not, then, be such a blow to you as I expected. Where is poor Trenna?"

"She is gone to join her brother."

"Impossible."

"What do you mean? Do you suppose she would not join him, whatever was the matter? Do you suppose I shall not join him? What is the matter? Are you dumb?"

"Then he does not know, after all," muttered the Rector. "Well, it is a long story, Mark, as well as a very, very sad one. I read it this morning in the paper here. It may not be true, you know. Let us hope it is not; but—"

Mark had snatched the newspaper from the Rector's hand, and his eye had caught the fatal heading, "Committal of Christopher Garston, a City Director, to Newgate for Felony."

"It is false," he cried; "false as hell."

The expression coming from such a mouth as Mark's had tenfold its intensity.

"Hush, hush," said his old tutor, reprovingly.

But Mark did not hear him. He pulled out his watch, and thrust it back again into his pocket. "The express has gone; there are twelve hours lost," he cried despairingly.

"It is quite as well, Mark, that you have some time to think before you act," observed the Rector gravely.

"What! You think him guilty?" answered the other vehemently. "You were always ready to think badly of him. That is because you do not know Christopher Garston. He has not been your friend, as he has been mine. You do not owe your life, your honour, to him as I do. As for wrong-doing, Kit is incapable of it. I would rather believe it of myself; the thing is monstrous. Yet what must the dear fellow be suffering! My poor dear Kit!"

"You had better read what is said about him, Mark—nay, what is proved about him."

"What do I care what knaves may swear, and fools may write? Let them puff against him; Kit 'stands four-square to every wind that blows.'"

"Still, you have not read it."

With an exclamation of disgust and contempt Mark held the newspaper at arm's length before him, and read as follows:—

"On Tuesday last Christopher Garston, Manager of the Cook's Creek Mining Company, and a provisional director of it, was charged at the Guildhall with stealing property of great value from Mr. Flesker, the well-known jeweller of Lombard Street. The prosecutor stated that in November last the prisoner had called in a carriage in company with a lady, and had some conversation with him on the subject of precious stones. He had selected a diamond of great beauty and rarity, to which also an historical value was attached, being, as was supposed, one of *Les Douces Mazarins*, once belonging to the Crown of France. It weighed no less than 17 carats, and the sum at which he (Mr. Flesker) offered it for sale was 2,000*l.* The prisoner said that it was beyond his means, and contented himself with purchasing a few trifling articles which he requested to be sent to him to the care of Mr. Braithwaite, a well-known merchant in the City, but residing in Portman Square. The mention of Mr. Braithwaite's name would have been in itself sufficient to do away with all suspicion, but the prisoner's manners impressed the prosecutor so favourably—the lady, of middle age, but very fashionably attired, who accompanied him, appeared so respectable, and the carriage in which they came so well appointed, that in fact no suspicion entered into his mind. The lady herself took little interest in the purchases, but gave her attention to a handsome camellia which happened to be standing in a china jar in the prosecutor's window. Before leaving the shop the prisoner asked once again to see the diamond, and on Mr. Flesker opening the drawer into which, as he felt confident, he had placed it after its previous examination, he found that the jewel was missing. Nothing could exceed the anxiety and chagrin evinced by the two visitors. They assisted in the search with the utmost apparent concern, and on its proving fruitless, the prisoner thus expressed himself: 'You will be good enough, Mr. Flesker, to send to the office in the City of which I am manager, and where Mr. Braithwaite will be found, to prove my identity, and in the mean time I insist upon this lady and myself being searched in order to satisfy your own mind.'

"His wishes were accordingly complied with. Mr. Flesker himself thoroughly searched the prisoner, while the housekeeper performed the same office for the lady; but the diamond was not in the possession of either of them. A clerk from Mr. Braithwaite's presently arrived, who proved that Mr. Garston was the person he had represented himself to be, and all suspicion of the prisoner was removed from Mr. Flesker's mind.

"The next day the prisoner came again, alone, to inquire whether the missing jewel had been discovered. He expressed the deepest sorrow for what had happened, and spoke of the lady, a dear old friend, as being seriously indisposed on account of what had happened. 'It is very hard upon her,' he said, 'who came here at my request, and for whom jewels have no attraction. She would rather have a camellia such as that than the finest diamond in the world, and, if you have no objection, I should like to buy it for her.' The prosecutor stated that the flower was not for sale, but since the lady had fallen in love with it, and was undergoing such unmerited suffering, he was very willing that she should have it. The prisoner objected that he could accept no favour of Mr. Flesker while he was labouring under such a calamity as the loss of the diamond, which, moreover, must seem connected in some way with his own previous visit, but in the end he took the flower with the china jar in which it stood. But it was now the theory of the prosecution that, as the prisoner's accomplice, this woman had contrived to steal the diamond, and to place it, while pretending to admire the camellia, in the mould of the pot, so that she had eventually become possessed of the stolen property by the prosecutor's own act.

"For many months, however, the whole affair was shrouded in mystery, till early in the present month, when the missing diamond once more made its appearance under the following circumstances:—

"An elderly stout man, an Englishman, called at the shop of M. Baine, a jeweller, in the Rue Vivienne, Paris, and took from his scarf a small gold pin, with a very handsome diamond, which he offered for sale. The poorness of the setting—for the pin itself was almost valueless, in comparison with the richness of the gem—attracted the jeweller's attention.

"'You wish to have this reset, I suppose,' he observed.

"'On the contrary,' returned the stranger, 'I wish to sell it if I can do so at a good figure. It was an heirloom in my family, and I do not know its exact value, but I am told it is worth a great deal of money.'

"'To this M. Baine assented. 'Indeed it is worth so much that I cannot tell you its value offhand,' he said; 'moreover, I have very few customers for such a jewel.'

"What passed through his mind was that the stranger hardly seemed of a rank to have become possessed of such a diamond by inheritance, and that at all events he should not feel justified in bidding for it without further inquiries.

"'In that case,' said the stranger, 'you had better keep the pin for a few days, when I will call again and hear how much you are prepared to give for it; I shall not, however, part with it under 1,400*l.*'

"Whereupon he departed, leaving the pin behind him, and giving his address as 'Mr. Shaw,' lodging at the Hotel de Suisse, which was in the neighbourhood.

"Every jeweller of repute keeps a ledger, in which is set down a description of any jewel of note which has fallen into bad hands—they are almost as difficult, indeed, to pass as are stolen notes, of which the numbers are posted at every Bank, and M. Baine had a book of this description. At the first glance at the diamond he had his suspicion that he had seen it described in the book in question; and further investigation of it convinced him of the fact. Its weight and appearance coincided exactly with the description of the jewel stolen from Lombard Street during the previous November. He accordingly telegraphed at once to Mr. Flesker, who came to Paris the next day, identified the diamond as his property, and put himself in connection with the French police; from that time a detective was always on the watch at M. Baine's establishment; he remained in a back room in company with Mr. Flesker, awaiting the reappearance of Mr. Shaw. This room had a glass door which looked into the shop. In a week after the ring had been left in the jeweller's hands, an Englishman—the prisoner, Christopher Garston—called, requesting to look at some large diamonds. He was shown the one in question, and expressed a wish to purchase it. The sum which M. Baine had decided to ask for it was 1,500*l.*; this the prisoner undertook to give. Upon being told that the owner had left the

jewel on sale, he left his name and address, and promised he would return on the morrow to complete the purchase, supposing that the terms should be agreeable to Mr. Shaw. On leaving the shop he was arrested at the instance of Mr. Flesker, who had recognised him him through the glass door.

"What had happened was just what the police had anticipated. They were convinced, since Shaw had failed to sell the diamond in the first instance, that some confederate of his would call and bid for it, and having done so, Shaw would calculate upon getting the money *minus* M. Baine's commission. There would have been no reason why the jeweller should hesitate, since, even if the intending purchaser should break his promise, the jewel would remain in his possession, while the price he had paid for it was far below its value. There would have been a difficulty, under the French law, in arresting the prisoner as a confederate, but for Mr. Flesker's identification of him with the man who had been connected with the original disappearance of the diamond. As soon as he was in custody, however, many corroborative circumstances came to light. In the first place, Shaw was missing; he had left his hotel that very morning and had not returned for his luggage; it was, therefore, reasonably argued that he had been aware of Garston's visit to the jeweller, and was cognisant—had probably been a witness—of his capture. The landlord of the Hotel de Suisse proved that Garston had visited Shaw on several occasions. The name that Garston had given was a false one, under which he was residing in very splendid apartments at the Grand Hotel. Under these circumstances a warrant had been procured, and the prisoner taken to London. What was especially dwelt upon by the prosecution was the nature and appearance of the diamond, which it was impossible that any one acquainted with such matters, as the prisoner by his own admission was proved to be, could mistake. Yet, when M. Baine had offered it to him for sale, he had made no sign of recognition of it, and put questions that would seem to imply an utter ignorance of its peculiarities. Then, again, it was shown that the prisoner when he went to Paris was short of money; had certainly not 1,500*l.* in his possession, nor anything approaching to that sum, and that he was in especial need of 1,000*l.* for the purpose of purchasing certain shares in the Cook's Creek mine, the proprietorship of which would qualify him as a Director of the Company. The evidence on this part of the matter had been obtained with difficulty, and was damaging to the interests of the mine itself. The Company, on the whole, had stuck by their Manager; Mr. Braithwaite, in particular, has expressed his fullest confidence in the prisoner's innocence, and had offered to become his bail.

"But such was the mass of testimony against him, and so serious the offence with which he was charged, that bail had been refused."

Such, in brief, was the narrative which Mark Medway read in the paper before him; but it scarcely produced a more distinct impression upon his brain than some evil dream leaves on the waking sense. As in that case, too, the latest impression was the strongest. Mark found himself repeating aloud the last words of the report. "The prisoner, who was undefended, maintained a resolute demeanour, and when asked whether he had anything to say in answer to the charge, observed smilingly that 'it seemed useless for the present to say anything; but that he had never had possession of Mr. Flesker's diamond, save when that gentleman had himself placed it in his hand.'"

"What a frightful mistake! What a terrible position for poor dear Kit!" ejaculated Mark, looking at the Rector with horror-struck eyes.

"A terrible position, indeed," assented Mr. Penryn.

"It could be hardly worse if he were guilty," continued the young man, striding up and down the room excitedly. "Only conceive what a proud spirit like his must have suffered! And yet he would not pain us by one word of it; it was only at the very last he sent for Trenna, and even then he did not reveal the truth."

"Just so," said the Rector naively. "It would have spared you all a great shock, and been better for everybody if he had been more open."

"But what was there to be open about?" inquired Mark indignantly. "The whole affair is a series of unfortunate coincidences. Kit never had the diamond in his possession, save for an instant when Mr. Flesker himself placed it in his hands. Those are his very words."

"He had a diamond in his possession," observed the Rector quietly, "of a very peculiar kind and of great value; you told me so yourself."

"Certainly," admitted Mark with vehemence, "I have seen it. It was given to him by the Board of Management of his Company. Though they had not known him so long as other people I could mention, they were better judges of his character, and had the fullest confidence in his integrity."

"Heaven grant that it may not have been misplaced," said the Rector fervently.

"I have not the slightest apprehension of that kind," was the cold reply; "any suggestion to the contrary, born of malice and ill-nature, is most offensive to me, nor under this roof, at all events, will I permit it to be uttered."

"Mark, Mark, you mistake me altogether," returned the Rector with heightened colour. "Heaven knows that neither malice nor ill-nature are actuating me. I am as desirous that Christopher Garston may prove himself innocent of this disgraceful charge as you can be. But what are the facts?"

"I do not wish to discuss them, Mr. Penryn," said Mark coldly. "I will not hear, I will not know, the man who would distort them to my friend's prejudice."

"Distort them—why, bless my soul!—but here is your mother." That lady had entered the room, attracted by her son's loud tones, and was gazing from one to the other of the two actors in this little drama in stupefied amazement.

"My dear Mrs. Medway, I must ask you to judge between me and Mark. I will not plead my own cause, but simply refer you to that newspaper. I am not Christopher Garston's accuser, but it surely justifies me—"

Mark snatched the paper, and tore it in a dozen pieces. "My mother's mind shall not be poisoned by any such lies," he exclaimed. "If this was my own house, Mr. Penryn, I should ask you to leave it; as it is my mother's, not mine, I can only take the next best course open to me."

Whereupon he walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SUBPÆNA.

MR. PENRYN, though a divine, was human, and poor Mark's injudicious advocacy of his friend's interests did not certainly induce the Rector to take a more favourable view of Kit's position. He stated his opinion upon that matter to Mrs. Medway without any of the doubts and aspirations he had previously employed in the way of mitigation; and having pieced together the fragments of the newspaper, arranged them on the table, and bade that lady use her own reason. It was as though the judge's summing-up should precede the evidence, and was certainly not a fair way of putting the case, but then, when we are angry, few of us are fair.

Mrs. Medway, thus manipulated, began by asserting that Kit's guilt was incredible and impossible, then took the lower ground of "she would never have thought it," and eventually assented to the general proposition that "people are not committed to Newgate, without bail, for nothing."

In her mother's heart she resented the long intimacy of this guilt-smirched man (for such he already was, whatever happened) with her dear ones, and especially his late attempt (which now seemed both desperate and audacious) to win her daughter's love. But nevertheless she felt great distress and pity for the young fellow.

"It may be a mistake, Mr. Penryn," she pleaded, "after all, you know, and he was so pleasant and charming that we all loved him. Nor was it only that," she added, when the Rector pursed his lips and shook his head (as though he would have said, "it was the serpent's beauty, and not the fruit, which tempted Eve"), "but he has laid us under the greatest obligations."

"To be sure. I remember he saved Maud from drowning. That was certainly a feather in his cap. No one denies his courage, however. Indeed, throughout this affair" (here he pointed to the newspaper) "we find Danton's—was it Danton's?—advice in practice, *l'audace, et l'audace, et toujours l'audace.*"

It is strange when a man is down how his very virtues are quoted to his disadvantage; but that was not the reflection which occurred to Mrs. Medway.

There was another matter, she said, equally to Kit's credit (she was thinking of Mark's love affair), and in which he had done her and hers the greatest service.

"Oh, indeed," said the Rector, who was so far gone in partisanship by this time that if he had had the facts before him he would probably have suggested that Kit had wanted to marry Miss Finch himself.

"No doubt Christopher Garston had his good points. Otherwise he would not have obtained such influence—an influence I have always deprecated—over your son."

This thrust, which was intended for a body blow, had not altogether the effect intended upon its object.

"To be sure; that of itself is a certificate of Kit's good principle; he must be right in the main. It is therefore impossible—however black things look against him—"

"Look against him! He is committed for Newgate."

"Great heavens—yes—I had forgotten—poor dear Trenna!" Here, to the Rector's amazement, Mrs. Medway burst into tears.

Self-reproach had suddenly seized her, for the truth was, in her excitement upon Kit's account, and on that of her son, the fact of Trenna's having gone to join her brother had for the moment escaped her memory. "She left us yesterday, thinking he was in lodgings somewhere; think of that unhappy girl alone in London!"

"Alone, and her brother in gaol!" exclaimed the Rector. "This is indeed terrible news. Do you know her address?"

Mrs. Medway nodded; speechless with excitement, but by no means stupefied, she was ransacking her desk for a telegraph form.

"What are you going to do?" he inquired.

"I shall let her know, of course, that help and friends are coming at once—to-morrow."

"Quite right—a noble woman. Be so good as to say that if my presence can be of the least service to her—she used to despise us poor parsons, but we are not so unmindful of our duties as she imagines—I will come to her willingly, gladly."

"I am sure you would, Mr. Penryn; but Mark will of course accompany myself and Maud. Nothing would keep him here with Kit in trouble elsewhere."

"Just so; but why not wait for the second post? No time will be lost by doing that, since Trenna will be sure to write."

This reasonable suggestion was adopted, and in the mean time Mrs. Medway and her daughter began to make their preparations for departure. Mark had already communicated to his sister what had happened, accompanied by many vehement invectives against the witnesses, the magistrates, and the law itself. "Of course," he ended, "I shall go to town by the next express."

"And of course mamma and I will go with you, Mark," was Maud's reply. "Your thoughts are engrossed by Kit, as well they may be, poor fellow; but we must not forget that dear Trenna has not a friend in London."

"Quite true; my mother will go, of course—but you—"

"And why not I?" put in the girl indignantly. "I should be ashamed to stay here in comfort, while Trenna is in distress and her brother in danger."

"You are thinking of Trenna more than of poor Kit, though," sighed Mark reproachfully. He had been distressed and pained by Maud's rejection of his friend, which had been communicated to him by his mother, and now that Kit was in such great and unmerited trouble, the recollection of it was wormwood.

"You do me wrong, Mark," said Maud with dignity. "I would do anything to serve the man who saved my life, and who is my brother's friend; and I can serve him best by serving Trenna."

Mark was touched, and thanked her. Still it was little better than instinct in a nature such as Maud's to stand by a wronged and innocent man; what he would have preferred to hear from her lips was an avowal of her love, which he well knew would be the greatest solace and pledge of loyalty he could convey to Kit. If he had suspected Maud's attachment to Frank Meade, he would certainly have attributed her willingness to go to town to another cause to that which in truth animated her. His affection for Kit was such that he was not at present in a condition to judge any one whose interests or prejudices were in any way opposed to him; and so bitterly did he resent the want of faith expressed by his old friend and tutor in Kit's integrity, that he would not go down stairs till the Rector had left the house.

By the evening's post, as Mr. Penryn had anticipated, there arrived a letter from Trenna; the fact of its being addressed to Mark aroused no surprise, for though, under ordinary circumstances, she might have been expected to have written to her late hostess, or to Maud, the condition of affairs, and Mark's known affection for her brother, sufficiently explained her choice. The contents of the letter, however, though marked "Private and confidential," were evidently intended for the whole family, and filled them with the utmost amazement and alarm.

"Care of Mrs. Tindall, Ludgate Hill.

"MY DEAR MARK,—

"I send you a newspaper, which will relate the great calamity which has befallen my dearest brother, without explaining or accounting for it. Neither can I here explain it, but must needs trust to your great love and knowledge of him to form a just conclusion. I must trust to them likewise for something more."

"I know that your first thought on learning where he is, and in what strait, will prompt your coming to town; and it is just possible that the kind hearts of your dear mother and sister may prompt them too, for my sake, if not for his, to adopt a similar course. It may be presumption in me to anticipate this, but I am compelled to pre-suppose such a contingency since it is *absolutely necessary and essential to his interests* that you do not do so. I have seen him and talked to him; we were watched by his gaolers, but not overheard, and I know the secrets of his heart. If he saw you, Mark, it would be his destruction. When he is once again a free man, and able to take your hand in the old way, he will be blest indeed; but at present he is wholly unequal to such an interview. His great comfort is to picture you in the old home, and under the old circumstances; to think of your being within the shadow of his present abode, or near it, would be terrible to him. He adjures you, and I entreat you, to spare him that pang. As for myself, I require no companionship, and least of all that of your dear ones. I could not bear it. My heart is fully occupied, and I need not say my thoughts. Kit has a solicitor and counsel. He bids me say that in a fortnight he confidently hopes to cleanse

his good name in the eyes of all whose good opinion is worth having; but in the mean time it is all important that his brain should be kept clear. He feels that if once he gave way to feeling he could not be answerable for his senses. I do not know whether I make myself intelligible; but what I would say if I knew how is something that would keep you all at the Knoll. For Heaven's sake do not come hither! It is only a fortnight—less than a fortnight—to wait. Then, his innocence established, he will fly to the arms of him who is dearer to him than any brother. But if—here ensued a mass of blots and erasures—"if it should happen otherwise; if through a most unhappy conjunction of circumstances (some alas, owing to his own folly and imprudence) he should fail in proving his innocence, be assured he will not disgrace you by reminding the world of your ancient friendship for him. What have I written? I know not. You must make allowance for my troubled mind. Only one thing comes uppermost in it—because Kit impressed it upon me with such force—that you are not to come; that you are *none* of you to come. I shall see him every day. My whole life seems passed outside my body, but I believe I am well cared for. Nobody, thank Heaven, is kind,—kindness I could not endure; but there is no lack of service. We have money enough. Do not think me ungrateful, my dear ones, when I say I do not wish to hear from you. I must keep strong and vigilant up to the day of the trial. I need not say 'do not speak of all this to others.' It will be, I know, a subject far too painful to you for discussion; I am afraid that from your kind and faithful hearts the thought of us will never be absent. No words are necessary to assure me of that; and above all do not come.

"Your affectionate,
"TRENNA GARSTON."

This hurried scrawl, blotted with tears, was so different from her usual clerical hand, that it could only be recognised here and there as Trenna's own. Wherever she impressed upon her friends the inadvisability of their joining her it was legible and distinct enough, and therein it typified her thoughts, which, vague and troubled on all other matters, seemed, on that point, to be firm and unwavering. The effect upon Mark's hearers, for he read the letter to his mother and Maud aloud, as well as their tears and ejaculations of pity would permit him, was most painful and perplexing. As to himself, his heart seemed to stand still with horror and amazement, for the one thing—save that astounding veto, which stood up bare and clear as a rock amid those wandering words—was the possibility that Kit might fail to prove his innocence.

Of that innocence Maud doubted no more than Mark himself, and her mother only a little less. The misery of the young man's position appealing to the latter's tender heart naturally affected her judgment, which, indeed, had been altogether in his favour till overborne by the Rector's argument; much of their weight had been due to his personal pressure, and, being removed, her mind sprang back like a bent sapling to its old position. At the same time she could make all allowance for those on whom the effect of the newspaper report was overwhelming. She wished above all things that Kit's good name should be established; but Mark's behaviour to Mr. Penryn had much distressed her, and she was loth to lose so old a friend on a matter which was, after all, one of opinion.

"You and I, my dear Mark," she said (with so much stretching of the actual facts as proclaimed her woman), "are of course convinced of dear Kit's integrity, but, while standing by him to the uttermost, it is only common charity, I think, to make allowance for the views of those by whom he was less known."

"Mr. Penryn, mother," answered Mark coldly, "if you mean him, knew Kit well enough, and common charity (since you have invoked it) should have taught any man, far more a clergyman, to express himself with less rancour."

"I am sure, dear Mark, Mr. Penryn did not intend to be rancorous."

"Then he was so without intending it, which looks worse for his heart."

"Now to think how prejudice may distort the dearest and the kindest?" sighed Mrs. Medway. "I could tell you something about Mr. Penryn—But, there, I suppose it's no use."

She waited in hopes he would inquire what were the mitigating circumstances in the Rector's crime, but Mark kept an obstinate silence. He was only interested in one man, and in one crime.

"I can only say," she continued, "that Mr. Penryn offered to go to town himself, if by so doing he could be of the least comfort to poor Kit."

"Mr. Penryn offered to go to town!" exclaimed Mark, quickly.

"Why did you not tell me that, mother?"

"Because, my dear Mark, you snap one's nose off so. You are not yourself since this terrible news came."

"If Mr. Penryn offered to go to town to serve Kit," reiterated Mark, "I am sorry I said what I did to him."

"There is my own boy again," exclaimed Mrs. Medway, raptuously. "The next time the Rector calls, I know that you will take his hand as usual."

She privately resolved that the Rector should call the very next day, and, indeed, at once wrote to him to that effect. Notwithstanding the sympathy which she had described him as having shown for Kit, she did not forget to remind him of the peril in which the young man stood. "It almost drives Mark wild to think of it," she wrote, "which must be his excuse for having been so abrupt in his manner to you to-day."

("Abrupt in his manner!" cried the Rector.)

"He was not himself," continued the lady's letter.

("Perhaps not," muttered Mr. Penryn, sardonically, "and the other man that he became nearly kicked me out of the house.")

But, nevertheless, his heart was touched by his old friend's appeal, and he drove over to the Knoll the next morning. As it happened he fell in with Dr. Meade, bound for the same destination. The news of Kit's arrest was by this time on every tongue, and he guessed what distress and alarm it would arouse in the Medways.

"I shall go up to town to-morrow," said the doctor. "It will be quite as well to bring Frank down with me, instead of letting him come alone, and that will give me the opportunity of seeing after poor Trenna. It is terrible to think what that unhappy girl must be suffering."

"But the Medways themselves are going," said the Rector.

"Mrs. Medway told me so."

"Indeed!"

"Why, surely you are not surprised at that, Meade?"

The Doctor did not reply, and by that time they had reached the Knoll. Both visitors received a hearty welcome. In the Rector's case Mark felt he had something to make up in the way of friendliness; while the Doctor's announcement (which he made at once) of his intention to go to London "to kill two birds with one stone," as he called it, but in truth, as they well understood, mainly out of care for Trenna, turned all hearts towards him.

"It will not alter my intention, since I have made up my mind for it," he said, "but I hear you are going up yourselves. 'In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom.'"

There was a little pause, and then Maud observed: "The fact is, we are *not* going. We have had a letter from Trenna, and she does not wish it."

"Does not wish it!" ejaculated the Rector. "Why not?"

"Well, the reason is obvious enough, I should think," said Mark, curtly. "She requires all her fortitude and judgment, and shrinks from any show of tenderness. The letter is marked 'Private,' but that is the sense of it."

Nothing more was said upon that head; indeed Mark's manner forbade it. But when the two visitors had taken their leave, and once more found themselves alone together, the Rector's amazement burst forth in a flood.

"What can Trenna mean, Meade, by not wishing the Medways to come up to her? I should have thought in such a crisis she would have absolutely yearned for kindness and sympathy."

"It is not she that does not want them," replied the other, confidently; "it is her wretched brother."

"And why not?"

"Well, I think I know why not. I may be wrong, of course, and therefore will give no reasons, but if Lawyer Garston were here he would enlighten you, I think, upon that matter. As for us, in my opinion we can only do one thing for this unhappy young fellow."

"What is it? I am sure I will do it with all my heart," said the Rector, earnestly.

"Hold our tongues," answered the Doctor, sententially. "The less we talk about Kit Garston within the next ten days the better it will be for him."

Six hours afterwards the following mysterious circumstance took place. As the shades of evening were falling a strange gentleman in black called at the Knoll, and inquired if Mark Medway was within. Upon receiving from the servant an answer in the affirmative, he observed: "Well, there is no particular necessity that I should see him; but mind you give him this, because it is very particular." With that he vanished, not indeed in a flame of fire, but with equal celerity.

The arrival of this missive agitated Mark exceedingly—everything that happened now moved on one hinge, and the unknown had by this time become a thing to be dreaded—and it was some time before he could even comprehend the nature of its contents. They were precise, however, and formal enough. The communication consisted of an oblong slip of paper; on one side the name of a City solicitor, on the other certain printed matter:

"Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom, to Mark Medway and John Doe, and to every one of them, greeting. We command you and every of you that, laying aside all excuses and pretences whatsoever, you and every of you personally be and appear before our Justices of Oyer and Terminer and Gaol Delivery at the Sessions to be holden for the jurisdiction of the Central Criminal Court at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey on Monday, the tenth day of March, by nine of the clock in the forenoon of the same day, there to testify the truth, and give evidence according to the best of your knowledge on our behalf against Christopher Garston, upon an indictment for felony."

In plain English (which was a very different matter), Mark Medway had received a subpoena to attend Kit's trial on behalf of the prosecution.

(To be continued)

UNSCIENTIFIC WEATHER WARNINGS

It is a singular fact, and one established beyond all doubt, that birds and animals are much better weather prognosticators than man, except when his calculations are based on the most elaborate data, while even then the guiding instinct of the inferior creation leaves him but little room to boast. On one occasion the great Sir Isaac Newton was passing over a lonely moor, far from any human dwelling, where he met a shepherd, who advised him to make for a place of shelter without delay as rain was not far distant. Sir Isaac looked at the cloudless heavens, and, finding none of the usual signs of rain present, continued his journey. He had not gone any distance, however, till the rain poured down in such torrents that his respect for the plain-looking shepherd became boundless. Regarding personal discomfort as nothing compared with the possibility of gaining a valuable scientific secret, he returned immediately to the man, and asked by what means he had been able to predict rain. The shepherd pointed to a particular sheep, saying, "When that yow (ewe) turns her head the way she does now, it's sure to rain." Perhaps there was nothing very wonderful here. This particular sheep might have been suffering from some peculiar disease which the change in the atmosphere affected, just as it affects persons suffering from rheumatism or bunions, who can sometimes tell us with absolute certainty when we may expect rain. At the same time, shepherds everywhere agree that sheep have a weather instinct. In winter, before a day of snow and drift, a whole herd has been known to leave the top of an exposed moor and travel miles to a sheltered place where the shepherds had formerly brought them for safety. This surely denoted a knowledge of the coming storm, as well as an intelligence which enabled them to prepare for it.

Take man; a limited mental capacity in some things does not preclude great foresight in others, and in the animal creation may not one talent be highly trained while the others remain inert? Indeed, some animals have, beyond all doubt, an anticipating sense. During a thunderstorm horses have been repeatedly known to shudder an instant before the flash appeared, thus showing that they were made aware of its coming by a sense other than seeing or hearing.

Shepherds and fishermen are two classes of men who pay great attention to the signs of the weather. At this season of the year the former expect snow when their hogs are playful among the turnips; while the latter prepare for a storm whenever the sun is observed wading through clouds. Some signs are equally well understood by both classes. A bright sun in the early morning is almost certain to be followed by rain ere night. Red spots before or after him indicate the approach of rough weather. Sometimes he has streaks across his surface, which denote a gale that will probably take two or three days to arrive. We all know the couplet:—

When there's a halo round the moon,
Rain may be expected soon.

A halo round either the sun or moon generally precedes a storm. Should the circle be broken, the storm may be expected from the direction of the break. When the halo is narrow the storm is near at hand; when wide, it takes longer to come.

Fishermen are remarkably expert at reading the signs of the approaching weather from the clouds. In respect to the kind of day that may be expected to-morrow, for my own part, I would take the opinion of an old man who had spent his life going to sea as readily as the report of the Meteorological Office. Unfortunately, he can scarcely communicate to another such a knowledge of the signs in the heavens as would prove serviceable. Time and close observation are both necessary to make his hints of much practical value. The clouds which he most dislikes are what he calls "goat's hair," because of their resemblance to the shaggy covering of that animal; and little black patches are almost equally hateful. Both these kinds indicate an approaching storm. He likes to see his neighbour's boat look small on the water; for, when it is magnified by a haze, he expects rough weather. Good as he is at forecasting, the temptation to win the prizes of the deep frequently leads him astray. It is a melancholy fact that a few years ago, before the introduction of decked boats, fishermen on the Banffshire coast regarded the sea as their natural grave; indeed, not only that, but they had grown to regard it with a sort of glory such as we attach to the brave soldier who has died in battle. I remember on one occasion to have heard a dispute between two of their women. After one had abused the other in a style more eloquent than elegant, she summed up with the not very apt comparison: "Your father died the death of a cow—in bed; but my father died an honest death at sea."

An infallible sign of rain is when a very distant hill can be seen much more distinctly than usual. Another sign almost as trustworthy is when the noise of a stream can be heard a long way off. A small brook that ordinarily gives out a low murmur will often be heard miles away before rain. Many persons use a piece of dried seaweed instead of a barometer. The weed, being very sensitive to the moisture in the atmosphere, will begin to grow damp some time before the rain falls. In outlying country places there is great reliance placed on the movements of birds. When the heron and the wild goose betake themselves to the sea in winter, a snow-storm generally follows. When the plover cries a great deal it is a certain sign that rain is not far distant. I know farmers who regulate their harvest operations by this bird, and they have more faith in him than in all the scientific observations in the universe. But perhaps science is not the forte of my farmer acquaintances; nor yet of another weather authority of mine, a gamekeeper, who says he can always tell when he may expect rain by the unusual howling which his dogs set up in their kennels. Another sign of his for rain is when his ducks make a great noise and try to fly. He expects a storm when grouse fly about in packs, and when black game flock into the wood.

Old wives expect a storm when fire sticks to their pots. I should not like to say there is any real foundation for this belief, but I have met very intelligent persons who maintain that blue blazes are to be seen in a fire—a peat fire is best—before a storm. If the blue blazes are more intimately connected with the imagination than with the fire, as most readers will probably conclude, how comes it that hundreds of very shrewd, intelligent people profess to have observed the phenomenon over and over again?

When the clouds are concentrated at a point known to seamen as a weather-mouth, a hurricane may be soon expected. It is an old saying that—

A rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning;
A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight.

Before there can be a rainbow the sun must be shining; and as I have said already, when the sun is very bright at an early hour, there is generally a change before night. If the rainbow be seen in the morning, small rain will follow, with wind later on. If at noon, settled heavy rains. If at night, fair weather. If the rainbow breaks up all at once, there will follow serene and settled weather.

Some persons say that, if the cat sits with its back to the fire, a storm may be expected. When our little favourite friend, the robin, begins to make himself very familiar, snow is usually not far away. The old rhyme,

When the cock goes crowing to bed
You are sure to rise with a watery head,

generally proves true. Poultry keep up an unusual commotion the night before rain. They fight among themselves, the hens often crow, and the preening of plumage is altogether in excess of what is common. Are they preparing for rain, or do the scales on their bodies become troublesome with the change in the atmosphere? It is a well known fact that persons whose heads are full of dandriff know when to expect rain by the difficulty which they experience in keeping their hands at rest. Another sure sign is expressed in the lines—

Mist on the hills, water to the mills;
Mist in the hollows, dry weather follows.

The forecasts of rain are legion. When the ground is seen covered with gossamers, when the raven croaks in the morning, when the sea gull wheels high in the air, and when the peacock is extra noisy, rain is certain to follow soon afterwards. When swallows are here they fly low before rain, for the good reason that their prey, the flies, choose the lower regions of the air at such times, possibly to be near shelter when the shower comes.

J. S.

AN UNIQUE NEWSPAPER

A NEWSPAPER that has no price defined on its title, which will not receive subscriptions without a certificate that the proposed subscriber is a "fit person to receive it," and which guards stringently the character of the announcements in its pages, is a rarity nowadays; but such a newspaper is to be found in the *Police Gazette*. Charles Lamb defined books that were no books, and he might for similar reasons have doubted the applicability of the term newspaper to that under consideration, but its pages are read for news, its engravings are keenly scrutinised, and the whole of its contents are very eagerly read. It is a bi-weekly paper, sent to the principal stations of the "subscribing force" in the kingdom, and one of its issues also to the headquarters of the Army or Militia of every regiment. The latter issue is a detailed description of deserters and absentees, whose names, numbers, corps, birthplaces, trades, ages, sizes, colours of hair, eyes, and face, dates and places of absents, dress, and "marks and remarks" are elaborately tabulated; and the long list of which is curious, but without special interest, and "of no value except to" those concerned in eluding or satisfying justice.

The other issue has more general interest, but of a peculiar character. The contents are varied. There is a set of regulations under which the issue is made, and under which announcements may appear. "Police Announcements" follow. The country is divided into a series of "districts of criminal movement"—forty in number—and under the heads of these districts the announcements are made. London, for instance, supplies four announcements—three of apprehensions sought, one of property stolen—in the copy of the *Gazette* now before us. The first is for fraud, and the person sought is described, with blanks and dashes, thus:—"John ——— alias ——— merchant, &c. Another is that of a foreigner who is "wanted" for stolen bonds, a list of which is given, and an excellent engraving of the face of the "suspect" is given. Finally the property stolen in the last case, brooches, pin bracelets, and brilliants, are also well illustrated. And thus throughout the several districts. Persons wanted for forgery and other offences; notes, dressing bags, watches, horses, dogs, clothing, timepieces, silk, and other articles that have been "feloniously carried away," are elaborately described, and in many instances the career of the criminal is succinctly traced.

The "latest information" is of the same class; the "correspondence" is on subjects of interest to the police; there are lists of apprehensions, property recovered, appointments and other changes in the ranks of the officials of the police; the vacancies are in the force; the questions are as to the duties and privileges of the police; and there is a paragraph column, as in the daily press, but is for "general police intelligence;" general police news of the whole country is aimed at for another column; then follows announcements of rewards. A will is lost; a gold locket is missing, a brooch; a young lady who "may commit suicide," and a dog that has strayed—these are described, and frequently by engravings as well as words. And, finally, we have advertisements, such as those of manufacturers of police clothing, of capes and waterproofs, and of other articles that may be needed by the guardians of the property and the person of Her Majesty's subjects. The days of the Spartans are, in one respect, revived; for it is now as it was of old, there is nothing wherein the reputation of some classes is concerned for which they undergo "more blame and disgrace than in being taken in theft." The criminal classes prove this daily, and their professional foes need constantly to add to their means of partial publicity for the whereabouts and the doings of these classes. It is this that calls for the *Gazette*, and it is the need of the information it contains being kept within bounds, that makes the regulations which hedge round the circulation of this unique little newspaper.

J. W. S.

DE LA RUE AND CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Medium 4to. Whole bound vellum cloth, richly ornamented in Gold, from a special Design by the Author. With numerous Full-page and other Illustrations by the Author, printed in Colours. Price 25s.

MONTHLY MAXIMS. Rhymes and Reasons, To Suit the Seasons; and Pictures New, To Suit Them Too. By ROBERT DUDLEY.

Demy 4to. With 8 Full-page Illustrations in Colours and numerous smaller Cuts. Price 1s.

THE MAY-POLE. An Old English Song, with the Music. Illustrated by G. A. KONSTANT and E. and N. CASSELLA. Authors of "Dreams, Dances, and Disappointments."

Demy 4to. With 8 Full-page Illustrations in Colours, and numerous smaller Cuts. Price 1s.

RUMPELSTILTSKIN. By the BROTHERS GRIMM. A New Translation. Illustrated by GEORGE R. HALKETT.

Royal 4to. Leather, handsomely Blocked. Price from 42s.

ANTIQUE LACE PORTRAIT ALBUM. Embellished with exquisitely-finished Chromo-lithographs of all the best known Antique Laces. Suitable for presentation.

Third and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. Price 10s. 6d.

BILLIARDS. By J. BENNETT (Ex-Champion). Edited by "CAVENDISH." With upwards of 200 Illustrations.

13th Edition. 8vo. Cloth, Gilt extra. Price 3s. 6d.

THE LAWS AND PRINCIPLES OF WHIST. The Standard Work on Whist. By "CAVENDISH." Greatly Enlarged and Revised throughout.

A New and Improved Edition. Cap. 8vo. Cloth. Price 3s. 6d.

LAW OF SHORT WHIST. Edited by J. L. BALDWIN, and a TREATISE ON THE GAME, by JAS. CLAY.

By DR. BARR MEADOWS, Physician to the National Institution for Diseases of the Skin. Ninth Edition, post free, 3s. 3d.

ERUPTIONS: Their Rational Treatment. London: G. HILL, 154, Westminster Bridge Road.

Just published, post free, three stamps.

DYSPEPSIA and the SEVERER FORMS OF INDIGESTION. A small pamphlet on these distressing complaints and their complete cure. By RICHARD KING, Esq., Staff Surgeon, Royal Navy. Revised Edition, published by KING and CO., Coventry.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS' LIST OF NEW AND POPULAR MUSIC.

In the Press.

THE VICAR OF BRAY (GRUNDY and SOLOMON).

COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

LORD BATEMAN. (STEPHENS and SOLOMON).

CLAUDE DUVAL. Vocal Score, 6s. DITTO QUADRILES, by COOTE, 2s. net.

NEW SONGS. F. H. COWEN. The Night Has a Thousand Eyes. Rondel (Kiss Me, Sweetheart, the Spring is Here). If Thou Wilt Remember. I Think of All Thou Art Good Night.

"Some of the most original and finished lyrics that have been seen since the time of Sterndale Bennett."—*Musical Standard*.

In keys to suit all voices, each 2s. net.

NEW SONGS by FLORIAN PASCAL.

THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM. Sung by Mr. Thurler Beale.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE. Sung by Madame Worrell.

THE KING'S WOOLING. Sung by Mr. Thurler Beale.

Price 2s. net each.

A WAYSIDE POSY. By M. WATSON. Sung by the leading vocalists of the day with great success.

And that joyous summer day, She could not say him nay, But turned her little head aside, You know the usual way.

2s. net.

SUNG BY MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS. Music by F. STANISLAUS.

I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING SINCE. "His topical song, which he introduces, is the best that has been heard in Glasgow for a very long time."—*Glasgow News*.

"His song, 'I've never done anything since' created roars of laughter."—*The Stage*.

SUNG BY ARTHUR ROBERTS.

THE GOOD YOUNG MAN WHO DIED. An Aesthetic Lay. Words by H. P. STEPHENS; Music by ED. SOLOMON. Post free, 2s. stamps.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT. By MOLLOY and WEATHERLY. In D, F, and G. Sung by Annie Giles, E. Dixon, Miss McLean, and Madame Worrell. 2s. net.

THE KING'S WOOLING. By FLORIAN PASCAL. Sung by Mr. Thurler Beale. This ballad is founded on the story related in two of the legendary poems of Scotland, setting forth how James V. sought a bride in France. James V. and the Princess were married in 1536.

THE CHILD'S LETTER TO HEAVEN. In D and F. LEVEY. Net, 2s. A most effective drawing-room song.

"Words of exquisite tenderness, and blended with music of a most charming character."—*Vide Press*.

THE TUG OF WAR. New Patriotic Song by WEATHERLY. Set to a Marital Melody by FLORIAN PASCAL, and sung by Mr. Thurler Beale.

When the drums begin to play, And the troops march away, And the old flag flying as of yore, And we know by the sound That every man is bound, Bound for the tug of war.

Net 2s.

LONDON: J. WILLIAMS, 24, FERNERS STREET, and 123, CHEAPSIDE.

ORIENTAL CARPETS. THOS. BONTOR and CO., late Watson, BONTOR, and CO., continue to import the finest Indian, Persian, and Turkey Carpets, of which they have a very choice assortment.

The Brussels, Velvet, and Saxony Carpets in their original extra quality and massive designs.

A Discount for prompt payment.

35, 36, OLD BOND STREET, W.

ARMS and CRESTS found by Mr. HODGSON, late HERALD'S COLLEGE. Finished sketch, 7s. 6d. Monograms, Seals, Dies, Bookplates, Pedigrees, Illuminated Addresses, Engravings, Visiting Cards, Stationery, &c.

MATTHEW and HODGSON, 135, Oxford St., W. Medals, 1851, 1876.

GARDNERS' LAMPS, DINNER and TABLE GLASS SERVICES. Lamps, table, suspended, and reading, in polished brass, iron, Doulton and Faience, from 12s. 6d.; Dinner Services, free, graceful, and original designs, from 21s.; Table-glass Services of the best light-stem crystal, 55s., set for 12 persons complete. Pattern plates of dinner services sent for selection, carriage paid. Coloured photographs post free.—43 and 45, WEST STRAND, CHANCERY CROSS.

MAPLE and CO.—ART FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO.—ADAMS' DESIGNS.

MAPLE and CO.—CHIPPENDALE.

MAPLE and CO.—LONDON.

THE LARGEST FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of

BED-ROOM SUITES by

MACHINERY.

500 BEDROOM SUITES, from

3½ guineas to 200 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in pine,

5½ guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid

Ash, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand

fitted with Minton's Tiles, £9 5s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid

Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand

fitted with Minton's Tiles, £11 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid

Walnut, plate glass door to Wardrobe, Washstand

fitted with Minton's Tiles, and Chest of Drawers, £14 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash

or Walnut, with large plate glass to Wardrobe,

Washstand fitted with Minton's Tiles, Large Chest of

Drawers, £18 15s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid

Walnut, beautifully inlaid, 20 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES, in Solid Ash,

with 6 ft. Wardrobe complete, £22 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES, pure Chip-

pendale in design, and solid rosewood, walnut, or

dark mahogany, large wardrobes (two wings for hang-

ing), with raised crest, Duchesse toilet table fitted with

jewel drawers washstand with Minton's tiles, pedestal

cupboard, towel horse, and three chairs. These Suites

are very richly carved out of the solid wood, with bevel

plates, 3s. to 50 guineas.

BED-ROOM SUITES.—Chippen-

dale, Adams, Louis XVI., and Sheraton designs; 85

to 200 guineas.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES

FREE.

The LARGEST FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the World.

MAPLE and CO.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

BEDSTEADS. Full size,

BEDSTEADS. Brass,

BEDSTEADS. 3½ guineas.

TEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS

in Stock to select from.

MAPLE and CO.—Bedsteads in

Wood, Iron, and Brass, fitted with furniture

and bedding complete. The bedsteads are fixed, in

block, ready for choice. Over 10,000 iron and brass

bedsteads now in stock to select from. From 8s. 9d.

to 30 guineas each. Very strong, useful brass bedsteads

3½ guineas. Bedding of every description manu-

factured on the premises, and all warranted pure. The

trade supplied.

MAPLE and CO. BEDDING.

MAPLE and CO. Spring Mattresses.

SPRING MATTRESSES.—The

Patent Wire-woven Spring Mattress.—We have

made such advantageous arrangements that we are

enabled to forward the above much-admired Spring

Mattresses at the following low prices:—

3 ft. 3 in. 25s. 4 ft. 4 in. 29s. 5 ft. 5 in. 35s. 6 ft. 6 in. 40s.

21s. 25s. 29s. 35s. 40s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES

FREE.

The LARGEST FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the World.

MAPLE and CO., IMPORTERS.

TURKEY CARPETS,

TURKEY CARPETS, as made in

the Seventeenth Century.

TURKEY CARPETS. 3,000 to

Select from.

MAPLE and CO. have their own

Agents at Smyrna, Tabreez, and Calcutta, and

are therefore able to guarantee a higher standard of

quality than can be obtained through those dealers

who have to rely on the importing merchants, and

thus pay the middleman's profit. American and other

foreign trade buyers will find here a great advantage.—

MAPLE and CO., London.

THE LARGEST STOCK of

ORIENTAL CARPETS IN

EUROPE.

ANTIQUE PERSIAN RUGS.—

5,000 of these in stock, some being really

wonderful curios, well worth the attention of art

collectors, especially when it is considered what great

value is attached to these artistic rarities, and which

are sold at commercial prices.

MAPLE and CO. have just received

ex-S.S. Algerian, via Liverpool, 8x bales of

fine and extra quality PERSIAN CARPETS. Many

of these are sizes that have been scarce for some time.

—MAPLE and CO., Tottenham Court Road, London

MAPLE and CO. CARPETS.

100 MILES of

BEST BRUSSELS

CARPETS at 3s. 6d. per yard.

NOTICE.—MAPLE and CO. have

specially made EXTRA QUALITY BRUSSELS,

as produced thirty years ago, adapted for hard wear,

at a small increase of cost. New and very choice in

design. Inspection invited.

POSTAL ORDER DEPART-

MENT.—Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respect-

fully to state that this department is now so organised

that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any

article that can possibly be required in furnishing at the

same price, if not less, than any other house in England.

Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.

ORDERS FOR EXPORTATION

to any part of the World packed carefully on

the premises, and forwarded on receipt of a remittance

or London reference.

MAPLE and CO., LONDON.

SUPERIOR BRITISH MANUFACTURE.

Egerton Burnett's

Pure Wool Best Dye Black

Serries, as supplied by him

for Court Mourning, are in

great demand. A variety

of qualities from 2s. 2½d.

to 4s. 6d. per yard. Ladies

who have a preference for

black should write for pat-

terns direct to

EGERTON BURNETT, Woolen Warehouse,

Wellington, Somerset.

WEDDING and Birthday Presents,

at HENRY RODRIGUES', 42, Piccadilly.

SETS FOR THE WRITING TABLE,

LIBRARY, AND BUDOIR.

In Polished Brass, Bronze, Sevres China, Ormolu

and Oxidized Silver, from 21s. to £50.

DRESSING CASES 21s. to £50.

JEWEL CASES 21s. to £50.

DESPATCH BOXES 4s. 6d. to £50.

TOURISTS' WRITING CASES 10s. 6d. to £50.

ENVELOPE CASES 5s. to £50.

INKSTANDS 7s. 6d. to £50.

CANDLESTICKS, per pair 15s. to £50.

WORK BOXES 10s. to £50.

THE NEW "TANTALUS" LIQUEUR STAND,

10s. to £50.

And a large and choice assortment of English, Viennese,

and Parisian NOVELTIES, from 5s. to £5.

RODRIGUES' DRESSING BAGS

FOR TRAVELLING, with silver and plated fit-

tings, from £3 7s. to £50; Hand Bags, Carriage Bags,

and Bags of all kinds, at very moderate prices.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS,

Arms, Coronet, Crest, and Address Dies,

Engraved as Gems, from original and artistic designs.

NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES, brilliantly il-

lustrated with the monogram, in Colours, and

minuted by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours.

BEST RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100.

ALL THE NEW AND FASHIONABLE Note Papers.

A VISITING CARD PLATE elegantly Engraved,

and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 4s. 6d.

BALL PROGRAMMES, BILLS OF FARE, GUEST

CARDS, and INVITATIONS.—42, Piccadilly.

ARMS and CRESTS FOUND,

PAINTED, and Engraved on Rings, Seals, Dies,

Book-Plates, Gold, Silver, and Ivory. Official Seals and

Presses. TESTIMONIALS and PRESENTATION

ADDRESSES Written and Illuminated on Vellum.

RODRIGUES, Heraldic Engraver, 42, Piccadilly.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and

WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and

county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office Plain

Sketch, 3s. 6d.; Colours, 7s. The arms of male and

wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books,

and steel dies. 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid